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"Under The Chicken Tree."

Words by
IRVING JONES.

Music by
KERRY MILLS.

Allegro moderato.

I had a dream last night that
The eggs came budding first and

Till ready.

Almost turned me white,
I dreamed that hens and

Soon as they would burst,
A tiny little

roosters grew on
chicken sprouted

out;

I owned a great big
Chickens were so

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ranch And on ev'ry hen tree branch The chick-ens were as
free, It cer-tain-ly seemed to me That I would sure-ly
thick as bum-ble bees. I went out in the
die soon with the gout; Then sud-den-ly I
yard woke and shook the tree right hard, And a-
and found it all a joke, How
bout a hun-dred chick-ens tum-bled down; As
sad then ev'ry thing to me did seem, Don't
soon as they had died, Why, they were quickly fried, With
care how long I live, My self I'll not forgive For

gravy oozing out so nice and brown.
waking up out of that lovely dream.

CHORUS.
A little slower.

Under the chicken tree,
Under that big fric as...

see,
Hens were poppin' out of every blossom;

Under The Chicken Tree.
Lost all my love for the bird they call the possum,

All kinds of money and every other thing looked like chicken feathers to me; Eggs were drop-pin;

wings were flop-pin; Under the chicken tree.

Under The Chicken Tree.