

# The Hunting Song

Words & Music:  
Tom Lehrer

C7 F C7  
I always will remember, 'twas a year ago November,  
F Cm6 D7 G7 C7  
I went out to hunt some deer on a morning bright and clear.  
F F7 Bb Bbm  
I went and shot the maximum the game laws would allow:  
F C7 F C7  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

I was in no mood to trifle, I took down my trusty rifle  
And went out to stalk my prey. What a haul I made that day!  
I tied them to my fender, and I drove them home somehow:  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.

Am E7  
The law was very firm, it took away my permit,  
Am E7  
The worst punishment I ever endured.

Am E7  
It turned out there was a reason: cows were out of season,  
Am C7  
And one of the hunters wasn't insured.

People ask me how I do it, and I say "There's nothin' to it,  
You just stand there lookin' cute and when something moves, you shoot!"  
And there's ten stuffed heads in my trophy room right now:

F C7 F F7 Fdim Bbm6/F F  
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a pure-bred Guern-sey---- cow!