

# The Old Red Hen

F C7 F C

The old, red hen, she stole her nest A - way-way off, and no one guess'd What  
But oh! to see them take a drink That is the pret-ti-est, I think, They

F C7 F C F

she was up to with her tricks, Till she brought off ten tin-y chicks, Ten  
dip in-to the drink-ing place And then look up to say their "grace?" And

Bb F C7 F

fuz - zy balls of down and fluff As soft as an-y pow-der puff. They  
when at eve they soft - ly cheep As back in-to the nest they creep, Be -

C7 F C F

watch their moth-er scratch the ground, And eat up ev - 'ry - thing she's found.  
neath her wings the old hen tucks Her sleep-y chicks and chucks and chucks.