Frank Sinatra, Ol' MacDonald

Ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

And on this farm there was a chick

The purtiest chick I know

With a little curve here and a little curve there

This chick, she had curves everywhere

Ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-É-I-O

And oh, this chick, she had a walk, E-I-E-I-O

And how this walk would drive 'em wild swingin' to and 'fro

With a little wiggle here and a little wiggle there

Man, this chick had wiggles to spare

Ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

When she went walkin' into town, E-I-E-I-O

The local gentry popped their eyes

Tarnation, what a show

With a &guot;goldang&guot; here and a &guot;goshdarn&guot; there

" Heavens to Betsy" I do declare

Ol' MacDonald had a farm E-I-E-I-O

There was a barn dance Saturday night, E-I-E-I-O

And the fellas came from miles around

Just to see her do-si-do

With a promenade here and a promenade there

At a square dance, boy, this chick was no square

Ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

I used to be a travelling man, E-I-O

Until I hit MacDonald's place things were mighty slow

With a little chick here and a little chick there

I didn't have a real chick anywhere

Ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O

This farmer's daughter knocked me out, E-I-E-I-O, ah-hah

I asked MacDonald for her hand

And Pappy hollered "Go!"

With a little curve here and a little wiggle there

A "goldang" here and a "goshdarn" there

A do-si-do here and a promenade there

Got my own private county fair

'cause ol' MacDonald had a farm, E-I-O-I-O!!