

## The Little Red Hen

The Little Red Hen found a grain of wheat,  
 Said "This looks good enough to eat,  
 But I'll plant it instead, make me some bread,"  
 Said to the other guys down the street,  
 "Who will help me plant this wheat?"  
  
 "Not I!" said the dog and the cat.  
 "Not I!" said the mouse and the rat.  
 "I will then," said the Little Red Hen,  
 And she did.

Well the sun shone bright, the rain it blew,  
 The grain of wheat it grew and grew,  
 It began to sprout, headed out,  
 Till it was ripe enough.  
 Said, "Who will help me harvest this stuff?"

She lugged it to the miller to grind to flour,  
 Cause the others would furnish her no manpower,  
 And at baking time they all declined  
 To help her with the job;  
 They were a dog gone no-good mob.

The bread looked good and smelled so fine  
 The gang came running and fell in line;  
 "We'll do our part with all our heart  
 To help you eat this chow!"  
 She said, "I do not need you now."

"I planted and hoed this grain of wheat,  
 Them that works not, shall not eat,  
 That's my credo," the little bird said,  
 And that's why they called her Red.