

Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens

Words & Music by
Alex Kramer & Joan Whitney

Arranged by Ray Buntaine

VERSE 1:

One night Farm-er Brown was tak-in' the air, Locked up the

barn-yard with the great-est of care, Down in the hen house

some-thin' stirred, when he shout-ed "Who's there?" This is what he heard:
(one voice)

CHORUS 1:

There ain't no-bod-y here but us chick-ens, There ain't no-bod-y

here at all. So calm your-self and stop that fuss, There

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Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens
(p. 2)

15
8
ain't no-bod-y here but us. Us chick-ens try'n' t' sleep, and

18
8
you butt in, And hob-ble, hob-ble, hob-ble, hob-ble, it's a sin.

VERSE 2:

21
8
To-mor-row is a bus-y day, we got things to do, we got

24
8
eggs to lay, we got ground to dig and worms to scratch, It takes a lot-ta

CHORUS 2:

28
8
set-tin' get-tin' chicks to hatch. Oh, there ain't no-bod-y here but us

Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens
(p. 3)

30 chick-ens, 31 There ain't no-bod-y here at all. 32 So

33 calm your-self and stop that fuss, 34 There ain't no-bod-y here but us. 35

36 Kind-ly shine that light th' oth-er way, 37 And hob-ble, hob-ble, 38 39

40 hob-ble off and hit the hay. 41 There ain't no-bod-y here but us

TAG: Dim. (Taper off to end)

42 chick-ens, 43 There ain't no-bod-y here but us chick-ens, 44 There

Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens

(p.4)

45

ain't no-bod-y here but us chick-ens. Us chick-ens had a bus-y

49

day.

CLUCK CLUCK

Random "Clucks"
Tapering off

CLUCK CLUCK
CLUCK
CLUCK CLUCK