I'd Like To Build A Coop For A Chicken Like You.

Words by BALLARD MACDONALD.

Music by HARRY CARROLL.

Moderato.

VAMP

Hiram Jenkins' oldest son was a Chickens that stay on the farm as a
lad who just turned twenty-one, A farmer's boy was he;
rule will seldom come to harm, 'Cause at sundown they roost,

Si-las Tompkins' daughter Sal was a sixteen year old buxom gal, A
But when they once strike Broadway, where the sun don't set at all, they say, They

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farmer's gal was she; One day she watched him from her stoop, while
don't act like they used; They learn a lot of little tricks, they

he put up a chicken coop, He finished it, and then
pick up from the wise old chicks. Who live up in New York,

But scratched his head, turned around and said: "Say! why ain't you a hen?"
soon they fall for this old "stall" From some big chicken hawk:

CHORUS.

Gee! I'd like to build a coop for a chicken like you, With a
roost inside for two; I could do my loving best in a feather-y nest, To
make things nice for you; I'd strut with pride beside my bride, and I'd
cock-a-doodle-doo-dle-do, Oh! I'd like to build a coop for a
chicken like you, With a roost inside for two. 'Cause I'd two.

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