

Git Along Little Dogies traditional

D D G D
As I was walking one morning for pleasure,
D D E7 A7
I spied a cowpuncher a ridin' along.
D D G D
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a jinglin',
D D A7 D
and as he approached. he was singin' this song:
D(2) G(1) D G D
Whoop-ee ti----yi----yo, git along little dogies, It's
D D D(2) E7(1) A
your misfortune and none of my own.
D(2) G(1) D G D
Whoop-ee ti----yi----yo, git along little dogies,
D D(2) E7(1) A7 D
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 our horses, load up the chuck wagon,
and then throw the dogies out onto the trail.
It's whooping and yelling and drivin' the dogies
And oh how I wish you wuld only go on!
It's whooping and punching, go on, little dogies,
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

Some boys, they go up on the trail just for pleasure,
But that's where they get it most awfully wrong.
You haven't a notion the trouble they give us,
It takes all our time to keep moving along.
Your mother was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and the sandburs grow.
We'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla,
Then throw you on the trail to Idaho.

A cattle trail drunk and a hard road to travel,
That old Jack O' Diamonds is a hard card to play.
Get along, get along, get along little doggies,
Get along little doggies and be on your way.