THE CROW

The wise old crow is a wily old crow,—
And the blackest of all bird creation!
No light speck or streak, marks coat, feet, or beak,—
Black eyes—and a black reputation!

'Though sombre his gown, and of shady renown,
Yet, the crow seems never dejected,
With his caw, caw, caw, he says that by law
The crows should be fully protected.

He thinks that to eat of young corn so sweet Should not be so sadly lamented; Since he gorges on bugs, field mice, and slugs, The farmers should be quite contented!

-W. O. M.