

Old Raven had a lunch of cheese  
And sly fox did smell it in the breeze  
The fox looked up and sweetly spoke

O Raven, on your perch of oak  
Your coat is black and your beak is yellow  
If only now your voice were mellow  
Yes if only your voice were mellow  
You'd be the fairest. Be the fairest  
Be the fairest, in the woods

Ole raven overjoyed by praise  
And sure he'd earned it in all ways  
Breathed in deep and let a croak  
And dropped the luncheon from the oak

Snatchin' of this tasty prize  
Sly ole' fox was very wise  
To fall for flattery  
Good bird  
You know it's vanity it's vanity  
It's vanity  
It must have hurt

Which lessened if you please  
Undoubtably as with the cheese  
A bit too late the raven swore  
The road would never cheat him no more