

SLEEP, LADDIE, SLEEP

© Alan Murray (for Glynis)

Am C E Dm

Sleep well, bon - ny lad - die your Dad - dy's near The beasts are all

7 E Am

qui - et there's noth - ing to fear. They told me your name and they

13 Dm E Dm E

gave us a sign. But what will be - come of this lad - die of

18 Am Dm E Am

mine? Sleep, lad - die _____ sleep

Sleep well, bonny laddie, your Daddy's near. The beasts are all quiet, there's nothing to fear.
They told me your name and they gave us a sign. But what will become of this laddie of mine?

Sleep, laddie, sleep

They told me that I would give birth to a lad. They told me my Joseph would not be His Dad.
They told me my baby was precious as gold. Imagine them thinking I need to be told!

Some men came with presents, some men came with sheep. They left my wee laddie a lamb for to keep.
The stable is still now, the stable is cold. You can't warm a stable with perfume and gold.

Will you be a rascal, a scruffy wee lad? Will you be a carpenter, just like your Dad?
Will you make furniture, will you make doors, or crosses for killing folk, cruel and sore?

Will you stay with me, or leave us to roam? Will you be a gypsy without a real home?
Will others decide what you say and you do? Or will you be a leader, will folk follow you?

Will you have a wife and a laddie one day? Will I be a granny and have them to stay?
There's something inside me says that cannot be and it fears me to think what the future may see.

For now, bonny laddie, a bairn you can stay. Whatever will happen, will happen some day.
I'll give you my best and I'll give you my all and for now that's a bed in an old horse's stall.