The Young Man that Wouldn't Hoe Corn

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I'll sing you a song and it's not very long
It's about a young man who wouldn't hoe corn
The reason why I cannot tell
For this young man was always well.

He planted his corn in the month of June
And by July it was knee-high [1]
First of September there came a big frost
And all this young man's corn was lost.

He went to the fence and there peked in
The weeds and the grass grew up to his chin;
The weeds and the grass they grew so high
It caused this young man for to sigh.

He went down to his neighbor's door
Where he had often been before,
Saying "Pretty little miss, will you marry me?
Pretty little miss what do you say?"

"Here you are a-wanting for to wed
And cannot make your own cornbread
Single I am and single I'll remain
A lazy man I won't maintain."

Well he went down to a pretty little widder
And I hope by heck that he don't get her.
She gave him the mitten as sure as you're born
And all because he wouldn't hoe corn.

[1] or "Planted his corn on June the last
By mid-July it was up to his knee."

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