

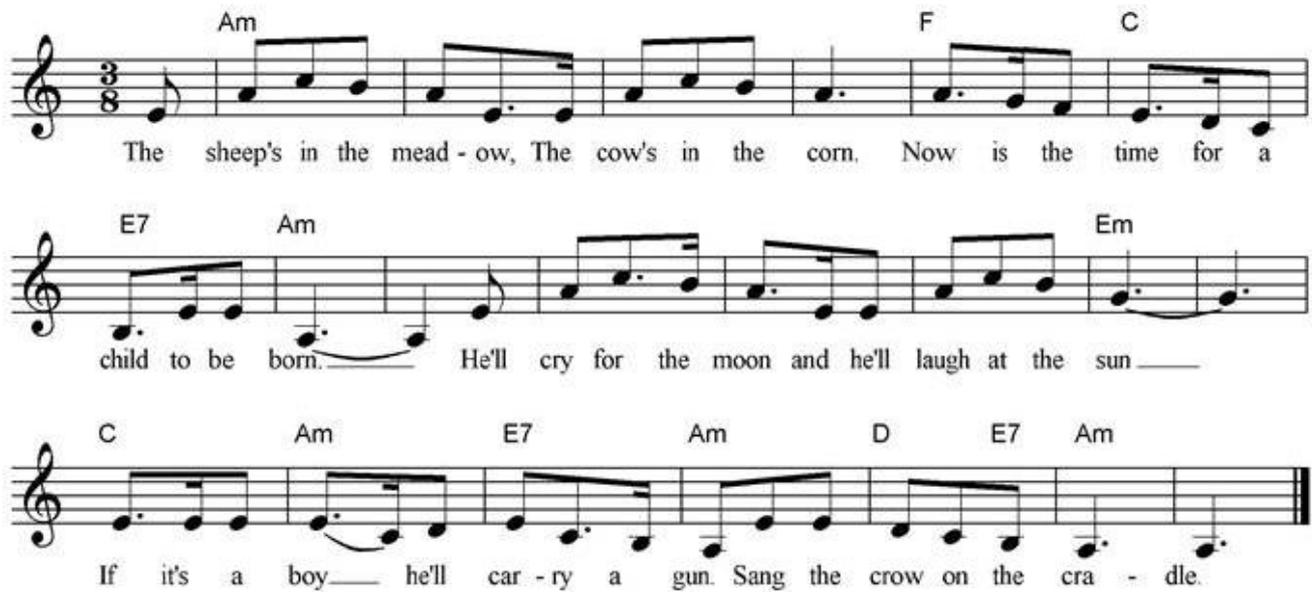
# Crow on the cradle

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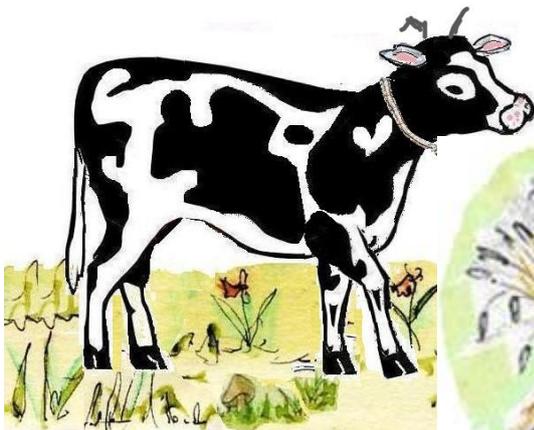
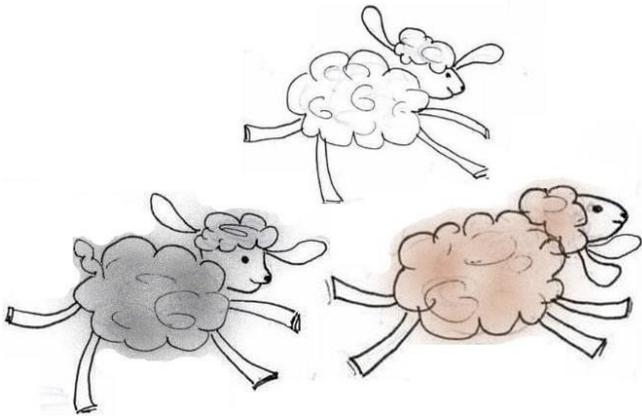


Words and music by [Sidney Carter](#). These words are from my well used copy of Sing out's 'Hootenanny Songbook' published in 1963. You can also find it in 'Sing True' a collection of songs and hymns for use in school assemblies in the 1970s – it included several of Sidney Carter's songs.

The words of nursery rhymes and the gentle tune of a lullaby mingle with the language of fears and forebodings brought on by the Cold War years of the 1960s.



The sheep's in the mead - ow, The cow's in the corn. Now is the time for a  
child to be born. He'll cry for the moon and he'll laugh at the sun —  
If it's a boy — he'll car - ry a gun. Sang the crow on the cra - dle.



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 for the moon and he'll laugh at the sun!

If it'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 and bells on her toes!

And a bomber above her wherever she goes,

Sang the crow on the cradle.

Rock-a-bye baby, the dark and the light!

Somebody's baby is born for a fight.

Rock-a-bye baby, the white and the black!

Somebody's baby is not coming back,

Sang the crow on the cradle.

Your mammy and pappy, they'll scrape and  
they'll save!

Build you a coffin, and dig you a grave.

Hush-a-bye little one, why do you weep?

We've got a toy that will 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 mammy and pappy once said.

Crow on the cradle, oh, what shall I do?

That is a thing that I leave up to you,

Sang the crow on the cradle.

Sang the crow on the cradle.