

Where The Chicken Got The Axe - song lyrics

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Where the Chicken Got the Axe.
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Words by Harry Mayo. Music by Wm. B. Glenroy.

In the contry once a farmer killed a chicken with an axe.
Just by striking him a single little blow;
But I noticed he took extra care to land upon his neck,
And the poor old rooster gave his final crow.
Then I quickly told the farmer that I thought he was a brute.
And I got so mad I challenged him to fight.
Then he threw aside his axe and said, I'll give you fight enough.
When he made a rush and hit me all his might.

Chorus.
And I got it where the chicken got the axe,
Just because I made too many sassy cracks;
But his blow I failed to check, so it landed on my neck,
Just exactly where the chicken got the axe.

In a poker game I sat one night and thought I had a cinch
With a country man who lives at Pumpkinsville:
When he drew one card said I, by Jove, he's drawing for a flush.
And I saw my chance in case his hand he'd fill.
Then from underneath the table I took out four lovely jacks.
Where I had them laid away to make a haul;
Then we bet until my cash was our, my diamond pin as well,
And then, with a smile, said I, I guess I'll call.

Chorus.
And I got it where the chicken got the axe.
For, of course, you know that aces they beat jacks;
And the jay contented sat, for he had four aces pat.
So I got it where the chicken got the axe.

There's a friend of mine, whose name is Brown, got mashed upon a girl;
She was handsome and had money, so 'twas said;
Then as Brown was very cute, you see, he quickly won her love,
And away they went one evening to get wed.
When she told him she was wealthy, why, poor Brown a gave up his Job,
And the best Havanas only would he smoke:
But one night he went to touch her for some cash, and then she said:
"Why, that story of my wealth was all a joke."

Chorus.
Brown had got it where the chicken got the axe;
Of her past life then he learned some funny facts.
She'd been married twice before; Jiminy Christmas, Brown was sore,
For he got it where the chicken got the axe.

In the evening once, by chance, I met a charming little girl.
And asked her if she'd let me see her home;
So she thought awhile and then said yes; of course I took her arm,
And away we went to have a quiet roam.
Then I told her she was pretty, and I kissed her several times;
With my arms around her waist I made her smile;
But she never kicked at anything until we reached her house,
Then I wanted to go in and stay awhile.

Chorus.
And I got it where the chicken got the axe:
With her parasol she hit me several whacks.
You can bet that I felt tough, after blowing all my stuff,
To get it where the chicken got the axe.