THE FOX (WENT OUT ON A CHILLY NIGHT)
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
C
G7

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
C
G7
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
C
G7
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
C
G7
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
C
G7
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
C
G7
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
C
G7
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
C
G7
John, John, the gray goose is gone and the fox is on the town-o  o  o
The Fox

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

The fox he said, "I better flee with my kill, for they’ll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o"

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

Cryin’, "Daddy, daddy, better go back again, for it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o"

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

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