

The Crow and the Pitcher

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Verse

1. The day was hot. The crow was, too. A pitcher stood near - by. "Wa - ter, please," the poor crow thought, "or oh, I just might cry." The
pitch-er held some wa-ter cool, but on - ly way down deep. The crow tried hard to take a sip, but her beak just would-n't reach. (drink.)

Chorus

When you have a prob-lem, don't just sit and cry. Look hard to find an an-swer. You'll see one if you try. try.

Verse 2

She reached in from the left and right and even from the air.
She twisted, turned, and jammed her beak as far down as she dared.
But that pitcher was too deep. She flapped away so sad.
Then, as she spied a pile of rocks, a clever thought she had.

Chorus

Verse 3

The crow picked up a little rock and held it in her beak.
She dropped it in the pitcher with a plinkety-plink-plink-plink.
In she tossed another rock and another the same way.
She worked so hard that she just knew she'd have a drink that day.

Chorus

Outro

When you have a prob-lem, don't just sit and cry. Look hard to find an an-swer. You'll see one if you try. see one if you try.