

10 The Midwife's Carol

Ian Sowton, 1994

Midwife's Carol
(Becca Whitla, 1994)



1. The birth it-self was not too hard, good pres - en - ta - tion, fine strong mum.



But my dear it was a cir - cus, I thought that half the town had come.



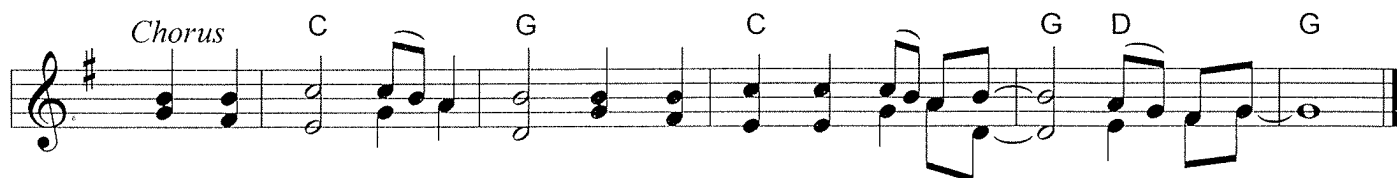
Wash him clean, wipe him dry. Hush you, shush you rock-a-bye, rock - a - bye.



2. There were these shep - herds who burst in, my dear they said a talk - ing



light told them to come and pay res - pects, kneel - ing they were to that wee mite.



Wash him clean, wipe him dry. Hush you, shush you rock-a-bye, rock - a - bye.

3. He's breathing well, the cord's tied off,
her afterbirth's come free my dear
when three fine scholar blokes squeeze in
saying a star has brought them here.

Wash him...

4. "You selling tickets then?" I said,
"Buzz off you lot and let her rest."
And they did too, leaving presents,
rich stuff my dear, the very best.

Wash him...

5. All that public to and fro-ing,
she watches as it comes and goes,
with him tucked, dear, in a manger
pulled from under the donkey's nose.

Wash him...

6. Winter solstice 'twas my dear,
shivery damp and animal stink,
Worship, palaver, gifts and all -
what was going on do you think?

Wash him...