

# **The Raven and the Fox**

Jean de la Fontaine

**The Crow and the Fox**  
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At the top of a tree perched Master Crow;  
In his beak he was holding a cheese.  
Drawn by the smell, Master Fox spoke, below.  
The words, more or less, were these:  
"Hey, now, Sir Crow! Good day, good day!  
How very handsome you do look, how grandly *distingué!*  
No lie, if those songs you sing  
Match the plumage of your wing,  
You're the phoenix of these woods, our choice."  
Hearing this, the Crow was all rapture and wonder.  
To show off his handsome voice,  
He opened beak wide and let go of his plunder.  
The Fox snapped it up and then said, "My Good Sir,  
Learn that each flatterer  
Lives at the cost of those who heed.  
This lesson is well worth the cheese, indeed."  
The Crow, ashamed and sick,  
Swore, a bit late, not to fall again for that trick.