

The Crow on the Cradle

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The sheep's in the meadow
The cow's in the corn
Now is the time for a child to be born
He'll laugh at the moon
And cry for the sun
And if it's a boy he'll carry a gun
Sang the crow on the cradle

And if it should be that this baby's a girl
Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes
And a bomber above her wherever she goes
Sang the crow on the cradle

The crow on the cradle
The black and the white
Somebody's baby is born for a fight
The crow on the cradle
The white and the black
Somebody's baby is not coming back
Sang the crow on the cradle

Your mother and father will sweat and they'll slave
To build you a coffin and dig you a grave
Hush-a-bye little one, never you weep
For we've got a toy that can put you to sleep
Sang the crow on the cradle

Bring me my gun, and I'll shoot that bird dead
That's what your mother and father once said
The crow on the cradle, what can we do
Ah, this is a thing that I'll leave up to you
Sang the crow on the cradle
Sang the crow on the cradle