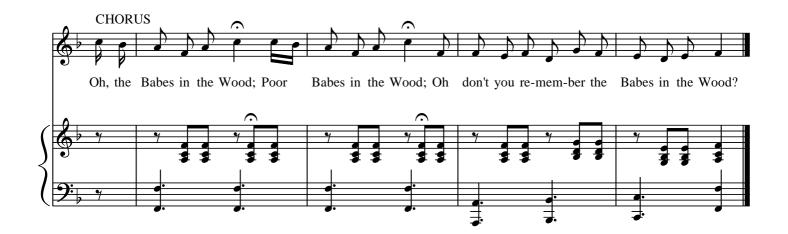
## The Babes in the Wood



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- But then came the night,
   And sad was their plight!
   The sun it was set, and the moon gave no light;
   They sobbed and they sighed,
   And bitterly cried,
   And long before morning they laid down and died.
   Oh, the Babes in the Wood! &c.
- 4. Then a Robin so red,
  When he saw them lie dead,
  Took blackberry leaves and over them spread;
  And all the day long,
  The branches among,
  He prettily warbled, and this was his song:
  Oh, the Babes in the Wood! &c.