

# Cream, Mother's Lament

"Are we wallin'? 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 a skeleton covered with skin.

The mother turned 'round for a soap off the rack.  
She was only a moment, but a-when she turned back,  
Her baby had gone, and in anguish, she cried,  
&quot;Oh, where 'as my baby gone?&quot; The angels replied,

&quot;Oh, your baby has gone down the plug-'ole.  
Oh, your baby has gone down the plug.  
The poor little thing was so skinny and thin,  
He should 'ave 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.&quot;

"Thank you.  
Do you wanna do it again?"