The Chickens They Are Crowing

Sarah McQuaid

Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.
Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.
Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.
Mmmm.

The chickens they are crowing.
They're crowing. They're crowing.
The chickens they are crowing,
For it is past daylight.

The boys they come a-courting,
A-courting, a-courting.
The boys they come a-courting,
And then they stay all night.

I won't go home till morning,
Till morning, till morning.
I won't go home till morning,
I'm staying away all night.

My mother she will scold me,
Will scold me, will scold me.
My mother she will scold me
For staying away all night.

My father, he'll uphold me,
Uphold me, uphold me.
My father, he'll uphold me,
He'll say I've done all right!

And the chickens they are crowing.
They're crowing. They're crowing.
The chickens they are crowing,
For it is past daylight.

Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.
Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.
Mmm. Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.
Mmmm.

Lyrics submitted by Graham Tenneson.

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