Git Along, Little Dogies-Traditional

Git Along, Little Dogies-Traditional
(Night-Herding Song)

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   C       F           G7           C
As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure,
               F       G7         C
I spied a cowpuncher a-strolling along.
C                  F            G7          C
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a-jingling,
C            F              G7           C
And as he approached he was singing this song.

CHORUS:
         C7            F
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
      C7                  F
It's your misfortune and none of my own,
         C             G7           C
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
    C           F           G7         C
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

It's early in spring that we round up the dogies,
We mark them and brand them and bob off their tails;
We round up the horses, load up the chuck wagon,
And then throw the dogies upon the long trail.

CHORUS:

Your mother was raised away down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and the sand-burrs grow,
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cactus,
Till you are all ready for Idaho.

CHORUS:

Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's soldiers,
It's "Beef, more beef," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along little dogies,
You'll be beef steers by and by.

CHORUS:

Some fellows goes up the trail for pleasure,
But that's where they've got it most awfully wrong,
For you haven't an idea the trouble they give us,
As we go a-driving them dogies along.

CHORUS:
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