

## The Li'l ol' Red Rooster

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Said the li'l ol' red rooster,  
"Gosh all hemlocks, things is tough!  
Seems like worms is gitten' scarcer,  
An' I cannot find enough!"

"What's become of all those fat ones  
Is a mystery to me.  
There were thousands through the wet spells.  
But gee! Now where can they be?"

The old black hen who heard him  
Didn't grumble or complain.  
She'd been through lots of dry spells  
And she'd lived through lots of rain.

She flew down to the grindstone  
To give her claws a whet,  
And said, "I've never seen the time  
There were no worms to get!"

She picked upon an undug spot.  
The earth was hard and firm.  
The little rooster jeered, "New ground?  
That's no place for a worm!"

The old black hen spread her claws,  
And dug both fast and free.  
"I'll dig down to the worms", she said,  
"If they won't come up to me!"

The little rooster spent his day,  
(From habit, by the way,)  
Where big fat worms had passed in squads,  
Back in the rainy days.

When nightfall found him supperless,  
He growled in accents rough,  
"I'm hungry as a foul can be!  
Conditions sure are tough!"

The old black hen hopped to her perch,  
And dropped her eyes to sleep,  
And murmured in a drowsy tone,  
"Young man, hear this and weep.

"I'm full of worms and happy,  
For I dined both long and well.  
The worms were there like always,  
But I had to dig like hell!"

(Poppa used to hesitate, grin, and say Hades instead of hell. We'd giggle in delight.)