

Three Little Babes

Joanna Newsom

There was a knight, and a lady bright
And three little babes had she.
She sent them away, to a far country,
To learn their grammerie.
They hadn't been gone but a very short time,
About three months and a day,
When the lark spread o'er this whole wide world
And taken those babes away.
It was on a cold, cold Christmas night
When everything was still
Ahe saw her three little babes come running,
Come running down the hill.
She spread them a table of bread and wine,
That they might drink and eat;
She spread them a bed of winding sheet,
That they might sleep so sweet.
"Take it off, take it off," cried the eldest one;
"take it off, take it off," cried she,
"for I shan't stay here, in this wicked world
When there's a better one for me."
"Cold clods, cold clods, inside my bed,
Cold clods, down at my feet -
The tears my dear mother she'd for me
Would wet my winding sheet."