

# Blue traditional

Well, I had an old dog and his name was Blue,  
Had an old dog and his name was Blue.  
Had an old dog and his name was Blue...  
Betcha five dollars he's a good dog too... sayin'  
"Here old Blue" you're a "Good dog you"

Old Blue come when I blow my horn,  
Old Blue come when I blow my horn,  
Blue come a runnin' through the yellow corn,  
Blue come a runnin' when I blow my horn.  
Singin' here, Blue, you're a good dog you.

Well, I shouldered my axe and I tooted my horn,  
Went to find 'possum in the new-grown corn.  
Old Blue treed and I went to see,  
Blue had 'possum up a tall oak tree.  
Mmm, boy I roast'd 'possum, nice and brown,  
Sweet potatoes, n' all a-round,  
And to say "Here old Blue (here-boy)  
You can have some too"

Now, Old Blue died and he died so hard,  
Made a big dent in my back-yard.  
Dug his grave with a silver spade,  
Lowered him down with a link of chain.  
With every link I did call his name,  
Yea with every link I did call his name,  
Singing "Here...old...Blue,  
"Good dog you"

My old Blue was a good old hound,  
You'd hear him holler miles around.  
When I get to heaven, first thing I'll do.  
Pull out my horn and call old Blue,  
I'll say, "Here Old Blue come-on dog"  
"Good dog you."

I'll say, "Here Blue-e"  
"I'm a coming there too"  
"Down boy... good dog"