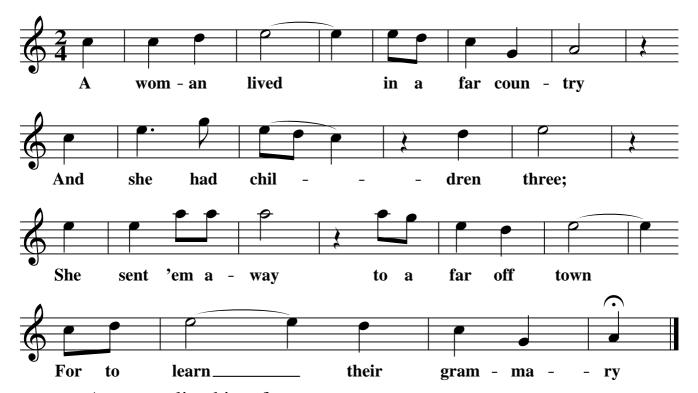
Three little babes



A woman lived in a far country, And she had children three; She sent 'em away to a far-off town For to learn their grammary.

They hadn't been gone but a week or two, In fact it was not three,
Till death came a-walking o'er the land
And took her babes away.

It being close to old Christmas time And the nights being long and cold, She dreampt she saw her three little babes Come a-running down the hall.

"Lay my table white, lay my table fair For my three little babes to dine." "Oh mother, we can eat none of your bread, Neither can we drink your wine.

"We cannot sleep on your golden sheets. Neither can eat your bread and wine, For tomorrow morn at eight o'clock With our Saviour we must dine. "On a frozen pillow we must sleep With the cold clods at our feet. And the tears that you will shed for us Will wet our winding sheet"