The Carrion Crow



O wife, O wife, bring hither my bow That I might shoot this carrion crow.

The tailor shot and he missed his mark And he shot his old sow right though the heart.

O wife, O wife, bring some brandy in a spoon For our old sow's fallen down in a swoon.

O ho, said his wife, you're a silly old goose To kill your old sow and not care a mouse.

O ho, said the tailor, I care not a mouse, For we shall have hog-puddlings, chitterlings and souse.

The old sow died and the bell did toll, And the little pigs squeaked for the old sow's soul.