

[153] Brahms cradle song

Lullaby and good night, with roses bedight,
With lilies o'er spread is baby's wee bed.

Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slumber be blessed.

Lullaby and good night, thy mother's delight,
Bright angels beside my darling abide.

They will guard thee at rest, thou shalt wake on my breast.

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht,
mit Näglein besteckt, schlupf' unter die Deck!

Morgen früh, wenn Gott will, wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gute Nacht, von Englein bewacht,
die zeigen im Traum dir Christkindleins Baum.

Schlaf nun selig und süß, schau im Traums Paradies.

[154] The Campbells are coming

Chorus: The Campbells are coming Ho-Ro, Ho-Ro! (x2)

The Campbells are coming to bonnie Cochlear

The Campbells are coming Ho-Ro, Ho-Ro!

1 Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay, (x2)

I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven

And saw three perches play-hay-hay! (*chorus*)

2 The Great Argyll he goes before,

He makes the cannons and guns to roar,

Wi' sound o'trumpet, pipe and drum,

The Campbells are coming, Ho-Ro, Ho-Ro! (*chorus*)

3 The Campbells they are a' in arms,

Their loyal faith and truth to show,

With banners rattling in the wind,

The Campbells are coming Ho-Ro, Ho-Ro! (*chorus*)

[155] For all the saints

- 1** For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 2** Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 3** O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 4** And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave, again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 5** The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed.
Alleluia, Alleluia!
- 6** But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia, Alleluia!

[156] A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go

- 1** A frog he would a-wooing go, Hm-hm, hm-hm.
A frog he would a wooing go,
Whether his mother let him or no, Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 2** He rode right to Miss Mousie's den, *etc.*
Said he Miss Mousie are you within? Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 3** Yes, kind Sir Frog, I sit to spin, *etc.*
Pray, Mister Frog, won't you walk in. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 4** He said, my dear I've come to see, *etc.*
If you, Miss Mousie, will marry me. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 5** I don't know what to say to that, *etc.*
Till I can see my Uncle Rat. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 6** When Uncle Rat came riding home, *etc.*
Said he, who's been here since I've been gone? *etc.*
- 7** A fine young gentleman has been here, *etc.*
Who wants to marry me, it is clear. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 8** So Uncle Rat he rode to town, *etc.*
And bought his niece a wedding gown. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 9** When shall our wedding supper be, *etc.*
Down in the trunk of some hollow tree. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 10** The first to come was a Bumble Bee, *etc.*
He strung his fiddle over his knee. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 11** The next to come was a Crawley Bug, *etc.*
He broke the bottle & smashed the jug. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 12** The next to come was the Captain Flea, *etc.*
He danced a jig with the Bumble Bee. Hm-hm, hm-hm.
- 13** The Frog and Mouse, they went to France, *etc.*
And this is the end of my romance, Hm-hm, hm-hm.

[157] From Greenland's icy mountains

1 From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river, from many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness the gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness, bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation! The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story; and you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory, it spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature, the Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss returns to reign.

[158] Goodnight, Ladies

1 Goodnight, ladies! Goodnight, ladies! Goodnight, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

Chorus: Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

2 Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
We're going to leave you now. (*chorus*)

3 Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.
(*chorus*)

[159] Gwine to run all night; (De Camptown races)

1 De Camptown ladies sing this song, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
De Camptown racetrack five miles long, Oh! doo-dah day!
I come down dah wid my hat caved in, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin Oh! doo-dah day!

Chorus: Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag,
Somebody bet on the gray.

2 De long tail filly & de big black hoss, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across, Oh! doo-dah day!
De blind hoss sticken in a big mud hole, Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole, Oh! *etc. (chorus)*

3 Old muley cow come on to de track, Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back, Oh! doo-dah day!
Den fly along like a rail-road car, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
Runnin' a race with a shootin' star, *Oh! etc. (chorus)*

4 See dem flyin' on a ten mile heat, Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
Round de race track, den repeat, Oh! doo-dah day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag, Doo-dah! doo-dah!
I keep my money in an old tow-bag, Oh! *etc. (chorus)*

[160] Here we go round the mulberry bush

1 Here we go round *the mulberry bush* (x3)

Here we go round the mulberry bush so early in the morning.

2 This is the way we bale the hay, bale the hay, bale the hay,
This is the way we bale the hay, so early Monday morning.

3...feed the chicks Tuesday..4..sweep the porch Wednesday

5...paint the fence Thursday..6..groom the horse Friday

7...milk the cows Saturday..8..go to church/lie in bed Sunday

[161] Home, sweet home

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Chorus: Home, home, sweet home, sweet home,
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance
Shall cheer me no more. (*chorus*)

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call:
Give me them & that peace of mind, dearer than all. (*chorus*)

[162] In heavenly love abiding

1 In heavenly love abiding, no change my heart shall fear.
And safe in such confiding, for nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me, my heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me, and can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me, no want shall turn me back.
My Shepherd is beside me, and nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waking, His sight is never dim.
He knows the way He's taking, and I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me, which yet I have not seen.
Bright skies will soon be over me, where darkest clouds
have been. My hope I cannot measure, my path to life is free.
My Savior has my treasure, and He will walk with me.

[163] I've been working on the railroad

I've been workin' on the railroad,
All the live long day.

I've been workin' on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing?

Rise up so early in the morn.

Can't you hear the captain shoutin',
'Dinah, blow your horn?'

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow your horn, your horn?

Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah

Someone's in the kitchen I know

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah

Strummin' on the old [banjo](#)!

And singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o, Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o

Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o—Strummin' on the old banjo.

Someone's making love to Dinah

Someone's making love I know.

Someone's making love to Dinah

'Cause I can't hear the old banjo.

(optional) I've been workin' on the railroad, *(etc.)*

[164] Jack and Jill

- 1 Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
- 2 Up Jack got and home did trot, as fast as he could caper;
& went to bed & bound his head with vinegar & brown paper.
- 3 When Jill came in how she did grin
To see Jack's paper plaster;
Mother vexed did whip her next
For causing Jack's disaster.

[165] The jolly miller

- 1 There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee ;
He work'd and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
And this the burden of his song forever used to be
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.
- 2 The reason why he was so blithe, he once did thus unfold:
The bread I eat my hands have earn'd; I covet no man's gold;
I do not fear next quarter-day; in debt to none I be.
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.
- 3 A coin or two I've in my purse, to help a needy friend;
A little I can give the poor, and still have some to spend.
Though I may fail, yet I rejoice, another's good hap to see.
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.
- 4 So let us his example take, and be from malice free;
Let every one his neighbour serve, as served he'd like to be.
And merrily push the can about & drink & sing with glee;
If nobody cares a doit for us, why not a doit care we.

[166] John Peel

1 D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?

D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?

D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away

With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

Chorus: 'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed
And the cry of his hounds which he oftimes led
For Peel's "View, Halloo!" would awaken the dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

2 Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby, too

And Ranger and Ringwood and Bellman and True

From a find to a check, from a check to a view

From a view to the death in the morning. (*chorus*)

3 D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?

He liv'd at Troutbeck once on a day;

Now he has gone far, away;

We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning. (*chorus*)

4 D'ye ken that hound whose voice is death?

D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith

D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath

Cursed them all as he died in the morning? (*chorus*)

5 And I've followed John Peel both often and far

O'er the rasper fence and the gate and the bar

From Low Denton Holme to the Scratchmere Scar

When we vied for the brush in the morning. (*chorus*)

6 Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul

Come fill, fill to him a brimming bowl

For we'll follow John Peel thro' fair or thro' foul

While we're waked by his horn in the morning. (*chorus*)

[167] Joshua fought the Battle Of Jericho

Chorus: Joshua fought the battle of
Jericho, Jericho, Jericho;
Joshua fought the battle of Jericho
And the walls came tumbling down.

1 In the morning early up rose Joshua
That is when the trumpets blew,
They marched around the city,
At the battle of Jericho. Oh! (*chorus*)

2 Right up to the very walls of Jericho
They did march with spears in hand;
"Now blow them ram horns," roared Joshua,
"Cause the battle is in our hands." Oh! (*chorus*)

3 And the ram horns all began to blow,
And the trumpets began to sound,
And Joshua cried, "Now children, shout!"
And the walls came tumbling down. Oh! (*chorus*)

4 You may talk about your kings of Gideon,
You may brag about the men of Saul
But there's none like good old Joshua
At the battle of Jericho. Oh! (*chorus*)

[168] London Bridge is falling down

- 1 London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down.
London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.
- 2 Build it up with iron bars, iron bars, iron bars,
Build it up with iron bars, my fair lady.
- 3 Iron bars will bend and break, *etc.*
- 4 Build it up with needles and pins, *etc.*
- 5 Pins and needles rust and bend, *etc.*
- 6 Build it up with wood and clay, *etc.*
- 7 Wood and clay will wash away, *etc.*
- 8 Build it up with bricks and mortar, *etc.*
- 9 Bricks and mortar will not stay, *etc.*
- 10 Build it up with silver and gold, *etc.*
- 11 Silver and gold will be stolen away, *etc.*
- 12 Set a man to watch all night, *etc.*
- 13 Suppose the man should fall asleep, *etc.*
- 14 Give him a pipe to smoke all night, *etc.*
- 15 Here's a prisoner I have got, *etc.*
- 16 What's the prisoner done to you? *etc.*
- 17 Stole my watch and broke my chain, *etc.*
- 18 What'll you take to set him free? *etc.*
- 19 One hundred pounds will set him free, *etc.*
- 20 One hundred pounds we have not got, *etc.*
- 21 Then off to prison he must go, *etc.*

[169] Mademoiselle from Armentières

- 1** Mademoiselle from Armentières, Parlez-vous, (*twice*)
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
She hasn't been kissed for forty years, Hinky-dinky parlez-vous.
- 2** Mademoiselle *etc.*, She got the palm and the croix de guerre,
For washin' soldiers' underwear, Hinky-dinky parlez-vous.
- 3** Mademoiselle *etc.*, The Colonel got the Croix de Guerre,
The son-of-a-gun was never there! Hinky-dinky parlez-vous.
- 4** Mademoiselle *etc.*, You didn't have to know her long,
To know the reason men go wrong! Hinky-dinky parlez-vous.
- 5** Mademoiselle *etc.*, She's the hardest working girl in town,
But she makes her living upside down! Hinky-dinky parlez-vous.
- 6** Mademoiselle *etc.*, The cooties rambled through her hair;
She whispered sweetly "C'est la guerre." Hinky-dinky *etc.*
- 7** Mademoiselle *etc.*, She'll do it for wine, she'll do it for rum,
And sometimes for chocolate or chewing gum! Hinky-dinky *etc.*
- 8** Mademoiselle *etc.*, You might forget the gas and shell
But you'll never forget the Mademoiselle! Hinky-dinky *etc.*

[170] The harp that once through Tara's halls

- 1** The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls, as if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days, so glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.
- 2** No more to chiefs and ladies bright, the harp of Tara swells:
The chord, alone, that breaks at night, its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, the only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

[171] Men of Harlech!

1 Men of Harlech! In the Hollow,
Do ye hear like rushing billow
Wave on wave that surging follow battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground!

Loose the folds asunder, Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward! 'tis the country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us
Honor's self now proudly heads us,
Freedom, God and Right!

2 Rocky Steeps and passes narrow,
Flash with spear and flight of arrow
Who would think of death or sorrow? Death is glory now!
Hurl the reeling horsemen over,
Let the earth dead foemen cover
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow!

Strands of life are riven! Blow for blow is given,
In deadly lock, or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Freedom, God and Right!

[172] Over there

1 Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run.
Hear them calling you and me, every **Son of Liberty**.
Hurry right away, no delay, go today.
Make your Daddy glad to have had such a lad.
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line.

Chorus: Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there
That the **Yanks** are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over, over there.

2 Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.
Johnny, show the **Hun** you're a son-of-a-gun.
Hoist the flag and let her fly. **Yankee Doodle** do or die.
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit.
Yankee to the ranks from the towns and the tanks.
Make your Mother proud of you
And the old red white and blue. (*chorus*)

[173] Pussy cat, pussy cat

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you do there?
I frightened a little mouse, under the chair .

[174] Rock-a-bye baby

Rock-a-bye baby, on the treetop,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

[175] Shenandoah

- 1** Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river. Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.
- 2** Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river, for her I'd cross your roaming waters,
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.
- 3** 'Tis seven years since last I've seen you, And heard
your rolling river. 'Tis seven years, since last I've seen you,
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.
- 4** Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Away you rolling river. Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Away, I'm bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri..
- 5** Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you, And hear
your rolling river. Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Missouri.
- 6** Oh Shenandoah I'll not forget you, I'll dream
of your clear waters. Oh Shenandoah you're in my mem'ry
Away, we're bound away, across the wide Missouri

[176] Short'nin' bread

1 Put on the skillet, slip on the lid,
Mama's gonna make a little short'nin' bread.
That ain't all she's gonna do,
Mama's gonna make a little coffee, too.

Chorus: Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin',
Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread,
Mama's little baby loves short'nin', short'nin',
Mama's little baby loves short'nin' bread.

2 Three little children, lyin' in bed
Two was sick and the other 'most dead
Sent for the doctor and the doctor said,
"Give those children some short'nin' bread." (*chorus*)

3 When those children, sick in bed,
Heard that talk about short'nin' bread,
Popped up well to dance and sing,
Skipped around and cut the pigeon wing. (*chorus*)

4 Slipped to the kitchen, slipped up the lid,
Filled my pockets full of short'nin' bread;
Stole the skillet, stole the lid,
Stole the gal makin' short'nin' bread. (*chorus*)

5 Caught me with the skillet, caught me with the lid,
Caught me with the gal makin' short'nin' bread;
Six for the skillet, six for the lid,
Spent a year in jail eatin' short'nin' bread. (*chorus*)

[177] Pop! Goes the weasel

- 1 Round and round the cobbler's bench
The monkey chased the weasel,
The monkey thought 'twas all in fun, Pop! Goes the weasel.
- 2 A penny for a spool of thread, a penny for a needle,
That's the way the money goes, Pop! Goes the weasel.
- 3 A half a pound of tupenny rice, a half a pound of treacle.
Mix it up and make it nice, Pop! Goes the weasel.
- 4 I've no time to plead and pine, I've no time to wheedle,
Kiss me quick & then I'm gone, Pop! Goes the weasel.

[178] The sidewalks of New York

- 1 East Side, West Side, all around the town
The kids sang ring around rosie,
London Bridge is falling down.
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York.
- 2 East Side, West Side, all around the town,
Sweet Mamie grew up and bought herself
A sweet little Alice-blue gown.
All the fellas dug her, you should have heard them squawk
When I escorted Mamie round the sidewalks of New York.
- 3 East Side, West Side, riding through the parks,
We started swinging at Jilly's, then we split to P.J.Clark's,
On to Chuck's Composite, then a drink at The Stork.
We won't get home until morning 'cause
We're going to take a walk, on the sidewalks of New York.

[179] There is a Tavern in the Town

1 There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus: Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee, and remember that
the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

2 He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee. (*chorus*)

3 Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep!
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love. (*chorus*)

[180] Tit willow

- 1** On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'"
"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head, he replied
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
- 2** He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow
Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave
Then he plunged himself into the billowy wave
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow"
- 3** Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die
"Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow"

[181] Whoopee-Ti-Yi-Yo-Git Along Little Dogies

1 As I walked out one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cow-puncher all riding alone;
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a jingling,
As he approached me a-singin' this song.

Chorus: Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies,
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

2 Early in the spring we round up the dogies,
Mark and brand and bob off their tails;
Round up our horses, load up the chuck-wagon,
Then throw the dogies upon the trail. (*chorus*)

3 It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies;
Oh how I wish you would go on;
It's whooping and punching and go on little dogies,
For you know Wyoming will be your new home. (*chorus*)

4 Some boys goes up the trail for pleasure,
But that's where you get it most awfully wrong;
For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us
While we go driving them all along. (*chorus*)

5 Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,
Where the jimson weed and sand-burrs grow;
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla
Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho. (*chorus*)

6 Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them cry.
Git along, git along, git along little dogies
You're going to be beef steers by and by. (*chorus*)