

## Owl, The

Once I was a monarch's daughter,  
And sat on a lady's knee;  
But now I am a nightly rover,  
Banished to the ivy tree.

Crying, Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo,  
Hoo, hoo, hoo, my feet are cold!  
Pity me, for here you see me  
Persecuted, poor, and old.

This song has been downloaded from [BusSongs.com](http://BusSongs.com).