

# Sour Grapes

A sly old fox one day did spy, Fal-lal-le-di-do - did-dle-lal-li-day,  
Some nice ripe grapes that  
hung so high, Fal - lal - le - di - do - - did - dle - lal - li - day,  
The fruit he'd dear - - ly  
loved to gain, But al - - though he tried with might and main,  
To \_\_\_\_ reach the fruit was all in vain,  
Fal - - lal - le - - di - - do - - di - dle - lal - - li - day.

A sly old fox one day did spy,  
Fal-lal-le-di-do-did-dle-lal-li-day,  
Some nice ripe grapes that hung so high,  
Fal-lal-le-di-do-did-dle-lal-li-day,  
The fruit he'd dearly loved to gain,  
But although he tried with might and main,  
To reach the fruit was all in vain,  
Fal-lal-le-di-do-di-dle-lal-li-day.

The fox his patience nearly lost,  
Fal-lal-le-di-do-did-dle-lal-li-day,  
His expectations black and cross,  
Fal-lal-le-di-do-did-dle-lal-li-day,  
Still licked his chops for near an hour,  
Till he found the fruit beyond his power.  
Then he went and swore the grapes were sour.  
Fal-lal-le-di-do-di-dle-lal-li-day.