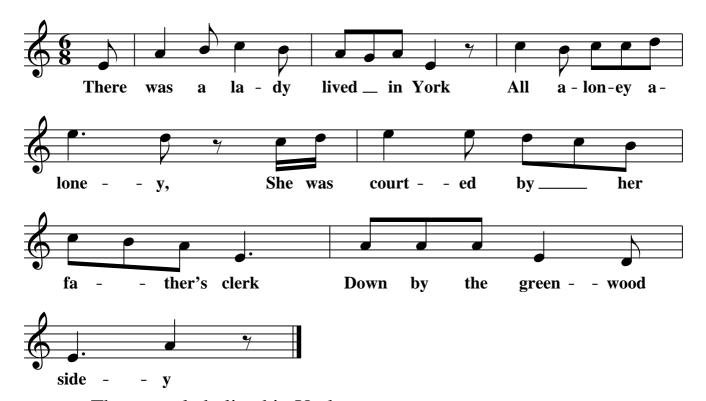
The Cruel Mother



The was a lady lived in York (all alone-y, alone-y)
She was courted by her father's clerk.
(Down by the greenwood side-y.)

She leaned her back against an oak But first it bent and then it broke.

She leaned herself against a thorn And there she had two pretty babes born.

She had a pen-knife long and sharp, And she pressed it through their tender hearts.

She digged a grave both wide and long, And she buried them under a marble stone.

And she was sat at her father's hall, Oh there she saw two pretty babes playing at ball.

Oh babes - oh babes if you were mine, I would dress you up in the scarlet fine. Oh mother, oh mother we once were thine, You did not dress us in the scarlet fine.

You digged a grave both wide and long, And you buried under a marble stone.

Babes - oh babes come tell to me, If you know what the future means to me.

Mother - oh mother you know right well, 'Tis we for Heaven and you for Hell.