**Will There Be Chickens in Paradise?**

Emily Luertzing and Neal Walters.

Will there be chickens in Paradise,
In that sweet bye and bye,
Any roosters and hens all freed of their sins,
In that great chicken coop in the sky?

**Chorus:**Will there be chickens in Paradise
Perched on the throne of our Lord,
Scratchin'and layin'and peckin'and prayin',
Crowin' a heavenly chord?

Will I see my old friends in Paradise,
Henrietta and old Chanticleer?
I'd be so lonely in Paradise
If those sweet little pluckers weren't there.

**Cho:**Will the Colonel be thrown from his heavenly home?
Only the future will tell,
For the chicken he's et, I'm sure it's a pet.
He'll be deep fat fryin' in Hell.

**Cho:**Will there be chickens in Paradise
Roostin' in clouds in God's sky?
They'll be the only angels in Paradise
Too dumb to learn how to fly.

**Fishin' for Chickens** **(‘Hobo Jim’ Varsos)**

Well, Grandpa gave me his fishin' pole,

But we never had no fishin' hole.

But down on the farm, that really didn’t matter to us.

We'd sit out on the old front porch

With a rusty can full up of kernel corn,

Bait ‘er up, and cast ‘er out into the dust.

**Chorus:** Fishin' for chickens, tryin' to catch a big 'un,

 White ones, black ones, yellow ones, red ones,

 Don't matter just as long as I get one.

 Mama finds out, gonna catch another lickin'

 'Cause Mama don't like nobody fishin' for chickens.

I remember the time when I got in

On a feedin' frenzy in a school of hens,

I was reelin' one in, just when Mama come flyin' out the door,

Said: "Cut that loose kid, before you kill it!"

I said, "It swallowed the hook, Mama. Grease up the skillet!"

I knew ‘bout then, she's gonna wring my neck for sure.

**(Bridge:)** But every mornin’ in the misty light,

While my mama was sleepin’ tight,

I’d be sittin’ by my grandpa’s side,

Waitin’ for chickens to bite!

I was sittin' on the front step dozin' a bit,

When I felt that leghorn rooster hit,

Grandpa yelled out, "That's the biggest one I ever saw!

You land that one, sure enough,

We'll drive to town and get him stuffed,

& when your mama ain’t lookin’, we’ll mount that sucker on the wall!"

**(chorus)**

**2nd chorus (‘city version’) …**’Fishin’ for kittens…..’

**Blondie, The Bombshell Chicken Jan Gillies, 2008**

1. Hatched in a hayloft, 20 below

Frozen brain cells, maybe, How could we know?

A weird-looking bird, Mohawk-feathered head

Blondie, the bombshell chicken.

Now, chickens don’t fly well, everybody knows

But some do OK, and Blondie’s not slow

A chicken-flying contest seemed tailor-made

For Blondie, the bombshell chicken.

**Chorus:**

Blondie, screaming as she flies

Blondie, terror of the skies

Psycho-chicken in the air, people scatter everywhere

From Blondie, the bombshell chicken.

1. Launched from goal-post, 10 feet high

Need some incentive, to choose fall or fly

Toilet-plunger to assist slow-starters, from behind

Like Blondie, the bombshell chicken

She plummets to earth, “Bombs Away” is the cry

Lands with a “thud”, feathers fluffed for a fight

Takes off like a rocket, clear out of sight…

Blondie, the bombshell chicken.

 **(chorus)**

1. A long-distance record, what style, what fun!

But the rules are quite clear, it’s an illegal run

Where she finally landed, no one really knows

Blondie, the bombshell chicken

The chasers give up, she’s nowhere to be seen

Our barnyard is calm now, like a peaceful dream

Life is so pleasant, quiet & serene

Without Blondie, the bombshell chicken.

 **(chorus)**

1. But rumors keep flying in months to come

Of a strange chicken lurking the neighborhood, and some

Leave food in a shed, where she roosts at night

Blondie, the bombshell chicken?

**(chorus)**

**Ghost Chickens in the Sky**

 A Chicken farmer went out one dark and dreary day.
 He rested by the coop as he went along his way.
 When all at once, a rotten egg hit him in the eye.
 It was the sight he dreaded: Ghost Chickens in the Sky!

 Chorus:
  Bok, Bok, Bok, Bok.
  Bok, Bok, Bok, Bok.
  Ghost Chickens in the Sky!

 The Farmer had raised chickens since he was 24,
 Workin’ for the Colonel for 30 years or more,
 Killing all those chickens and sending them to fry.
 Now they want revenge….Ghost Chickens in the sky.

 Chorus

 Their feet were black and shiny. Their eyes were burning red.
 They had no meat or feathers. These chickens all were dead.
 They picked the farmer up and he died by the claw.
 They cooked him extra crispy, and ate him with coleslaw.

 Chorus

**Gloria, The Canadian Goose Gillies, 2008**

1. My first glimpse of Gloria was over the car ahead, landing in front of mine

I slammed on the brakes, skidding to a halt, as she calmly gazed into my eyes

(Was this goose just plain stupid, or wise?)

A Canadian goose standing in the road inspires a closer inspection

No injuries seen, seemed well and serene; no fear in those dark eyes’ reflection

**Chorus:**

 Gloria, a breed from Canada, a goose who ain’t likely to go far

 Thinks humans are her Ma and Pa; this goose won’t go away

1. I must have been crazy, but I picked her up; surprised at how soft & how light

Obviously this bird wasn’t born free, for she put up no fuss or fight

She sat in the car, home wasn’t too far; so we headed back home to the farm

Where she followed me ‘round, like some loyal hound; and perched on the porch safe from harm

**(chorus)**

1. When the family got home, her attachment had grown; & she bonded with everyone there

Padding close behind whoever she’d find outside in the sweet summer air

‘Til one day we were called to an evening with friends, & the whole family piled in the car

But as we drove away, a loud honking said, “Eh! Whose flock do you think you are?”

**(no chorus)**

1. To our shock and surprise, we gazed into brown eyes as wing-tip to window she flew

And if beaks could smile, hers would stretch for miles; keen for adventure, we knew

Our neighbors just roared with laughter as she soared alongside our car in their drive

Wiping the tears, they agreed with our fears that the highway, she might not survive

**(chorus)**

1. So they agreed to hang on, but geese can be strong , and once again, Gloria was there

Gliding alongside, undaunted – our ride took a detour, we just didn’t dare.

So back to the barn, tho’ authorities warned it’s illegal to pen a ‘wild’ goose

But she hardly seemed wild, more like a spoiled child; and we had to leave – that’s our excuse!

**(chorus)**

**A Chicken’s Joy** **Jan & Neil Gillies, 2008**

(tune: trad. – “Soldier’s Joy”)

1. Born to a short existence, in a poultry-house, eating all day

With thousands of fellow orphans, the weeks of his time ticked away

Life was a constant banquet, never having to beg for more

In a world of eat & be eaten, not knowing what lay in store

**Chorus:**

‘Cause the life of a poultry-house chicken is easy but brief at best

In a world so small, no cares at all; no beak sticks out from the rest

1. A truck came to collect them, the final ride for most

But this chicken’s fate was different, not his time to give up the ghost

Somehow in the transition, Oliver hit the road

Bounced once or twice, which wasn’t nice; he found himself all alone

**(chorus)**

1. Days of quiet confusion, just sitting by the highway

A traveler took pity, caught Ollie and took him away

Put him in a barnyard, with birds that crow and run free

But life was strange out on the range, he just didn’t know what to be

**(chorus)**

1. The roosters chased and abused him, while the hens treated him like dirt

Though growing too large for the henhouse door, his size didn’t help hide the hurt

But one day he discovered “Big Mama”, and old sheep in a mothering mood

Safe from attack, like a feathered back-pack, with her life felt pretty good!

**(new chorus):**

And the life of a barnyard chicken seems better than his past

With his woolly mom, his life goes on – Oliver’s home at last!

**Mike, the Headless Chicken Jan Gillies, 11/13**

A cruel blow, or lucky strike? Did the axe fall just wrong, or right?

That put this bird in the spotlight, Mike, the headless chicken!

**Chorus:**

Mike, Mike, Mike; He should be dead; Mike, Mike, Mike; He’s got no head!

The months go by, but he won’t die, It’s Mike, the headless chicken!

Doesn’t seem to be in pain, Walkin’ ‘round without a brain

And people line up, in the rain to see Mike, the headless chicken!

**(chorus)**

Tries to feed, with just a neck, and struts around, like “What the heck?”

He’s got no beak with which to peck, It’s Mike, the headless chicken!

**(chorus)**

He still can hear, it left one ear; and so he tries to crow, I fear

But a gurgling sound is all we hear, from Mike, the headless chicken!

**(chorus)**

Paid for a tractor, & some land. This bird is worth a hundred grand!

Forget the bush, this ‘bird in hand’ is Mike, the headless chicken!

**Bridge:**

Immortalized in all our eyes, A 4-foot statue, made of scythes

Axe heads, and assorted knives, Mike will never die

No, Mike will never die……(pause)

**(chorus, 2X, repeating last line 3X)**

**Rambo Tom (Big, Bad Tom) Jan Gillies, 2008**

1. He came from the stock sale in a feed sack

With a look in his eye, said “Don’t ever turn your back”

Kinda broad in the shoulder, and feathered at the hip

No one with a lick of sense would call him “Chicken Lips”,,,Big Tom

**Chorus:**

 Big Tom, Big Tom, Big Tom….Big, Bad Tom… Rambo Tom

1. We put him in a pen, introduced him to the rest

Turkey hen was all a-flutter, started working on a nest

While a young Tom & all the roosters could only gaze in awe

At this monster there among them, no contest there at all!...Big Tom.

1. So the day the door was opened, we got a big surprise

No challenge from the flock, wanted something more his size

Attacking any human who boldly ventured near

To battle for the title, no surrender & no fear…Big Tom.

**(chorus)**

1. Every day the gauntlet, just to feed the hens

Kick-boxing, yelling screaming, constant conflict without end

‘Til we realized aggression just got more of the same

But embarrassment could stop it – our new weapon was…shame!...Big Tom

1. So when he fluffed, fanned his tail, & began to ‘boom’

Revving up for battle, like some harbinger of doom

We’d sneak up from behind, smooth ruffled feathers flat

Coo “What a pretty fellow,” Fight was over, that was that….Big Tom

**(chorus)**

1. He’d stalk off looking puzzled, then try it all again

But soon learned to avoid us, & went looking for his hen

To bolster his bruised ego, admire his size & grace

Build up his bravado, & save his wattled face…Big Tom

**(chorus)**

**Ode to an Egg J. Gillies, 6/12**

1. I gave a friend a dozen eggs, a simple thing to do

Our chickens are a happy flock, just takes a day or two

But then, a letter in the mail took me by surprise

A rhapsody to sunrise yolks, where ‘magic’ lurked inside

**Chorus:**

But when she shared, amazing things were happening, she said

They triggered golden memories of childhood, which had fled

Creative sparks and earnest talks would last for hours on end

“How did you put the ‘magic’ in?” inquired my puzzled friend

1. She told of cracking oval spheres into a sizzling pan

Partaking of thick, runny gold with juice and toast and jam

Of hoarding them as special treats for friends who’d understand

And feeling shame for hiding them from her loving man

**(chorus)**

1. I thought a bit of what to say. I hadn’t done a thing

And chickens don’t seem magical, despite feathers and wings

I think the magic was within, awakened by the ‘crack’

Of breaking through our fear, that what is given, won’t give back.

**(chorus)**

**Bridge:**

 The magic’s in the metaphor, the life within, the shell & more

 We must break through, & change, before we have the space to grow

**(Repeat 1st 2 lines)**

**Rambo Tom 2 (The saga Continues) Jan Gillies, 2008**

1. The turkey hen nested, young Tom struttin’ at his side

Rambo needed trouble to feed his wounded pride

But we were too weird, & didn’t fight fair

So they began to roam, to see what was out there,…Big Tom

**Chorus:**

Big Tom, Big Tom, Big Tom…Big Bad Tom

Rambo Tom

1. His wings were enough to get over the gate

So, off down the road they went to find what lay in wait

A sweet older lady, hanging clothes out on the line

Was his next target, attacked her from behind…Big Tom

**(chorus)**

1. We get a call, but it happens again

Our crazed “attack turkey” keeps escaping from his pen

So we clip his wing feathers to keep him here at home

But his pride is broken; feeling crippled and alone…Big Tom

**(chorus)**

1. Sulking in a corner, no fire in his eyes

The chickens all ignore him, & young Tom’s gotten wise

Alone and abandoned he starts getting small

But Thanksgiving’s coming, no problem at all…for Big Tom

**(chorus)**

…In the bottom of this pot lies a big, big bird…Big Tom.

**Rambolina Gillies, 2008**

1. You’ve heard the tale of the big, bad Tom

Talkin’ turkey, now long gone gone

But he left a widowed hen

Who carried on the legend, then

With warrior blood, and chicks in tow

Patrolled the yard, wind rain & snow

Devoted mother, heart of gold; Oh, mighty Rambolina!

**Chorus:**

Rambolina carries on; Rambolina, quick and strong

Fight the good fight, carry on; Oh, mighty Rambolina

1. Young Tom was there, but not the dad

Without the courage Rambo had

But Rambolina held her ground

A proud mama, strutting ‘round

Raised those chicks the best she could

Life went on, and life was good

Everything a mother should be, mighty Rambolina!

**(chorus)**

1. Then one day we heard the cry

As death descended from the sky

A hungry hawk stood on its prey

But Rambolina joined the fray

A half-grown chick was dead, too late

But mama’s fury won’t abate

Screamin’ like a rusty gate, our mighty Ramboina!

**(chorus)**

1. She charges talons, beak & claws

A raging demon - hawk withdraws

Leaves the small, sad corpse behind

A quiet moment, locked in time

While young Tom cowers in a shed

Our brave mother mourns her dead.

The other chicks all gather ‘round our mighty Rambolina.

**(chorus, 2x)**

**Red Rooster in the Mash Pile Joe Crookston**

**Chorus;**

 Red rooster in the mash pile,

 Singin’ Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doo

 Well, the boys are makin’ whiskey

And the rooster’s drinkin’, too!

1. Out back, by the woodshed

In the sugar maple grove

Red rooster’s drinkin’

By the whiskey cookin’ stove

**(chorus)**

1. Red rooster clucks and stumbles

He staggers through the town

Drunk and full of corn-squeezin’s

Can’t keep his liquor down!

**(chorus)**

1. Red rooster sleeps all morning

He don’t do no sunrise call

He’s up all night drinkin’

Bootleg alcohol!

**(chorus)**

**Wrinkles Jan Gillies, 12/13 (to “Yankee Doodle)**

1. Our chicken laid a wrinkled egg, it really looked quite funny

It seemed so odd we wondered if it might be worth some money!

But then I got to wondering, what if it hatched instead?

What kind of creature would come out? Something we should dread?

**(no chorus)**

1. Wrinkled things can make us cringe, or roll our eyes in wonder

Mummies scare, while raisins may just fill our minds with hunger

Shar-pei puppies can be cute, but we think chicks should be plumper

A shriveled chicken may seem wrong, but we sing to one another…

**Chorus:**

 Wrinkles give you room to grow. They’re for a reason, don’t you know

 The more you see, the less they show; Wrinkles let you grow!

1. Wrinkles also come with age, like road-maps of our lives

Why do we think that they’re a curse? Accepting them is wise.

They’re just patterns we’ve collected, all along the ride

The ups & downs, the smiles & frowns; experience takes time

**(chorus)**

1. So wrinkled babies may remind us life is just a circle

What goes around may come back ‘round, just part of the mir’cle

So wrinkled eggs can be just fun, or one of life’s surprises

And wrinkled people are the same, when you see what’s inside them!

(**chorus, 2X)**

**Turkey in the Straw Revisited Jan Gillies/Mary Shapiro, 1/22/14**

1. Oh, we had a monster turkey always lookin for a fight

Just a big old bully who thought he had a right

“I’m the king of the world!” he would gobbler as he trot

‘Til he wrassled with our neighbor, so we put him in a pot

**Chorus:**

 Turkey in the hay, hay hay hay

 Turkey in the straw, haw haw haw

 Pick em up, shake em up, any way at all

 And hit me up a tune called ‘Turkey in the Straw’

1. Oh, we had a little goose liked to follow us around

She’d sit on the porch like some funny-lookin hound

We tried drivin down the road, but she flew beside our car

So we turned back home, & shut her in the barn

**Chorus:**

 Goose in the barn, safe from harm

 Turkey in the straw, haw haw haw

 Pick em up, shake em up, squawk squawk squawkl

 We’ll have poultry in motion with a bawk bawk bawk!

1. Oh we had a crazy chicken who was really flying high

When she finally screamed away, well we never wondered why

We went fishin’ just for chickens ‘cause they’re what we like the most

‘Til we heard a scary song about chickens that were ghosts

1. And if chickens turn to angels, but are still too dumb to fly

And headless chickens tour the countryside

One more tune about a turkey wouldn’t do us any harm

We’ll have poultry in motion as we’re dance around the farm

**Chorus:**

Chicken in the hay, hay hay hay

Turkey in the straw, haw haw haw

Pick ‘em up, shake ‘em up, squawk squawk squawkl

We’ll have poultry in motion with a bawk bawk bawk!

1. Oh, we took a song traditional and gave it some new words

And made ourselves a record all about domestic birds

We’ve got chickens, geese and turkeys, and the stories they inspire

Won’t you sing along & BUY IT, while we roast ‘em round the fire

**Final Chorus: (2X, with final line: “Pick us up, shake us up…We’re poultry in motion…)**