

# The Fox and the Crow

A crow had snatched a piece of cheese out of a cottage window, and flew up with it into a high tree, that she might eat it at her ease. A Fox having spied her came and sat underneath and began to pay the Crow compliments on her beauty. "Why," said he, "I never saw it before, but your feathers are of a more delicate white than any that ever I saw in my life! Ah! what a fine shape and graceful neck is there! And I have no doubt but you have a tolerable voice. If it is but as fine as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can match you."

The Crow, tickled with this very civil language, nestled and wriggled about, and hardly knew where she was. But thinking the Fox a little doubtful as to the quality of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in the matter, she began to sing, and in the same instant, down dropped the cheese; which the Fox presently chopped up, and then bade her remember that whatever he had said of her beauty, he had spoken nothing yet of her brains.



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