

Crow on the Cradle

Show Of Hands

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 he'll 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

Your mother and father will scrimp and will save
To build you a coffin and dig you a grave
So hush a bye little one
Never you weep
For we've got a toy to put you to sleep
Sang the crow on the cradle

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

Bring me my gun and I'll shoot that bird dead
That's what your mother and father have said
Crow on the cradle what shall we do
Now there's a thing that I leave to you
Sang the crow on the cradle
Sang the crow on the cradle