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 throwed 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
And as he approached he was singing this song.

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: