

We are the washers of shrouds wherein
The lovers of beauty who sainted sin
Sleep till the Judgment Day begin.

*The Night-
Washers.*

When the moon is drifting overhead,
We wash the linen of the dead,
Stained with yellow and stiff with red.

Whe-ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!
We are the foul night-washers, and who
By the Seven Lovely sins are you?

Here we sit by the river reeds,
Rinsing the linen that reeks and bleeds,
And craving the help our labor needs.

Come, Sir Fop, fall to, fall to!
Show us for once what you can do!
One day there 'll be washing enough for you.

Wade in, wade in, where the river runs
Clear in the moonlight over the stones!
It 'll wash the ache from your scrofulous bones.

Whe-ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!
We are the gossips of fame, and who
By the Sinners' Litany are you?

Wade in, wade in! The water is cold,
The stains are deep, and the linen is old;
But surely the sons of the town are bold!

Work for us here till the break of day
At washing the stains of the dead away,
And you shall be merry, come what may!