

A Mother's Lament

A mother was washing her baby by night,
The youngest of 10, and a delicate mate.
The mother turned 'round to pull the soap off the rack.
She was only a moment, but when she turned back,
Her baby had gone, and in anguish she cried,
“Oh! Where has my baby gone?”
The Angels replied,

“Oh, you baby has gone down the plug-hole.
Your baby has gone down the plug.
The poor little thing was so skinny and thin,
He should have been washed in a jug. In a jug.
Oh, you baby is perfectly happy,
For he won't need a bath anymore.
He's a-muckin' about with the angels above,
Not lost but gone before.