

## Crow on the Cradle

(via Lady Maisery

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r8x0uMV1EsY> )

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 he's a boy he will carry a gun,

Sang the crow on the cradle.

And if it should be that this baby's a girl,  
O 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,  
O somebody's baby is born for a fight.  
The crow on the cradle, the white and the black,  
O somebody's baby is not coming back,

Sang the crow on the cradle.

Your mother and father, they'll sweat and they'll  
save;

To build you a coffin and dig you a grave.

Hushabye, little one, never you weep?

For we've got a toy that will put you to sleep,

Sang the crow on the cradle.

Bring me a gun and I'll shoot that bird dead,  
That's what your mother and father once said.

The crow on the cradle, what shall we do?

This is the thing that I leave up to you.