

Babes in the Woods

Oh don't you remember
a long time ago
two poor little babes,
their names I don't know,
They strayed far away,
on a bright summer's day.
These two little babes
got lost on their way.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed
and they bitterly cried
and long before morning,
they lay down and died.

Poor babes in the wood!
poor babes in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember
those babes in the wood?

Poor babes in the wood!
poor babes in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember
those babes in the wood?

Among the trees high
Beneath the blue sky
They plucked the bright flowers
And watched the birds fly;
Then on blackberries fed,
And strawberries red,
And when they were weary
'We'll go home,' they said.

And when they were dead,
the robins so red,
brought strawberry leaves
and over them spread
And all the day long,
on the branches did throng,
They mournfully whistled,
And this was their song:

Poor babes in the wood!
poor babes in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember
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