

A Mother's Lament or *A Mother Was Washing Her Baby One Night*

(Traditional arr. Lamming)

A mother was washing her baby one night
The youngest of ten and a delicate mite
The mother was poor and the baby was thin
T'was naught but a skellington, covered in skin
The mother turned round for the soap off the rack
She was only a moment but when she turned back
The baby was gorn and in anguish she cried
"Oh, where has my baby gorn?"
The angels replied:

(CHORUS)

Your baby has gorn down the plughole, you baby has gorn down the plug
The poor little fing was so skinny and fin,
it should have been washed in a jug (in a jug)
Your baby is perfectly 'appy- he won't need a barf anymore
He's a-muckin' abart wiv the angels above; not lorst, but a-gorn before!

The mother just couldn't accept this demise
When she thought of her babe, the tears welled in her eyes!
So she said to the angel "I'm coming as well
For, I'm bound for heaven in case you can't tell.
So, fetch me a halo, some wings and a harp -
Now don't hang about lad, come on now, quick sharp!
I'll soon give Saint Peter a piece of my mind
It's simply not right to leave mother behind
When...

CHORUS

The angel he thought what Saint Peter would say
If he turned up in heaven with this one next day!
He thought of the fuss and the trouble she'd make
And he realised the baby had been a mistake.
He said, "I'll tell you what, I've a better idea
I'll just call the crèche and they'll bring him back here
It's really no trouble. There, there now, don't fret!
Your babe can return and we'll all just forget
That ...

CHORUS