

Crow On the Cradle

Judy Collins

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

If it should be that our baby's a girl
Never you mind if her hair doesn't curl
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes
A bomber above her wherever she goes
Sang the crow on the cradle

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

Your mother and father they'll scrap and they'll save
Build you a coffin and dig you a grave
Hush a bye little one, why do you weep?
We have 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 father and mother once said
Crow on the cradle, what shall I do?
That is the thing I'll leave up to you
Sang the crow on the cradle