

Mother's Lament

The Wild Oats

Are we rolling?

A one, a two, a three, a four

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

'Twas naught but an skeleton covered with skin

The mother turned 'round for a 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

(Plied)

Oh, your baby has gone down the plug hole

Oh, 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

Your baby is perfectly happy

He won't need a bath anymore

He's a-muckin' about with the angels above

Not lost but gone before

{Thank you, thank you

Thank you

Do you wanna do it again?}

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