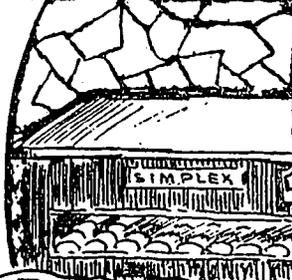


THE  
 INCUBATOR CHICK

I never had a mother, I never had a dad,  
 'Tis really very dreadful, 'tis awful shocking, sad,  
 But I'm a little duxy darling, I'm always up to dick,  
 I'm one of Lillium Mockhart's birds, I'm an Incubator Chick.



I have quite a hundred brothers,  
 & Sisters by the score,  
 We're a homely lot of Orphans bold, & still they're hatching (more,  
 We're a dainty lot of dumplings, the Simon Pure, the cream,  
 The pride of all the mountain side, We're raised on Kerosine.

Now this is quite remarkable, a funny thing I trow,  
 They plac'd us in a Simplex Chest, two dozen in a row,  
 Then lit they up a blazing lamp, with grimy smoky smell,  
 They roasted us, they toasted us, we were baked & boiled  
 (as well.



No one came to pump us, no one cared a peg,  
 'Twas a measly servile trick to play, on a young & helpless egg,  
 But in twenty days, by mysterious ways, my yolk began to thicken,  
 When I burst my shell & gave a yell, I'm a jolly Hoppa bore (chicken.

I never had a parent,  
 Not e'en a maiden aunt,  
 Not one to gently lead me,  
 Not one to say, "you shant!"  
 But I'm a little bantam rooster,  
 & I'm up to many a trick,  
 I'm a Simplex Cockorum sort, I'm an Incubator Chick.