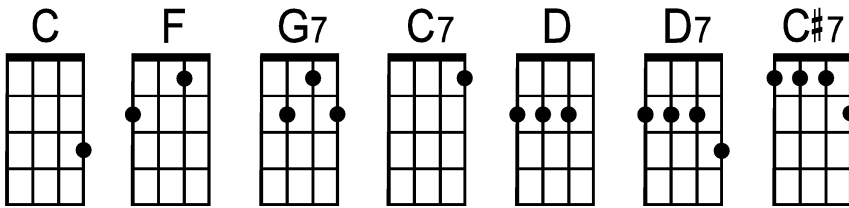


# Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens

By Alex Kramer and Joan Whitney, 1946



**Intro:** C . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | F . . . | . . . . |  
C . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . | . . . . | . . . . | C . .

One night farmer Brown was takin' the air—

He locked up the barnyard with the greatest of care—

Down in the henhouse somethin' stirred.

When he hollered "Who's there?" this is what he heard—

"There ain't no-body here but us chickens— There ain't no-body here, at all—

So, calm yourself and stop your fuss. There ain't no-body here but us.

We chickens tryin' to sleep and you butt in—

And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble with your chin.

"There ain't no-body here but us chickens— There ain't no-body here, at all—

You're stompin' a-round and shakin' the ground, you're kickin' up an awful— dust—

We chickens tryin' to sleep— and you butt in—

And hobble, hobble, hobble, hobble. It's a sin—

**Bridge:** To-morrow— is a busy day— We got things to do— We got eggs to lay.

We got ground to dig and worms to scratch.

It takes a lot of settin' getting' chicks to hatch.

|C . . . | . . . | . . . |C7 . .  
 "There ain't no-body here but us chickens— There ain't no-body here, at all—  
 . |F . . . | . . . |C . . . | . . .  
 So, quiet yourself— and stop your fuss. There ain't no-body here but us.  
 . |G7 . . . | . . . | . . .  
 Kindly point that gun the o—ther way—  
 |C . . . | . . . | . . .  
 And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay—

**Bridge:** |C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . | . . .  
 To-morrow— is a busy day— We got things to do— We got eggs to lay.  
 . |D . . . |D7 . . . | . . .  
 We got ground to dig and worms to scratch.  
 |G7\ --- --- |G7\ --- --- G7\  
 It takes a lot of settin' getting' chicks to hatch.

|C . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |C7 . .  
 "There ain't no-body here but us chickens— There ain't no-body here, at all—  
 . |F . . . | . . . |C . . . | . . .  
 So, quiet yourself— and stop your fuss. There ain't no-body here but us.  
 . |G7 . . . | . . . | . . .  
 Kindly point that gun the o—ther way—  
 |C . . . | . . . | . . .  
 And hobble, hobble, hobble off and hit the hay—

**Ending:** C . . . | . . . |C7 . .  
 "Hey, boss-man, whatcha— say—?  
 |G7 . . . | . . . |C . . . | . C#7\ C\  
 It's ea—sy pickin's, ain't no-body here but us chickens——!"

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v2 - 8/23/18)