Doe

for Voice & Piano



An arrangement of the poem by Christopher Isherwood

by Jeffrey Naden

DOE

Here is Titus, our pet doe,
The biggest hypocrite I know.
When visitors come to the house,
He's quiet and gentle as a mouse.
They say, "Oh, the pretty lamb,
Would he like some bread and jam?"
And the artful creature stands
And lets them feed him from their hands.
Maiden ladies stroke his ears
And murmur, practically in tears,
"Look at his great wistful eyes...."

They would get a slight surprise If they saw him bite the cook. As for those great eyes - well, look A little closer, and you'll see That one of them is black. That's me. I hit him with a rolling pin To stop him hacking at my shin. Yesterday he killed a cat, And at the mutton, lean and fat, And smashed the china in the sink. Why we keep him, I can't think - Except that it's sometimes amusing To hear the visitors enthusing.

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