The Rooster And The Hen - song lyrics

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THE ROOSTER AND THE HEN.
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Written by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Chas. D. Blake.

'Tis a fact I'm known as that Peck's bad boy,
By that name I am called by all;
If I tried to tell the good deeds I've done,
You would Bay to me hire a hall;
But I'll give you one and that one is true,
'Bout a rooster that lived and died
In our yard at home, and his faithful hen,
That was always close by his side.

Refrain.
Well I should cackle, said she. [Business-Imitation of hen cackling.']
Well I should crow, replied he. [Business-Imitation of rooster crowing.]
The saddest of tales writ by pencil or pen
Is that of this Haughty and fickle young hen.
The saddest of tales writ by pencil or pen
Is that of this naughty and fickle young hen.

At the grocer's store I dropped in one day-
As I reached out to pat the cat,
he remarked my hands were not very clean,
And he asked me the cause of that.
I replied, the dirt was an emblem pure
For a friend that had gone above.
Then he looked at me and he quickly asked
What had won such a bad boy's love.-Refrain.

Then I took the pick that he used for ice
And I cleaned out my finger nails,
And a pickle put in the old cat's mouth,
As I trod on the kittens' tails.
How that cat did yowl, and the grocer thought
She was going to have a fit,
While he went to throw her out of the door,
Then I sampled his stock a bit.-Refrain.

Back he came, his face had grown long and grave,
And he said, "Death is sad to see:
We are full one day of good health and joy,
But the next in a box we be.
A few words are said o'er our cold remains,
While some tears by a few are shed,
Then the drivers race and the mourners bet
As to who will get home ahead." -Refrain.

"For the greatest man who has ever lived,
When he makes from this word a jump.
No more tricks can take, but a nine spot he,
And he wins who has kept his trump."
Then the grocer stopped, and he asked, "Who's dead? "
"'Twas our rooster," then I replied:
Then the grocer took up a canvassed ham
And right plump at my head he shied.-Refrain.

Then I said, "now soon we are all forgot,
When we go to the for off shore."
Then I stopped and cried, and the grocer looked up-
I went on and told some more.
How our rooster loved, and our hen loved, too,
Such devotion I never saw;
She would hunt for worms and then call to him-
But they always went in her craw.-Refrain.

So the rooster soon in bad ways did get,

He went off and was gone all night;
And the hen told me that he'd gone to lodge,
But her eye had a wicked light.
And the end soon came, for his corpse one morn
Met my gaze as I chopped some wood.
While the widowed hen, with her youngling brood.
'Round the pump in their grief all stood.-Refrain.

But the widowed hen was soon flirting again,
As I thought in indecent haste,
And the rooster bold, who then lived next door,
From our yard I quite often chased;
But in vain I toiled, for the fickle hen,
When she saw that I was opposed,
Before me behaved, but she walked with him,
When she found the front gate unclosed.-Refrain.

It will end, I know, in another match,
Though a shame, to my mind, it is;
Yet I know, to eggs and spring chickens raise,
That the hens must attend to biz.
So it is with boys and with girls no doubt-
By their parents they're loved and nursed-
If the good ones die and the bad ones live.
Don't you think that the bad fare worst?-Refrain.

There's some reason though why this Peck's Bad Boy
Has escaped from the hand of fate;
I've no doubt some day I shall sure reform
If you all will be patient-wait-
No more jokes I'll play on my friends or foes-
If I try to be good I can;
It will give relief to my pa and ma
, And, I think, to the groceryman.-Refrain.

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