

## Jody Miller

### "Three Little Babies"

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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 gramarye.

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  
she 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 shed for me  
would wet my winding sheet."

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