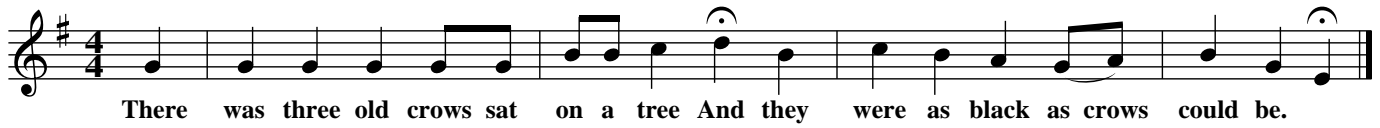


Three Old Crows



1. There was three old crows sat on a tree
And they were as black as crows could be.
2. These three old crows flew up a lane,
And spied a horse which had been slain.
3. These three old crows flew onto his backbone
And pecked his eyes out one by one.
4. Out come the farmer with his gun,
And he shot the old crows all but one.
5. This old crow was so scared with fright,
It made his feathers all turn white.

Source: Sung by George Cook, Park St, Stow-on-the Wold.
Learnt at Station Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada 60 years previously.
Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.