

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Groun'hog

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Old Joe Digger, Sam, and Dave, (3x)
They went a-hog-huntin' hard as they could stave,
Ground hog!

Whistle up yer dog and loaden up yer gun,
Away to the hills to have some fun.

Too many rocks and too many logs,
Too many rocks to ketch groun'hogs.

They picked up their guns and went to the brash
By damn! Joe, here's the hog sign fraish.

One took a tree and it's one took a log,
Damn my soul if it ain't a groun'hog!

Git away, Sam, and le' me load my gun,
The groun'hog hunt has jist begun.

He's in here, boys, the hole's wore slick;
Run here, Sam, with yer forked stick!

Git down, Sam, and in there peep,
Fer I think I see him sound asleep.

Stand back, boys, and le's be wise,
Fer I think I see his beaded eyes.

Hold them dogs, boys, don't let' em howl,
I thought I heerd the groun'hog growl.

Hello, Johnnie, cut a long pole,
To roust this groun'hog out of his hole.

Up jumped Sam with a ten-foot pole,
He roused it in that groun'hog's hole.

Work, boys, work jist as hard as ye can tear,
The meat'll do to eat and the hide'll do to wear.

Work, boys, work for all you earn,

Skin'im atter dark and tan'im in a churn.

Stand back, boys, le' me git my breath,
Ketchin'this groun'hog's might' nigh death.

I heerd' im give a whistle and a wail,
I've wound my stick right in his tail.

Stand back, boys and gi' me a little air
I've got a little o' the groun'hog's hair

Here he comes right in a whirl,
He's the biggest groun'hog in this worl'

Sam cocked his gun and Dave pulled the trigger,
But the one killed the hog was old Joe Digger.
They took'im by the tail and wagged' im to a log,
And swore by gosh! he's a hell of a hog!

Up stepped Sal with a snigger and a grin:
Whatcha goin' to do with the groun'hog skin?"

Scrapes' im down to his head and feet,
By damn, Sam, I here's a fine pile o' meat!

Carried him to the house and skinned 'im out to bile,
I bet forty dollar you could smell' im fifty mile.

They put' im in the pot and all begin to smile,
They eat that hog before he struck a bile.

Run here, man, hit's bilin'-hot,
Sam and Dave's both eatin' outn the pot.

Old Uncle Jack says, "I'll be damn!
If I can't git a foreleg I'll take a ham."

The children screamed and the children cried,
They love groun'hog cooked and fried.

Hello, mama; make Sam quit,
He's eatin'all the hog, I can't git a bit.

Hello, boys, ain't it a sin,
Watch that gravy run down Sam's chin!

Hello, mama, look at Sam,
He's eat all the hog 'n a-soppin'out the pan!

Watch' im, boys, he's about to fall,
He's eat till his pants won't button at all.

Hello, boys, what ye think o' that?
Sam's eat hog till he's right slick fat.

He eat that grease till it run to his nabel
He'll eat no more hog until he's able.

From American Ballads and Folk Songs, Lomax
Collected from Tom Kelley and Dan Gibson; tune from Sharp