

Shoulder up your gun and whistle up your dog
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We're off to the woods for to catch a ground hog
Ground hog, ground hog

Too many rocks and too many logs,(x2)
Too much trouble to hunt ground hogs,

He's in here boys, the hole's wore slick,(x2)
C'mon, Sam with your forked stick,

Stand back, boys, and let's be wise,(x2)
I think I see his beady little eyes,

Here comes Sam with a ten foot pole,(x2)
Twist that whistle pig outta his hole,

Work, boys, work just as hard as you can tear,(x2)
The meat'll do to eat and the hide'll do to wear,

Up come Sal with a snigger and a grin,(x2)
Ground hog grease all over her chin,

The children screamed and the children cried,(x2)
"I love that ground hog cooked or fried!",

You eat up the meat then you save the hide,(x2)
Makes the best shoestring that ever was tied,

Look at them fellers, they're about to fall,(x2)
Eatin' till their britches won't button at all,

Little piece of cornbread laying on the shelf,(x2)
If you want any more you can sing it yourself,

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