

# I Wish My Baby Was Born

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I wish, I wish my baby was born  
And sittin' on its papa's knee  
And me, poor girl  
And me, poor girl, were dead and gone  
And the green grass growin' o'er my feet  
I ain't ahead, nor never will be  
Till the sweet apple grows  
On a sour apple tree But still I hope the time will come  
When you and I shall be as one I wish I wish my love had died  
And sent his soul to wander free  
Then we might need our ribbons five  
Let our poor body rest in peace The owl, the owl  
Is a lonely bird  
It chills my heart  
With dread and terror  
That someone's blood  
There on his wing  
That someone's blood  
There on his feather

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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