Rocking the Cradle

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I am a young man from the town of Kiandra
I married a young woman to comfort my home
She goes out and she leaves me and truly deceives me
She leaves me with a baby that's none o' me own

Oh dear, I rue the day ever I married
How I wish I was single again
With this weeping and wailing and rocking the cradle
And rocking the baby that's none o' me own

While I'm at work, my wife's on the rantan
On the rantan with some other young man
She goes out and she leaves me and truly deceives me
And leaves me with a baby that's none o' me own

Now all you young men with a fancy to marry
Be sure you leave those flash gals alone
Or by the Lord Harry, if one you should marry
They'll leave you with a baby that's none o' your own

recorded by the Ian Campbell Folk Group