

**THE OLD WIFE OF COVERDALE (C. 59)**

(UNDER THE LEAVES 2006)

There lived an old wife in Coverdale  
Merrily turns the Wheel  
There lived an old wife in Coverdale  
Children she had three  
She sent them away to northern lands,  
She sent them away for to learn their grammerye

Sad news came to her at Martinmas  
Merrily turns the wheel  
Her children had sickened and died  
And buried they were all three  
My curse on the moon and the stars she cried  
My curse upon God, he that took them away from me

The moon it rose high on Coverdale  
Merrily turns the wheel  
The old wife she wept bitter tears  
As she lay in her narrow bed  
And there in the doorway her children stood  
Their hats were of birch and their eyes as grey as lead

She arose to prepare a feast for them  
Merrily turns the wheel  
And all the while tears down fell  
And so bitterly she did weep  
We want none of you meat or your ale mother  
But let us return to our graves for to take our sleep

The cock it crows loud in Coverdale  
Merrily turns the wheel  
The sun it rose red as blood  
And the Moon it fled to the west  
The worm it is calling us home mother  
And all of your tears they will not let us rest