

Greg Irwin

"Scolded Child"

Visit "[Scolded Child](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She done scold him bad
She done scold him bad
She sent him 'cross the mountain
Just to fetch some rice and bread
She sent the other to rock his brother
And put that babe to bed
Last night on the mountainside,
That sorry, poor child cried
Dark is the lonely night,
Filled with fright,
He heard the foxes cry

She done scold him bad
She done scold him bad
His eyes filled with salty tears,
So silent and so sad
They live yonder, deep in the valley,
Beyond the mountain road
They say the flowers growing there
Are beautiful and rare
Mountain child, growing like flowers wild
You shouldn't have a care

Submitter's comments:Â

Please translate this song into German.

Visit [Greg Irwin](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.