The Fox

G D
The fox went out on a chilly night, prayed for the moon to give him light,
G C G D G D G
For he’d many a mile to go that night be - fore he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o
C G D G
He’d many a mile to go that night be - fore he reached the town-o.

G D
He ran ‘til he came to a great big bin; the ducks and the geese were put therein
G C G D G D G
Said a couple of you will grease my chin be - fore I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o
C G D G
Said a couple of you will grease my chin be - fore I leave this town-o.

G D
He ran ‘til he came to his cozy den; there were the little ones, eight, nine, ten.
G C G D G D G
They said daddy, you better go back again, ‘cause it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o
C G D G
They said daddy, you better go back again, ‘cause it must be a mighty fine town-o.

G D
Then the fox and his wife without any strife cut up the goose with fork and knife.
G C G D G D G
They never had such a supper in their life and the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o, bones-o
C G D G
They never had such a supper in their life and the little ones chewed on the bones-o.

C/ G/ D/ G/ G G D/ G/
Ending: They never had such a supper in their life and the little ones chewed on the bones-o
1. The fox went out on a chilly night,
   Prayed for the moon to give him light,
   For he’d many a mile to go that night
   Before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o,
   He’d many a mile to go that night
   Before he reached the town-o.

4. John, he went to the top of the hill
   Blew, his horn both loud and shrill;
   The fox, he said, I better flee with my kill
   He’ll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o
   The fox, he said, I better flee with my kill
   He’ll soon be on my trail-o.

2. He ran till he came to a great big bin
   The ducks and the geese were put therein
   Said, a couple of you will grease my chin
   Before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o,
   Said, a couple of you will grease my chin
   Before I leave this town-o.

5. He ran till he came to his cozy den
   There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten,
   They said daddy, you better go back again,
   ‘Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o,
   They said daddy, you better go back again,
   ‘Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o.

3. Old mother pitter-patter jumped out of bed
   Out of the window she cocked her head
   Crying, John, John, the grey goose is gone
   And the fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o,
   Crying, John, John, the grey goose is gone
   And the fox is on the town-o.

6. Then the fox and his wife without any strife
   Cut up the goose with fork and knife,
   They never had such a supper in their life
   And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o
   They never had such a supper in their life
   And the little ones chewed on the bones-o.