

So man wit' de bugle he 's comin' near,
An' dis is de t'ing he say—
"You see any fox to-day, ma frien',
Runnin' aroun' at all,
You know any place he got hees den?
For we lak it to mak' de call."

An' me—I tell heem, "You mus' be wrong,
An' surely don't want to kill
De leetle red fox, about two foot long,
Dat 's leevi' below de hill;
Jompin' de horse till he break hees knee,
W'ile spotty dog mak' de row,
For a five-dollar fox? You can't fool me—
I know w'at you 're wantin' now!

"You hear de story of ole Belair,
He 's seein' de silver fox
W'enever he 's feeshin' de reever dere,
Sneakin' along de rocks."
But ma wife get madder I never see,
An' say, "Wall! you *mus'* be green—
Shut up right away," she 's tellin' me,
"It 's de leetle red fox he mean!"

So me—I say not'ing, but watch de fun—
An' spotty dog smell' aroun'
Till dey start to yell, an' quick as a gun
Ev'ry an 's yellin', "Foun'!"