

The Hunting Song. 1953. Words and Music by Tom Lehrer

I [F] always will remember, 'twas a [C7] year ago November,
I went [F] out to [Cm7] hunt some [D7] deer,
[D7] On a [G7] morning [G7] bright and [C7] clear.
I [F] went and shot the [F7] maximum the
[Bb] game laws would al-[Bbm]-low,
Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters and a [F] cow.

I was [F] in no mood to trifle, I took [C7] down my trusty riffle
And went [E] out to [Cm7] stalk my [D7] prey.
[D7] What a [G7] haul I [G7] made that [C7] day!
I [F] tied them to my [F7] fender and
[Bb] drove them home some [Bbm] how,
Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters and a [F] cow.

[E7] _ The [Am] law was very firm, it [E7] took away my permit,
The [Am] worst punish-[G]-ment I [E] ever en-[E7]-dured.
It turned [Am] out there was a reason,
[E7] cows were out of season,
And [Am] one of the hunters, _ wasn't in-[C7]-sured.

[C7+/] _ People [F] ask me how I do it,
And I [C7] say: "There's nothing to it",
You just [E] stand there [Cm7] looking [D7] cute,
[D7] And when [G7] something [G7] moves, you [C7] shoot
And there's [F] ten stuffed [F7] heads in my
[Bb] trophy room right [Bbm] now
Two game [F] wardens, seven [C7] hunters,
And a [E] pure [E7] bred [Fdim]Guern-[Bbm6]-sey [F]cow [E] [C7] [E]