

Five Little Chickens

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
“I wish I could find
A fat little worm.”

Said the second little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
“I wish I could find
A fat little bug.”

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
“I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal.”

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a sigh of grief,
“I wish I could find
A little green leaf.”

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
“I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone.”

“Now see here,” said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
“If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and SCRATCH.”

