All Under the Leaves

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All under the leaves, the leaves of life I met with virgins seven
And one of them was Mary mild, our Lord's sweet mother in heaven
O, where are you going you seven pretty maids all under the leaves of life
We are seeking for sweet Jesus Christ to be our heavenly guide

Then go ye down to yonder town and sit in the gallery
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ nailed to a big yew tree
So they've run down to yonder town as fast as foot could fall
And many the bitter and the grievous tear from the virgins' eyes did fall

Don't weep mother, don't weep my dear your weeping does me grieve
For I must suffer this he said for Adam and for Eve
Oh, how may I my weeping leave my sorrow undergo
When I must see my own son die and sons I have no more

Then take you John Evangelist to be your eldest son
That he may comfort you some time as I have done
He's lain his head on his right shoulder and death has come him nigh
O come and claim me Holy Ghost, I die mother, I die

O the rose and the gentle rose the fennel that grows so strong
Amen dear lords and your charity is the ending of my song

AJS