

The Crow Song

Words and Music by
F. B. Stover, ΦΓ '31

In strict march time

Oh, I'd rath-er be a Crow than 'most an-y bird I know, For he leads a mer-ry
Now you sure-ly must have heard of this most un-us-ual bird. He's the mer-ry, mer-ry

Life--a mer-ry life; He can sing and he can play, He flies high both nite and day, For he
Crow - the mer-ry Crow; He de-lights in ev-'ry sin, Drink-ing Scotch and drinking Gin, And be'n

has-n't an-y wife -an-y wi-fe, And he leads a mer-ry, mer-ry life.
free from ev-'ry care and wo-e, He's the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Crow.

Chorus: *mf* 1st 2 choruses
pp last chorus

ff all Choruses

Birds of a fea-ther al-ways to-gether, The Crow keeps good com-pan-y, And where-

e're we go we'll sal-ute the jol-ly crow, For he keeps good com-pany-y.