

The Ballad of the Chicken

By Lee Anderson

All the kids had to do chores on the farm
and in some ways, they were fun.
They didn't mind feeding and watering that much,
but one job they tried to shun.
The job that they hated was gathering the eggs
not that the task was that hard,
Most of the eggs were easy to take
but over some, a mean hen stood guard.

All of the older brothers and sisters
had taken their turn at this job.
Everyone had a sore hand or foot
and Lois had a leg that would throb.
They all got together to examine their wounds
and come up with a plan of attack.
The plan that they thought, which was by far the best,
was to give that hen's head a whack.

Now all that they needed was someone to go
and do the difficult deed.
Someone brave enough to stand up to her,
and get out with a great burst of speed.
None of the kids that had done it before
wanted to do it again.
They all thought it was safer to let someone else
enter the hen's domain.

Their little brother Dallas, who was not quite three,
was watching them curiously.
They were so big and the hen was so small,
how hard could it possibly be?
His brothers and sisters all smiled with glee
because they didn't have to beg,
When Dallas stood up and stuck out his chest
and said, *"I'll go get them eggs!"*

What Dallas didn't know was that this was the plan
upon which his siblings agreed.
They were going to talk him into getting the eggs -
maybe he would go do the deed.
So wearing nothing but a diaper and wielding a stick,
few have seen more fearless men
As our little hero strode over the barnyard
to do battle with the horrible hen.

The hen was peacefully sitting on her eggs
when Dallas walked into the coop,
He planned to coax her off of her nest
and grab the eggs with a swoop.
Before the hen even knew he was there,
he clobbered her with his stick.
He had just got in a couple of good whacks
when she exploded making his stomach turn sick.

He dropped his club and tore out of there
without even saying a word,
He was more concerned about staying away
from the sharp end of that bird.
The very last thing that was on his mind
was getting those stupid eggs.
He made good use of his diaper while pumping his arms
trying hard to keep up with his legs.

He ran as fast as he thought he could go
with the angry hen hot on his trail,
A few pecks on his diaper increased Dallas' speed
and it made his red face turn pale.
The hen gave up the chase as they crossed over the bridge
on the other side of the barnyard.
Dallas' brothers and sisters were down on the ground
rolling and laughing hard.

Dallas' eyes were wide, his knees were shaking
and his bum was feeling a breeze.
The hen seemed to smile as she went back to her eggs
because his diaper looked like Swiss cheese.

