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The wind blows high, the wind blows low,

1 5 1

The wind blows sugar in my coffee-o

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What'll I do with the baby-o,

1 5 1

What'll I do with the baby-o.

Wrap him up in calico,

Give him to his daddy-o

That's what I'll do with the baby-o,

That's what I'll do with the baby-o.

Wrap him up in the table cloth,

Throw him up in the ol' hay loft,

That's what I'll do with the baby-o,

That's what I'll do with the baby-o.

Hang him up in the ol' tree top,

When the wind blows the cradle will rock,

That's what I'll do with the baby-o,

That's what I'll do with the baby-o.

How in the world do the old folks know,

I like sugar in my coffee-o

What'll I do with the baby-o,

What'll I do with the baby-o.