

Never Empty Cradle Twins Are Born - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Never Empty Cradle Twins are Born
Tune-"Cradles Empty, Baby's Gone."

Never empty cradle, though you're in my care,
With your precious burden to be fed;
You're a precious nuisance, and you make me swear,
Keeping me out of my snow-white bed.
With her pimpled cheeks and Sairey Gampey eyes,
Nursesey pursesey came one Winter morn;
Goading me to madness with the "sweet surprise;"
Crowded was the cradle-twins were bornt

Chorus.

Twins are in the cradle, making twenty-four,
Sons and daughters making me forlorn;
I'll go to the "angel" and have two penn'orth more,
Crowded is the cradle-twins are born.

In her shady bed-room nurse is always found;
All night long the fat old humbug sleeps,
Or she's round the corner standing glasses round,
Drinking till she gin and water weeps;
While the little twinses squalling more and more,
- Swell until they burst their little bed;
And one little angel wallops on the floor,
Tumbles from the cradle on his head.

Chorus.

Twins are in the cradle making twenty-four,
In my side they are a dreadful thorn,
They don't sing of angels, I am blessed sure,
Crowded is the cradle-twins are born.

Hang the blessed cradle, nearly every night,
Just as I get into my first snore;
Twinses with the quinses wake me in a fright,
Keep me up till half-past three or four.
Mother sleeps in comfort, says she knows that dad,
Sees her little chicks don't come to hurt
But, poor me I the father, I get cold and mad,
In my cradle costume-that's a shirt.

Chorus.

Never empty cradle, baby's in galore,
Bachelors against it I would warn
If you wed your angel you'll find it a bore.
When you rock the cradle in the morn.

Who would be a father when he knows the price.
Sees how soon the punishment begins?
Half a dozen times I've been a father twice-
Half a dozen pair of healthy twins.
All my pieces spent and all my peace is gone,
AH my friends now look on me with scorn,
Say there is no reason in such goings on,
Worn out is the cradle-twins are born.

Chorus.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Twins are in the cradle, both are in a roar,
A roarer early morning to adorn,
They make pretty angels, never sure before
Were such little cusses ever born.