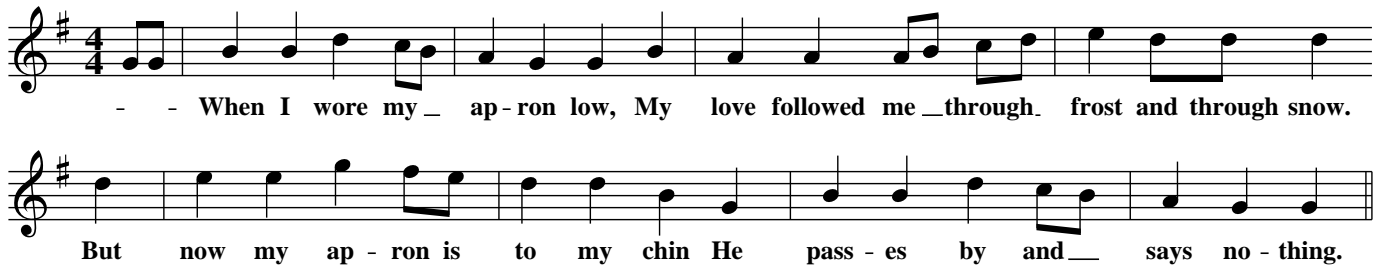


A Brisk Young Lover / There is an Alehouse



- - When I wore my ap-ron low, My love followed me through. frost and through snow.

But now my ap-ron is to my chin He pass-es by and says no-thing.

2. There is an alehouse in the town
Where William goes and sits him down.
He takes another girl on his knee
And don't you think it's a grief to me?
3. It's a grief to me and I'll tell you why,
Poor girl, she's got more gold than I,
But her gold will waste and her beauty last
And then she'll come like me at last.
4. So the greenest field shall be my bed
A flowery pillow for my head
And the leaves which blow from tree to tree
Shall be the covering over me.

Source: Charles Benfield (68) at Bould, Oxfordshire. Collected by Cecil Sharp 11th September 1909.