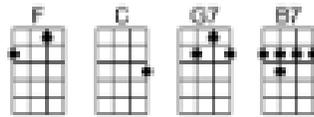


THE FOX (WENT OUT ON A CHILLY NIGHT)

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

11 11 23



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