



A Carrion Crow Sat on an Oak

A carrion crow sat on an oak
Watching a tailor shape his cloak.
"Wife," cried he, "bring me my bow
That I may shoot yon carrion crow."

The tailor shot and missed his mark
And shot his own sow through the heart.
"Wife, bring brandy in a spoon
For our poor sow is in a swoon."