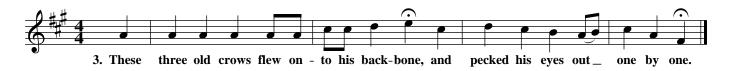
Three Old Crows



- 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.

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