

Rocking the Cradle

Traditional with additional music and lyrics by Richard Ruane

One bright summer's morning I chanced to go roaming
Down by the clear river, I was walking along
I met with a man making sad lamentations
He was rocking a cradle, and singing this song

Singing A-hay-ee-yo, sweet baby lie easy
Your own daddy might never be known
And it's weeping or wailing, still it's rocking the cradle
Nursing a babe, and the child not your own

When first that I married you innocent mother
Oh I thought like a fool I was getting a wife.
Now she's out every evening with one or another
And she's turned out to be the torment of my life

Singing A-hay-ee-yo, sweet baby lie easy
Your own daddy might never be known
And it's weeping or wailing, still it's rocking the cradle
Nursing a babe, and the child not your own

Now all you young men that are longing to marry
Won't you take my advice, leave the women alone
For by the law Harry, if you ever marry
You'll be left with a babe, and the child not your own

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