The Fox

The Fox

The fox went out on a chilly night
Prayed for the moon to give him light
For he had many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town o (2x)

He ran til he came to a great big bin
Where the ducks and the geese were kept therein
Said, a couple of you are going to grease my chin
Before I leave this town o

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck
Throwed a duck across his back
He didn't mind the quack, quack, quack
And the legs all dangling down o

Then old mother Flipper-flopper 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

Then 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
Or they'll soon be on my trail o

He ran till he came to his cozy den
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten
Saying, Daddy, daddy, Better go back again
For it must be a mighty fine 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

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