

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Chickens in the Garden

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When first I came down Yorkshire,  
Not many years ago.  
I met with a little Yorkshire lass,  
And I'd have you know,  
That she was so blithe, so buxom,  
So beautiful and gay,  
Now listen while I tell you,  
What he Daddy used to say.

cho: "Oh treat me daughter decent,  
Don't do her any harm.  
And when I die I'll leave you both,  
Me tiny little farm.  
Me cow, me pigs, me sheep, me goats,  
Me stock, me field and barn.  
And all the little chickens in the garden."

Well first I came to court the girl,  
She was awful shy.  
She never said a blooming word,  
When other folks was by.  
But as soon as we were on our own,  
She bade me to name the day,  
Now listen while I tell you,  
What he Daddy used to say.

Well at last I wed this Yorkshire lass,  
So pleasing to me mind,  
And I did prove true to her,  
So she's proved true in kind.  
We have three bairns, there grown up now.  
There's a grandbairn on the way.  
And when I look into their eyes,  
I can hear their granddaddy say,

JY