

The Bird wounded by an Arrow

by Jean de La Fontaine

A bird, with plumèd arrow shot,
In dying case deplored her lot:
"Alas!" she cried, "the anguish of the thought.
This ruin partly by myself was brought!
Hard-hearted men! from us to borrow
What wings to us the fatal arrow!
But mock us not, ye cruel race,
For you must often take our place."

*The work of half the human brothers
Is making arms against the others.*