

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Hungry Child

The Hungry Child

(Judith Piepe)

A young child to its mother ran and then it started crying,
Mother I'm hungry mother dear give me bread or i'll be dying.
Wait my child, wait my child,
Tomorrow we'll be ploughing.

Now when the field it had been ploughed the young child started crying,
Mother I'm hungry mother dear give me bread or I'll be dying.
Wait my child wait my child,
Tomorrow we;ll be sowing.

Now when the field it had been reaped the young child started crying,
Mother I'm hungry mother dear give me bread or I'll be dying.
Wait my child wait my child,
Tomorrow we'll be threshing.

Now when the wheat it had been threshed the young child started crying,
Mother I'm hungry mother dear give me bread or i'll be dying.
Wait my child wait my child,
Tomorrow we'll be grinding.

Now when the wheat it had been ground the young child started crying,
Mother I'm hungry mother dear give me bread or I'll be dying.
Wait my child wait my child we'll be baking.
Now when the bread was warm in the oven the child lay in his coffin.

The song is THE HUNGRY CHILD, recorded by the Young Tradition on So Cheerfully Round

This is released on CD The Young Tradition ESMCD409.

This was written and shown to one of those people who knew traditional songs, he said it must

be rural 1700s when told the truth he was heard of no more.

hope this helped .WL.

WL

oct99