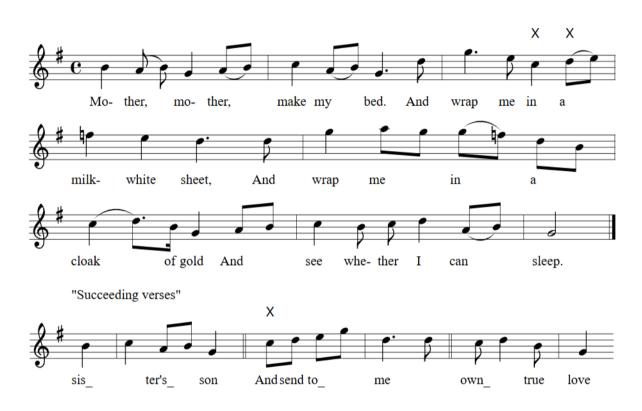
Mother, mother, make my bed

Mrs Ford

Collected by Anne Gilchrist, Blackham, Sussex, June 1906

Anne Gilchrist MSS Collection AGG/8/48, AGG/3/6/2a, Journal of the Folk-Song Society 5 (1915) pp.135-137

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Anne Gilchrist MSS, AGG/3/6/2a



Journal of the Folk-Song Society 5

- "Mother, mother, make my bed,
 And wrap me in a milk-white sheet,
 And wrap me in a cloak of gold,
 And see whether I can sleep.
- And send to me the two bailies,
 Likewise my sister's son,
 That they may fetch me my own true love,
 Or I shall die before ever he can come."
- The first three miles they walked,
 The next three miles they ran,
 Until they came to the high water-side,
 And laid on their breast and swam.
- 4. They swam till they came to the high castle Where my lord he was sitting at meat "If you did but know what news I brought, Not one mouthful more would you eat."
- 5. "What news, what news have you brought me? Is my castle burnt down?""Oh no, your true love is very, very ill,And she'll die before ever you can come."
- 6. "Saddle me my milk-white steed, And bridle him so neat, That I may kiss of her lily lips That are to me so sweet."
- 7. They saddled him his milk-white steed At twelve o'clock at night, He rode, he rode till he met six young men With a corpse all drest in white.

- 8. "Come set her down, come set her down, Come set her down by me, That I may kiss of her lily, lily lips, Before she is taken away."
- My lady, she died on the Saturday night
 Before the sun went down.

 My lord he died on the Sunday following,
 Before evening prayers began.
- 10. My lady she was buried in the high castle,My lord was buried in the choir;Out of my lady there grew a red rose,And out of my lord a sweet briar.
- 11. The rose did grow, and so did the briar,Until they reached the choir;They met at the top in a true lover's knot,And the rose it clung round the sweet briar.

"Mrs Ford. Learnt from her mother."