

The Crow On the Cradle

Mary Black

The sheep's in the meadow
The cow's in the corn
Now is the time for a child to be born
You'll laugh at the moon and you'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
A shadow above her wherever she goes
Sang the crow on the cradle

The crow on the cradle
The black on the white
Somebody's baby is born for a fight
The crow on the cradle
The white on 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 once said
A crow on the cradle what can we do
This is the thing I must leave up to you
Sang the crow on the cradle