

Cry Baby, Cry Baby - song lyrics

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

CRY BABY, CRY BABY.

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Words by Burt Shepard. Music by Morris Weston.

I know the girl of girls, with a crown of golden curls.
When she's good she's pretty as the day is long;
But she is often bad, making mamma sad,
And all the children they are glad to sing this song:

Chorus.

, Cry baby, cry baby, wipe out your eyes,
See! there's the "bogie man, " tall as the skies;
If you are naughty he'll take you away,
Stop my dear, cry no more, run off and play.

But she'll no longer cry, I can tell it by her eye,
See! the smiles are chasing o'er her dimpled face;
Come to mamma's arms, my pet, you are the sweetest yet,
And on my breast your head will find a resting place.-Cho.