



Boil that Cabbage Down

G C
Boil that Cabbage Down, Boys
G D7
Swing that Hoe-Cake Round
G C
The only song I ever did sing was
G D7 G
Boil that cabbage down

Possum in a 'simmon tree,
Raccoon on the ground.
Raccoon says, "Hey possum,
Won't you shake some 'simmons down?"

Once I had a muley cow,
Muley since she's born.
Hooked her to my John Deere plow
And steered her by the horns.

Once I had a bicycle,
Learned to ride it well.
Rode into a telephone pole
And broke it all to pieces.

Worried Man Blues

G
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
C G
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
G Em
It takes a worried man to sing a worried song
D7 G
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.

I went across a river, and I laid down to sleep (3x)
When I woke up, had shackles on my feet.

Twenty-nine links of chain around my leg (3x)
And on each link the initial of my name.

Longest train I ever saw was a hundred coaches long (3)
My own true love was on that train and gone.

I asked of that judge what's gonna be my fine (3x)
Twenty-one years on the Rocky Mountain Line.

If anyone should ask you who composed this song (3x)
Say it was me and I sing it all day long.

Old Dan Tucker

G C
Get out the way, Old Dan Tucker.
D7 G
You're too late to get your supper!
G C
Supper's over and dinner's cookin',
D7 G
Old Dan Tucker's just standin' there lookin'.

G
Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
G D7
Washed his face in a frying pan,
G
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
G D7 G
Died with a toothache in his heel.

Old Dan Tucker came to town,
Ridin' a billy-goat, leadin' a hound.
The hound dog barked and the billy goat jumped.
Threw Old Dan Tucker on top of a stump.

Old Joe Clark

D D Am
Fair-thee-well, Old Joe Clark! Fair-thee-well, I say!
D Am D
Fair-thee-well, Old Joe Clark; Be back again some day.

D
I went down to Old Joe Clark's,
D Am
Never been there before.
D
Stuck my toe in the table-leg
Am D
Stuck my nose in the butter.

Old Joe Clark, he had a house,
Eighteen stories high.
Every story in that house
Was filled with chicken pie.

Old Joe Clark, he had a cow,
Sure was muley born.
Took a jaybird half a day
To fly from horn to horn.



Get Along Home, Cindy, Cindy

D A7
 You ought to see my Cindy she lives way down south
 D G
 She's so sweet the honey bees swarm around her
 D
 mouth
 D G D
 Get along home, Cindy, Cindy, Get along home.
 D G
 Get along home, Cindy, Cindy;
 D A7 D
 I'll marry you some day.

And if had a needle and thread fine as I could sew,
 I'd sew that gal to my coat tails and down the road I'd
 go.

Cindy got religion – she swung around and round.
 She got so full of glory, she knocked the preacher down.

And if I was a sugar tree standing in the town,
 Each time my Cindy passed I'd shake some sugar down.

Crawdad Song

D
 You get a line, and I'll get a pole, Honey.
 A7
 You get a line, and I'll get a pole, Baby.
 D
 You get a line, and I'll get a pole;
 G
 We'll go down to that crawdad hole
 D A7 D
 Honey, Pretty Baby, mine.

Whatcha you gonna do when the creek runs dry,
 Honey?
 Whatcha you gonna do when the creek runs dry, Baby?
 Whatcha you gonna do when the creek runs dry?
 Sit on the bank, watch the crawdads die
 Honey, Pretty Baby mine.

Get up old man you slept too late, Honey!
 Get up old man you slept too late, Baby!
 Get up old man you slept too late,
 Last piece of crawdad's on your plate!
 Honey, Sugar Baby, mine.

On Top of Old Smokey

D G D
 On top of Old Smokey, all covered with snow,
 A7 D
 I lost my true lover. Came a courtin' too slow.

 For courting's a pleasure and parting's a grief,
 And a false hearted lover is worse than a thief.

 For a thief will just rob you and take all you have,
 But a false-hearted lover will send you to your grave.

 They'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
 Than cross ties on a railroad, or stars in the skies.

Buffalo Gals

D
 Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight?
 A7 D
 Come out tonight, come out tonight?
 D
 Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight,
 A7 D
 And dance by the light of the moon?

 As I was walking down the street,
 Down the street, down the street,
 A pretty little gal I chanced to meet,
 Oh, she was fair to view!

 I danced with that gal with a hole in her stocking,
 And her heel kept a-rockin' and her toe kept a-knockin',
 I danced with that gal with a hole in her stocking,
 And we danced by the light of the moon!

Down in the Valley

D A7
 Down in the valley, the valley so low,
 D
 Hang your head over; hear the wind blow.
 A7
 Hear the wind blow, Dear, hear the wind blow.
 D
 Hang your head over; hear the wind blow.

 Roses love sunshine; violets love dew.
 Angels in Heaven know I love you.
 Know I love you, Dear, know I love you.
 Angels in Heaven know I love you.