

The Cruel Mother (20B)

- 1 SHE sat down below a thorn,
 Fine flowers in the valley
And there she has her sweet babe born.
 And the green leaves they grow rarely
- 2 'Smile na sae sweet, my bonie babe, 5
And ye smile sae sweet, ye 'll smile me dead.'
- 3 She 's taen out her little pen-knife,
And twinnd the sweet babe o its life.
- 4 She 's howket a grave by the light o the moon,
And there she 's buried her sweet babe in. 10
- 5 As she was going to the church,
She saw a sweet babe in the porch.
- 6 'O sweet babe, and thou were mine,
I wad cleed thee in the silk so fine.'
- 7 'O mother dear, when I was thine, 15
You did na prove to me sae kind.'
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