

CAW-CAW BALLADS

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The Political Crow

A poor old crow,
Who was hungry and lean,
From a rich old bird
Stole one white bean.

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So they flung the thief
In Caw-Caw Jail,
And they kept him there
And refused him bail.

But another bird,
Who had lots to eat,
Stole sixty bushels
Of corn and wheat

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"This bird" cried the crows,
"Has political bent."
So they sent him to Caw-
Caw Parliament.



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The White Crow

There lived in the land
Of Caw, Caw, Caw
As white a crow
As ever man saw.

And a black crow said,
One dark, wet night:
"Let's kill the crow
With the wings of white."

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And they all said: "Yes,
Let's kill this freak"—
Save one old raven
With a long, wise beak.

And he told them white
Was quite the thing;
So they made the white crow
Caw-Caw's king.



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The Black Crow

A black old crow
Sat on a tree,
And he swore at you
And he swore at me.

And the only cuss
That he knew was "Caw";
But he cussed that cuss
With great eclat.

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But another bird
Cried, "Caw-Caw", slow;
And I said: "He's swearing",
But a bird said: "No,

"That's a preacher bird,
And he's only saying
The same words slow
So they sound like praying.

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"Our words are the same
If you swear 'em, or pray 'em,
But it's all in the way
The black crows say 'em."



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The Society Crow

A Society crow

Once fell in some dust,
And it took all the glow
From her shining bust.

So she told the crows

One awful whopper—
That shiny clothes
For a crow weren't proper.

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So the crows grew fussed
And they stood in line
And were rubbed with dust
To remove their shine.

"Now wasn't that silly",
Said dear little Rose:
"I'll be right down Willie
When I powder my nose."



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The Critic Crow

A sick old crow
Had every known disease.
He had dropsy in the legs,
He had water on the knees.

His lungs were jammed
Like a railroad junction;
His gall-bladder stalled,
And his liver wouldn't function.

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His back had lumbago,
And his joints were rheumatic
He was one per-cent sound
And ninety-nine static.

So, knowing he was hopeless,
External and internal,
They made him health advisor
On the Caw-Caw Journal.



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The Exclusive Crow

The parents of a crow
Of the female gender
To a ladies school
Decided to send her.

And she learned at the school
How to turn up her nose,
In a way that was cruel,
At the common-school crows.

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And she grew to think
She was very swell
And that private-school crows
Had a sweeter smell.

But on that day
When the school did close
She had just as many fleas
As the common crows.



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The Service Club Crow

Some business crows
Once formed a club,
And they met at noon
In a high-class pub.

They called each other
By their Christian names:
Charlie and Willie
And George and James.

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And they said: "Friend crows
Our business creed
Is to help the weak
And all in need."

And they spoke grand words
At every dinner
Of their love for man
Whether saint or sinner.

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But it's funny to note
Since the club was born
That the farmers around
Lost a lot more corn.



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The Golfing Crow

Some crows were poor
And some crows which
Had saved up corn
Were idle and rich.

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And these idle crows
With loud acclaim
Cried: "All good crows
Should learn some game."

But they couldn't agree
Which game was best
Till they found a pill
On the green earth's breast.

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Then they dressed some birds
In caddies' clothes;
But the game of golf
Didn't please the crows,

Till a gay crow saw
One day by a sewer
A half-used bottle
Of Jonathan Dewar.

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And after one drink
He drove that pill
Far over the brink
Of a three-mile hill.

And it passed on its way
Through a farmer's son;
And the gay crow cried:
"That's a hole in one."



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The Titled Crow

"Arise, Sir Crow"

Said the Caw-Caw King
To a brave young bird
With a valiant wing.

But the democratic crows
Said: "Titles should be banned;
We want no sirs
In a free-crow's land."

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And a great, stout crow,
With a badge on his breast,
Said: "All good crows
Should arise and protest."

And the bird who thus spoke
Was a democratic Colonel
Who was Grand High Kleagle
Of a lodge supernal.

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And a worshipful, great
Grand Master took a notion
That he'd like to second
The high Kleagle's motion.



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The Poor Sick Crows

Some musty corn
That had started to rot,
Was thrown one day
On a farmer's back lot.

And every crow,
Who a share did take,
Was quickly laid low
With a belly-ache.

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And each called a doctor,
Who lived right near 'm,
And was shot with pills
And pumped with serum.

But they couldn't cope
With the strange disease;
So they called in doctors
From over the seas.

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But in spite of these men,
Who were learned and great,
The crows died off
At an awful rate.

"Bad corn has done it"
Said the medicoes,
As they pumped more serum
In the poor old crows.

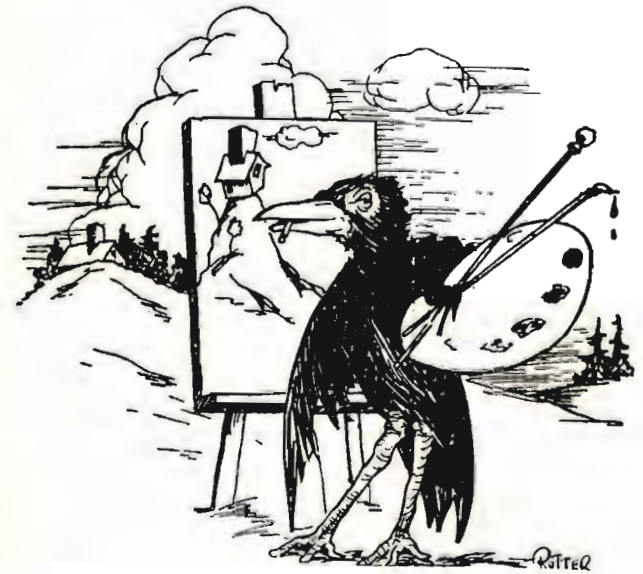
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BALLADS

Then a lay-crow said
With a touch of scorn:
"Why don't you tell the crows
Not to eat that corn?"

And the doctors all,
Who in conclave sat,
Said: "Isn't it funny
That we didn't think of that?"



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The Artist Crow

Seven crows sat down
In an artist's school
Where the teacher taught
By a brand new rule,

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For he told his class
With a tearful sniffle:
"All art of the past
Is just pure piffle.

"If you'd be painters
By our new law,
Just forget to paint
And forget to draw.

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"And the world will praise
Your skill at paint
If you draw all things
Just like they aint."



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The Barrister Crow

A mean young crow
Stole a sack of corn
From a poor old bird
One autumn morn.

And for twenty years,
By the best reports,
The case went on
In the Caw-Caw courts.

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But to-day the parties
Of the two parts mourn,
And the barrister-crows
Have the sack of corn.



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The Fundamentalist Crow

A funny old raven
Once said with a wink:
"The first crow was made
From a bottle of ink."

So they built a creed
On this wonderful truth;
And they taught this creed
To the Caw-Caw youth.

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And in Caw-Caw churches
This truth was shouted;
And they put out the eyes
Of the crows that doubted.

Then the first old crow
Came back to Earth
And said he had spoken
In a moment of mirth.

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So they burned this crow
At Heresy Station,
And saved the race
From a Caw-Damnation.



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The Henpecked Crow

A Crow's Nest crow,
I am sorry to relate,
Had nothing but trouble
With his Caw-Caw mate.

She nagged and nagged
And she never ceased.
And she told Pa-Caw,
"You're a Crow's Nest Beast."

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So pa took a swipe
At the talkative lass:
"My dear," said he,
"That's a Crow's-Nest Pass."



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The Pepless Crow

A bearded old crow,
Who had lost his pep,
Said: "Clothes for crows
Is a very wise step."

So "Clothes for Crows"
Was the slogan planned
By the pepless birds
Of Caw-Caw land.

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And they passed a bill
That was circumspec',
And ordered all crows
To be dressed to the neck.

And then, when a crow
Went bathing in her skin,
Ten young men crows
Came peeping in.

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But the law was repealed
One September morn
For too many little
Black crows were born.

