

# The Bitter Withy

Traditional

1

1. As it fell out on a ho - ly day, The drops of rain did fall, did fall, Our  
2. "To play at ball, my own dear Son, It's time you were go - ing or gone, or gone, But be  
3. It was up - ling scorn and down-ling scorn! Oh! there he met three jolly jer - dins, Oh,  
4. "Oh, we are lords' and la - dies' sons, Born in bow - er or in hall, in hall. And  
5. "Oh, if you are lords' and la - dies' sons, Born in bow - er or in hall, in hall, Then

5

1. Sa - vior asked leave of his mo - ther, May, If he might go play at ball.  
2. let me hear no com - plaint of you, At night when you do come home."  
3. there he asked the three jolly jer - dins If they would go play at ball.  
4. you are but some poor maid's child Born in an ox - en stall."  
5. at the very last I'll make it ap - pear That I am a - bove you all."

6. Our Savior built a bridge with the beams of the sun,  
And over he gone, he gone her;  
And after followed the three jollu jerdins,  
And drowned they were all three.
7. It was up the hill and down the hill!  
The mothers of them did whoop and call,  
Crying out: "Mary mild, call home your child,  
For ours are drowned all!"
8. Mary mild, Mary mild called home her child.  
And laid our Savior across her knee,  
And with a whole handful of bitter withy  
She gave him slashes three.
9. Then says his to his mother: "Oh, the withy! Oh, the withy!  
The bitter withy that causes me to smart, to smart,  
Oh, the withy, it shall be the very first tree  
That perishes at the heart!"