

Five Little Chickens

(a counting poem)

Said the first little chicken,
With a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little slug."

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf."

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone."

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want your breakfast,
Just come here and scratch."

-Anonymous



Created by Schuster's Farm. Visit schustersfarm.com for information on fall fun!