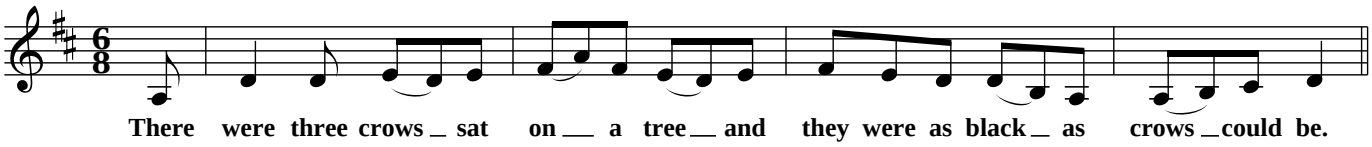
There Were Three Crows



Each verse is first spoken and then sung:

There were three crows sat on a tree
And they were as black as crows could be. (Spoken: "All sing".)

And one old crow said to his mate
"What shall we have this day for bait?*"

They flew across the burning plain
To where an oxen had been slain.

They perched upon his big back backbone
And pecked his eyes out, one by one.

Along came a farmer with his gun,
And shot them all, excepting one.

And that old crow flew into a tree
And said, "You old ....., you shan't shoot me."

*bait = lunch, snack.

Source: Sung by Bob Cross, Witcombe. Collected by Gwilym Davies 15 September 1977.

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