

# Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Are Hatched - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Are Hatched.  
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There are places of learning all over the world,  
There are humble school-houses and colleges grand,  
Where wisdom is taught to the rich and the poor,  
But the folks are no smarter than they were before.  
And the fools are as plenty, I'm sorry to say,  
As they once used to be in my grandmother's day;  
You'll find them in palace and hovel that's thatched,  
Still counting their chickens before they are hatched.

Chords.

A little horse sense is an excellent thing,  
And so to the world this maxim I fling;  
Although in our learning you cannot be matched,  
Just don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

There is Muggins, the banker, comes in with a smile,  
His clothes they are cut in the nobbiest style;  
He clasps his soft hand on the cap of his knee.  
And he says: "What a great millionaire I will be!"  
But when the glad sun of the morrow shall dawn,  
His hopes will be blasted, his money be gone;  
The house where he lives by the law be attached,  
He counted his chickens before they were hatched.-Chorus.

And the great politician will gather his friends,  
Nor think of the money he foolishly spends;  
He is sure of election, there is no doubt,  
For his friends have all promised that they will turn out.  
He watches the count with a confident air,  
But when it is over goes home in despair,  
From most every ticket his name has been scratched,  
He counted his chickens before they were hatched.-Chorus.

There's young Charles Augustus in love with a girl,  
He'll twist his mustachios up into a curl;  
He tells all the boys he'll be married quite soon,  
And sine silly songs by the light of the moon.  
But while he is talking of what is to be,  
Another young man comes along, don't you see?  
From under his nose the sweet girl has been snatched,  
He counted his chickens before they were hatched.-Chorus.

I knew a young lady, a beautiful lass,  
Who wasted her time in consulting her glass;  
"My beauty, " she said, "is a fortune to me,  
The wife of a noble I'm sure I will be!"  
She lives here to-day, and quite often we meet  
In a short little alley, she calls it a street;  
She dresses in calico pretty well patched,  
She counted her chickens before they were hatched.-Chorus.

Don't think I am joking in what I have sung,  
I learned long ago how to bridle my tongue;

I try to be careful in all that I say,  
I would not for world lead a brother astray.  
Then never build castles of fanciful stuff,  
But live on realities though they be rough;  
The gates of prosperity you may find latched,  
Then don't count your chickens before they are hatched.-Chorus.

"I see you are on the watch"- as the thief said to the guard  
chain.

The advertisement of a Western stone cutter reads: "Those who buy tombstones from us, look with pride and -satisfaction upon the graves of their friends."

-He had been going to see her a long time, but never Stated the object of his visits, and she was desirous of knowing something of the future. The last night he called he seemed to be quite sad, and after several well-developed sighs, he said: "Life is full, very full of bitterness, isn't it?" "Oh, I don't know," she responded cheerily. "I haven't much cause to complain." "Possibly not now, Mary, but the bitter cup has been placed to your lips." "Yes, Henry, my parents are dead." "And is there no bitterness in that, Mary? Is it not very, very sad to be an orphan?" "Of course it is, Henry, but you see "-and she blushed- "it relieves you of the embarrassment to ask father"