

THE CROWING HEN.

The man who owns a crowing hen
Should do a jail term, now and then.
They usually wait till 2
To start their cock-a-doodle-do.
Last night I went to bed at 4
When just outside my tepee door,
A crowing hen took up her stand
And strutted 'round upon the sand,
And sang and crew with raucous voice,
As if to make her soul rejoice.
No man should stand for such a pest,
So I got up and fully dressed
And seizing my large tomahawk
Towards that bird commenced to walk.
The brutal beast kept up its yelling
Until my ear drums started swelling.
I waltzed around and smote her smeller
And chased her down into the cellar,
I cracked her several on the rib
As she jumped over baby's crib—
I swat her with an uppercut
And called her dirty names like "mutt"—
I threw a brick between her eyes—
That bird's a type that I despise.
I pulled a feather from her tail
And spiked her with a rusty nail,
I knocked the corns all off her legs
And threw at her some ancient eggs.
I turned around and grabbed the hose
And squirted her from head to toes,
And broke her back and cracked her pate
And said "Old girl, that's just the fate
That you deserve. In future keep
Your bellows still, and let me sleep
Hereafter, or I'll hurt you sore
If you come back here any more.
Go home, nude brute, and tell your boss
That I am mad and sore and cross,
And warn him now to shut his pen
And keep you in at night, old hen."
She waddled off, her head hung low,
Said I, "Before I let you go
Take this for luck," and with the ax
I smote her one or two more whacks.
I always have—since I was ten—
Despised that brute—a crowing hen.

—Low Rate.