

Chick, chick, chick, chick chicken

A song composed by Thomas McGhee, and written by Fred Holt, published in 1925.

Make elbows flap each time the chorus is sung and mime other actions.



Chorus

Chick, chick, chick, chick, chicken, lay a little egg for me,
Chick, chick, chick, chick, chicken, I want one for my tea.
For I haven't had an egg since Easter, and now it's half past three,
So, chick, chick, chick, chicken, lay a little egg for me.

Now good old Farmer Haystack is the cleverest of men,
He takes an eggcup off the shelf and then shouts to the hen.

Chick, chick, chick, chick, chicken, lay a little egg for me...

Now Rip Van Winkle woke up after twenty years or more
He found a bird's nest in his beard and shouted out, "Oh, Lor'!"

Chick, chick, chick, chick, chicken, lay a little egg for me...