



## Barn Owl

It's the first Christmas count that we've been on,  
And my old hunting clothes I have put on,  
This bird counting stuff seems like great fun -  
It turns out a new phase of my life has begun.

We start on the prison farm near Jones Creek,  
And we'll work to the woods where we will seek,  
The thrush and the sapsucker with the yellow belly,  
Trekking into bottoms past bogs dark and smelly.

But our leader has something up his sleeve,  
And he asks us to have faith and to believe,  
To trust his planning for he has a hunch  
That we'll be in for a treat just after lunch.

With interest piqued we jump in the car,  
And approach the structure near the small reservoir.  
Our leader says that we should stand by the front,  
While he walks to the rear - our quarry to confront.

We hear some noise from around the back,  
And then we're afraid we're under attack,  
For a large bird is coming out the door right at us -  
What is it – I don't know – no time to discuss.

It's an owl, it's white and it has big eyes,

Oh my, on this day, it is the prize,  
Garland grabs my arm but utters no sound,  
As we watch the owl come back around.

And our leader comes 'round the corner smilin',  
If I said he was smug, well, I'd not be lie'n,  
He told us he'd deliver us a treat,  
And so the Barn Owl we did meet.

That first encounter will always be with me,  
A bird for the ages, a bird full of mystery,  
So, that's how I first met the owl of the barn,  
And that story is true for I'd tell you no yarn.