## DADDY FOX

Daddy Fox he went out one chilly night
And he prayed to the moon for to give him light,
For he’d many, many miles to go that night,
Before he came to his den-oh.

Den-oh, den-oh,
For he’d many, many miles to go that night,
Before he came to his den-oh.

Then he grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
And he flung her up across his back,
He heeded not her quivvy-qwivvy quack,
Nor the legs all a-dangling down-oh.

Down-oh, down-oh…

Then old Mother Twiddle Twaddle jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she stuck her little head,
Crying “Oh John oh, the grey goose is dead,
And the fox is away to his den-oh”.

Den-oh, den-oh…

So John he rode up to the top of the hill,
And he blew his little horn both loud and shrill,
“Play on”, said Reynard, “with your music still,
While I trot away to my den-oh.

Den-oh, den-oh….

Then old Daddy Fox and his cubs and his wife,
They ate up the grey goose without any knife,
Saying “I never ever had such a supper in my life,
And the cubs they can chew on the bones-oh”.

Bones-oh, bones-oh….