

The Fox and the Crow

Children's Theatrical
Mark Mallman

Verse

1. One morn - ing in the woods there strolled a fox, a fox. "I want some food," she grum - bled as she
walked, she walked. A crow she saw up in a tree, and in his beak, he held some cheese.

Chorus

Don't trust those who say sweet words to you! Some-times they might want some-thing else, too.

Verse 2

"I want some of that cheese," the fox did think, did think.
"I'll get it with a few sweet words." She winked, she winked.
"I'll speak to him, say something nice.
With any luck, he'll pay my price."

Chorus

Verse 3

"Hello, my feathered friend," the fox called out, called out.
"I'd love a song! Oh, won't you sing one out, one out?
My dear, oh please, do sing to me
from your perch up in that tree."

Chorus

Verse 4

Foxes could be crafty, the crow knew, he knew.
But her words were sweet to hear. It's true, it's true.
Still he closed his beak and shook his head.
He needed that cheese to keep him fed.

Chorus

Verse 5

Everybody loves to hear they're great, they're great.
Compliments sound nice, but please, just wait, just wait.
The crow thought, "She just wants my treat.
Though it's true my songs are sweet!"

Chorus

Verse 6

The fox imagined how the cheese would taste, would taste.
She called up to the crow again in haste, in haste.
"Your voice is like a silver bell.
Just one short song would please me well."

Chorus

Verse 7

The crow liked all these pleasant words a lot, a lot.
He opened his beak to sing, but he forgot, forgot.
His cheese fell down upon the grass.
The fox, she snapped it up at last.

Outro

Don't trust those who say sweet words to you! Some - times they might want some-thing else, too.