Joanna Newsom, Three Little Babes

There was a knight and a lady bright And three little babes had she She sent them away to a far country To learn their grammary

They hadn't been gone but a very short time About three months and a day When the lark spread over this whole wide world And taken those babes away

It was on a cold, cold Christmas night When everything was still And she saw her three little babes come runnin' Come runnin' down the hill

She set them a table of bread and wine That they might drink and eat She spread them a bed of a winding sheet That they might sleep so sweet

'Take it off, take it off!', cried the eldest one 'Take it off, take it off!', cried she 'For I shan't stay here in this wicked world When there's a better one for me'

'Cold clods, cold clods inside my bed Cold clods, down at my feet The tears my dear mother shed for me Would wet my winding sheet'

'The tears my dear mother shed for me Would wet my winding sheet Would wet my winding sheet'