

Whiskey by the gallon, sugar by the pound
A great big bowl to put it in and a spoon to stir it around

Chorus

Who's going down to town, Who's going down to town
Who's going down to Welmingtown, to carry my tobacco 'round

Once I had an old fool dog, and I wish I had him back
He'd chase the big hogs o'er the fence and the little ones through the crack

Once I had a little girl, I brought her from the south
She'd braid her hair so doggone tight, she couldn't shut her mouth

file from: www.traditionalmusic.co.uk