



There's a Chicken at My Door

by Gaynor Andrews

There's a chicken at my door
that I'm trying to ignore.
She can SEE that I am napping
but that chicken keeps on tapping.

Now the cockerel's at it, too,
with his cock-a-doodle-do.
And I know I'm looking surly,
but it really IS quite early!

And look, here comes the cat.
I'm too sleepy for a chat
and pre-breakfast conversation
only adds to my frustration!

Now the cockerel and the hen
have just started up again
and the chicks have joined the rapping
with their clucking and their tapping!

Oh, and right, here come the sheep!
How's a dog supposed to sleep
with the baa-aas and cock-a-doo-ing?
Wait! Now all the cows are mooing,

(page 1 of 2)



Tyger Tyger Magazine

while the cat is caterwauling,
and the sheep have come a-calling!
(Though it's really not yet morning –
can't they see that I'm still yawning?)

I can tell that they're all looking...
I can hear the latch unhooking...

And they're crowding in around me.
Sheep and cows and chicks surround me.
Now the cat is on my head
and the chicken's in my bed!
And her beak is tap, tap, tapping.
But there's no more time for napping.

And it's time I stopped my grumping.
('Cos I've just remembered something –
I can feel my tail start thumping...)

As I open up one eye,
they meow and bleat and cry,
"Surprise, surprise! Get out of bed!
Happy Birthday, Sleepyhead!"



(page 2 of 2)
