I Wish My Baby Was Born

Tim Eriksen Riley Baugus & Tim O'Brien

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 treeBut still I hope the time will come
When you and I shall be as oneI 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 peaceThe 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

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