

Git Along, Little Dogies

(Night-Herding Song)

Words & Music:
Traditional Cowboy

C F G7 C
As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure,
F G7 C
I spied a cowpuncher a-strolling along.
C F G7 C
His hat was thrown back and his spurs was a-jingling,
C F G7 C
And as he approached he was singing this song.

CHORUS:

C7 F
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
C7 F
It's your misfortune and none of my own,
C G7 C
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
C F G7 C
You know that Wyoming will be your new home.

It's early in spring that we round up the dogies,
We mark them and brand them and bob off their tails;
We round up the horses, load up the chuck wagon,
And then throw the dogies upon the long trail.

CHORUS:

Your mother was raised away down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and the sand-burrs grow,
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cactus,
Till you are all ready for Idaho.

CHORUS:

Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's soldiers,
It's "Beef, more beef," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along little dogies,
You'll be beef steers by and by.

CHORUS:

Some fellows goes up the trail for pleasure,
But that's where they've got it most awfully wrong,
For you haven't an idea the trouble they give us,
As we go a-driving them dogies along.

CHORUS: