Badger

for Voice & Piano



An arrangement of the poem by Christopher Isherwood

by Jeffrey Naden

BADGER

The only fault I find with badgers
Is that they're such appalling cadgers.
If you ask one out to dine
He'll want a dozen of your wine
To take home. If he likes your prints
He'll bother you with clumsy hints:
"I say, who's that picture by?...
It's my birthday next July...."
Once, one asked me for my car This was going rather far So I said, "Wouldn't you rather
Take this ring? It belonged to my father;
It's set with diamonds." Calm and bland,
He thanked me and held out his hand.
I had an apoplectic fit:
The Badger walked away with it.

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