Git Along, Little Dogies

Western American Cowboy Song



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Additional Lyrics

- 2. Early in the springtime we'll round up the dogies, Slap on their brands and bob off their tails; Round up our horses, load up the chuck wagon, Then throw those dogies upon the trail.
- 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.
- 4. Some of the boys goes up the trails for pleasure, But that's where they git it most awfully wrong; For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us, When we go driving them dogies along.
- When the night comes on and we hold them on the bed-ground, These little dogies that roll on so slow; Roll up the herd and cut out the strays, And roll the little dogies that never rolled before.
- Your mother she was raised way down in Texas, Where the jimson weed and sandburs grow; Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla, Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho.
- 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.