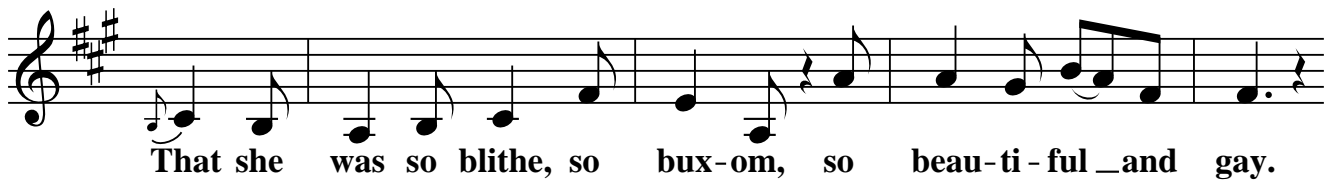
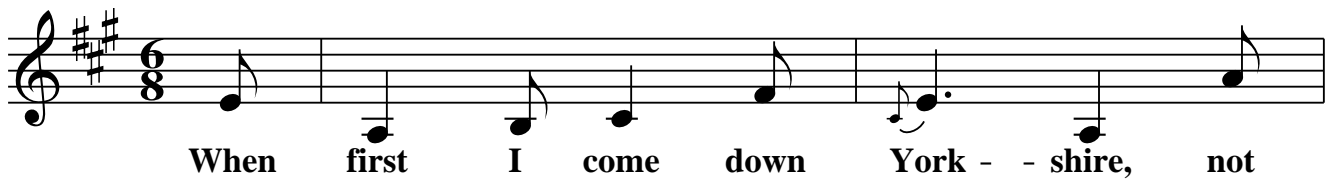


# All the little chickens in the Garden

*Norma Waterson and Martin Carthy*





barn And all the lit-tle chick-ens in the gar - - den

When first I come down Yorkshire, not many years ago,  
Why, I met with a little Yorkshire girl and I'll have yez all to know  
That she was so blithe, so buxom, so beautiful and gay.  
Now listen whilst I tell you what her daddy used to say.

(Chorus)

"Treat me daughter decent. Don't do her any harm  
And when I die I'll leave you both me tidy little farm,  
Me cow, me pigs, me sheep and goat, me stock, me fields and barn  
And all the little chickens in the garden."

When first I went to court the girl, she was so awful shy,  
Why she never said a blummin' word while other folks stood by.  
But as soon as we were on our own she made me name the day,  
Now listen while I'll tell you what her daddy used to say.

And so I wed me Yorkshire girl so pleasing to me mind,  
I always been proved true to her and she's proved true in kind.  
We've had three bairns, they've growed up now with a grandun' on the way,  
And when I look into her eyes I can hear her father say.