

# The Squirrel

Burl Ives

I know a wee squirrel who lives in an oak  
He loves a good lunch and he loves a good joke  
There's a wee bit of Scotch in his family tree  
He's Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee  
(He's Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee)

Of chestnuts and acorns, he's gathered a store  
Although he has plenty, he still gathers more  
And he has them for breakfast, for luncheon and tea  
Young Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee  
(Young Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee)

His brothers and sisters and uncles and aunts  
Quite often will gather and have a fine dance  
And they leap through the air precariously  
With Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee  
(With Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee)

Once while they were dancing a hunter came by  
And all of these squirrels the hunter did spy  
And he lifted his rifle and aimed carefully  
At Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee  
(At Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee)

The rifle went off with a terrible blast  
But Angus McFergus was faster than fast  
And the bullets went deep in the poor old oak tree  
But it never touched Angus McFergus Dundee  
(But it never touched Angus McFergus Dundee)

The hunter looked round but the squirrels were gone  
Of all of those dancers there wasn't a one  
They were all safely hidden in that friendly oak tree  
With Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee

I often imagine that I'd like to be  
A funny wee squirrel and live in a tree  
Pay no rent and no taxes and get my lunch free  
Like Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee  
(Like Angus McFergus McTavish Dundee)