

The Bedmaking

♩ = 140

O Fa - ther he was a good old man He put me to
ser - vice when I was ve - ry young Mis - sus and me, we
ne - ver could a - gree Be - cause _that my mas - ter he would love me

Father he was a good old man
He put me to service when I was very young
My mistress and me we never could agree
Because that my master he would love me.

Well she sent me upstairs to the loft
To make up a bed so neat and soft
Master followed after with a gay gold ring
Saying "Betty have this for your bed making."

All through the kitchen and down through the hall
All through the parlour among the women all
Master followed after with a gay gold ring
Saying "Betty have this for your bed making."

Mistress come upstairs in a great haste
Caught the master there with his arm round my waist
From the top to the bottom stair she did him fling
Saying "Mister have that for your bedmaking."

All through the kitchen and down through the hall
All through the parlour among the women all
Everybody asked me wherever I had been
And they laughed when I said "At the bed making."

Mistress she flung me out of the door
She called me a nasty cheeky little whore
The weather being wet and my clothes being thin
How I wished I was back at the bed making.

Six month over and seven month past
Pretty fair maid grew thick about the waist
Her stays wouldn't meet nor her pinafore pin
She cried when she thought of the bedmaking.

Eight month over and nine month gone
Pretty fair maid had a beautiful son
She's took him to the church she him christened John
And she took him back again to the dear old man.

She cursed him through the kitchen and down through the hall
Cursed him through the parlour among the women all
Saying "If you won't pay me, take your little son John
Cos he never cost you nothing but a bed making."