



Who'll be the jury?
'Twas then there was fury!
For all the rest fluttered
And chuckled and hacketed
And chattered and gobbled
And twittered and cackled.

"I'll go for one"—
"Take me for another"—
"He killed my babies,"—
"He ate up my brother"—
"A wickeder bird



We are sure we don't know,
Or one that is harder
To catch than a crow."

Said the judge at the trial,
"This corn did you steal"?

"Not I," said the crow,
I just wanted a meal,
So I pulled up a spoonful
Or two with my bill
But you're all just as bad
When you want a good fill.



And some are much worse,
For your Honor takes pickings
From dear little lambs,
And the lawyer kills chickens,
While others take all sorts
Of fruit from the trees,
Or in fields and in barnyards
Devour what they please."

Then the judge said, "To-day,
I'm not clear in the head,
We shall put this case off
Till the crow is found dead!"

This happened ten thousand or more years ago,
But I never have heard that they found this dead crow.

