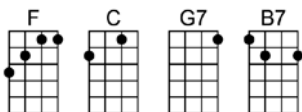


# THE FOX (WENT OUT ON A CHILLY NIGHT)<sub>(BAR)</sub>

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)



Intro: | F | C | G7 | C | C B7 | C | |

**C** **G7**  
Oh, the fox went out on a chilly night, prayed for the moon to give him light

**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C** **G7** **C**  
For he had many a mile to go that night, be-fore he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o

**F** **C** **G7** **C** **B7** **C**  
Many a mile to go that night be-fore he reached the town-o o o

**C** **G7**  
Well, he ran till he came to a great big pen, where the ducks and the geese were kept therein

**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C** **G7** **C**  
He said, "A couple of you are gonna grease my chin, be-fore I leave this town, town-o, town-o"

**F** **C** **G7** **C** **B7** **C**  
Said, "A couple of you are gonna grease my chin, be-fore I leave this town-o" o o

**C** **G7**  
He grabbed the gray goose by the neck, slung a duck a-cross his back

**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C** **G7** **C**  
And he didn't mind the quack, quack, quack, or the legs all danglin' down-o, down-o, down-o

**F** **C** **G7** **C** **B7** **C**  
He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack, or the legs all danglin' down-o o o

**C** **G7**  
Then old mother Flipper Flopper jumped out of bed, out to the window where she cocked her head

**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C** **G7** **C**  
Cryin', "John, John, the gray goose is gone, and the fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o

**F** **C** **G7** **C** **B7** **C**  
John, John, the gray goose is gone and the fox is on the town-o o o

p.2. The Fox

**C** **G7**  
John, he ran to the top of the hill, blowed his horn, both loud and shrill

**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C** **G7** **C**  
The fox he said, "I better flee with my kill, for they'll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o"

**F** **C** **G7** **C** **B7 C**  
The fox he said, "I better flee with my kill, for they'll soon be on my trail-o" o o

**C** **G7**  
Well, he ran till he came to his cozy den, there were the little ones, eight, nine, ten

**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C** **G7** **C**  
Cryin', "Daddy, daddy, better go back again, for it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o

**F** **C** **G7** **C** **B7 C**  
Daddy, daddy, better go back again, for it must be a mighty fine town-o" o o

**C** **G7**  
Then the fox and his wife, without any strife, cut up the goose with a carving knife

**C** **F** **C** **G7** **C** **G7** **C**  
They never had such a supper in their life, and the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o, bones-o

**F** **C** **G7** **C** **B7 C**  
They never had such a supper in their life, and the little ones chewed on the bones-o o o o o