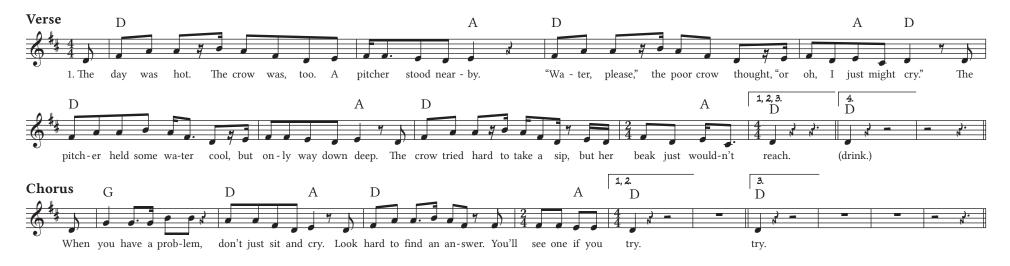
# The Crow and the Pitcher

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## 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



## Verse 4

As she piled the rocks inside, the water rose up high. At last it reached the pitcher's rim. The crow let out a sigh. "I helped myself. I didn't quit. I took some time to think. Now it's time for my reward." And that crow, she took a drink.