

THE RIDDLE SONG

I gave my love a cherry, that had no stone

I gave my love a chicken, that had no bone

I told my love a story, that had no end

I gave my love a baby, with no cry - in.

How can there be a cherry, that has no stone?

How can there be a chicken, that has no bone?

How can there be a story, that has no end?

How can there be a baby with no cry - in?

A cherry when it's blooming, it has no stone

A chicken when it's pipping, it has no bone

The story that I love you, it has no end

A baby when it's sleeping has no cry – in.