

Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn

G

I'll sing you a song and it's not very long,

Em

It's about a young man who wouldn't hoe corn.

Bm

F

Em

The reason why I cannot tell,

D

Em

For this young man was always well.

He planted his corn in the month of June,

And by July it was knee high;

First of September come a big frost,

And all this young man's corn was lost.

He went to the fence and there peeked in,

The weeds and the grass come up to his chin;

The weeds and the grass they grew so high,

It caused this young man for to sigh.

He went down to his neighbor's door,

Where he had often been before;

Saying, "Pretty little miss, will you marry me,

Pretty little miss what do you say?"

"Here you are a-wanting for to wed,

And cannot make your own cornbread;

Single I am, single I'll remain,

A lazy man I'll not maintain."

Well, he went down to the pretty little widder,

And I hope by heck that he don't git her;

She gave him the mitten sure as you're born,

All because he wouldn't hoe corn.