

Sly Fox

Black Oak Arkansas

Old Raven had a lunch of cheese.
And sly fox did smell it in the breeze
The fox looked up and sweetly spoke
O Raven, on your perch of oak.
Your coat is black and your beak is yellow
If only now your voice were mellow
Yes if only your voice were mellow
You'd be the fairest. Be the fairest
Be the fairest, in the woods. Ole raven overjoyed by praise
And sure he'd earned it in all ways
Breathed in deep and let a croak
And dropped the luncheon from the oak
Snatchin' of this tasty prize
Sly ole' fox was very wise
To fall for flattery
Good bird
You know it's vanity it's vanity
It's vanity
It must have hurt
Which lessened if you please
undoubtably as with the cheese
A bit too late the raven swore
The road would never cheat him no more

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