

The Ox-Driver

Dm
Pop my whip and I bring the blood,
Gm
I make my leaders take the mud,
Dm
We grab the wheels and we turn them around,
Am Dm
One long, long pull and we're on hard ground.

Chorus:

Dm
To me rol, to me rol, to my ride-o,
C
To me rol, to me rol, to my ride-o
Dm
To my ride-o, to my rudie-o,
C Dm
To me rol, to me rol, to me ride-o.

On the fourteenth day of October-o,
I hitched my team in order-o
To drive the hills of Saludi-o,
To me roll, to me roll, to my ride-o.

When I got there, the hills were steep,
'Twould make any tender-hearted person weep,
To hear me cuss and pop my whip
And see my oxen pull and slip.

When I get home I'll have revenge,
I'll land my family among my friends,
I'll bid adieu to the whip and line
And drive no more in the wintertime.