How can I help Bess?
I do not want Bess to be messy.
What will I do?
At the end of this road, at the top of a post, is the home of Old Jo and the things he loves most.

His nest made of straw is the color of gold, and he fills it with all the food it can hold.
Old Jo grabs a twig and unwinds a string, and he ties them together to make a nice swing.

He sings and caws with his voice that is mild. Then he flies in the sky on a ride that is wild.
Old Jo has a coat that is black, I am told. He crows all day long—on warm days or cold.

He does not undress when he’s ready for bed. He just fluffs up his coat and tucks down his head.
When you think of Old Jo—
his nest, swing, and all—
Think of the fun things
that you can recall.