

Singouts in G for Old Time Tune Session

Waterbound

There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield
There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield
There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield
Down in North Carolina.

Chorus:

*Waterbound, and I can't get home
Waterbound, and I can't get home
Waterbound, and I can't get home
Down in North Carolina.*

Dance all night and don't go home (3x)
Just stay with me till morning. Ch.

Boat's up the river but it won't come down(3x)
I believe that I'm waterbound. Ch

Old Joe Clark

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son, preached all over the plain,
The only text he ever used was 'High, low, jack and the game'. x2

Chorus:

*Round and around, Old Joe Clark, round and around I say
He'd follow me ten thousand miles to hear my fiddle play. x2*

Old Joe Clark had a mule, his name was Morgan Brown
And every tooth in that mule's head was sixteen inches around. x2 Ch.

Old Joe Clark had a house, fifteen stories high
And every storey in that house was filled with chicken pie. x2 Ch.

Goodbye Old Booze

Chorus:

*Oh goodbye booze, forever more
My foolish days will soon be o'er
I had a good time and I couldn't agree
You see what booze has done for me.*

She tore my clothes, she swelled my head
So goodbye booze, I'm going to bed
Oh I had a good time and I couldn't agree
You see what booze has done for me. Ch.

She swelled my head, she broke my heart
So goodbye booze, we now shall part
Oh I had a good time and I couldn't agree
You see what booze has done for me. Ch.

Georgia Railroad

Peter and I we went a-fishing
Georgia Railroad I am bound;
Catch a big mud-cat, put him in the kitchen,
Georgia Railroad, I am bound. x2

Walked down the road, but the road's all muddy,
Georgia Railroad I am bound;
*But I'm so drunk I can't stand steady,
Georgia Railroad, Georgia bound. x2

I got drunk and fell in a gully
Georgia Railroad I am bound;
I got drunk but I never got muddy.
Georgia Railroad, Georgia bound. x2

Walked down the road, but the road's all muddy,
Georgia Railroad I am bound;
Talk to the girls, I ain't got money
Georgia Railroad, Georgia bound. x2

Cripple Creek

I got a girl at the head of the creek,
Go up to see her 'bout the middle of the week
Kiss her on the mouth just as sweet as any wine,
Wraps herself around me like a sweet potato vine.

Chorus:

*Going up Cripple Creek, going on a run,
Going up Cripple Creek to have a little fun
Going up Cripple Creek going in a whirl,*

Going up Cripple Creek to see my girl.

Girls on the Cripple Creek really have grown,
Jump on a boy like a dog on a bone
Roll my britches up to my knee,
I'll wade old Cripple Creek when I please. Ch.

Cripple Creek's wide and Cripple Creek's deep,
I'll wade old Cripple Creek afore I sleep
Roads are rocky and the hillsides muddy
And I'm so drunk I can't stand steady. Ch.

Red Wing

Chorus 1:

*The moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin
His boots are cracking for want of blacking
And his old fusty coat is wanting mending
Until they send him to the Dardanelles.*

Chorus 2:

*Now, the moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing
The breeze is sighing, the night bird's crying,
For a far far away her brave is sleeping
While Red Wing's weeping her heart away.*

Down Yonder

Down yonder, someone beckons to me
Down yonder, someone reckons on me.
I see to see a race in memory
Between the Natchez and the Robert E. Lee.
Swanee shore, I miss you more and more;
Everyday, my mammy land, you're simply grand
Down yonder, when the folks get the news,
Don't wonder at the hullabaloo.
There's Daddy and Mammy, there's Ephram and Sammy,
Waiting down yonder for me.

Golden Slippers

Oh, my golden slippers am laid away

'Cause I don't expect to wear them till my wedding day
And my long tailed coat, that I love so well
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

And my long white robe that I bought last June
I'm going to get changed 'cause it fits too soon
And the old grey hoss that I used to drive
When we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

Chorus:

*Oh, them golden slippers, Oh, them golden slippers
Golden slippers I'm going to wear, because they look so neat.
Oh them golden slippers, Oh them golden slippers
Golden slippers I'm going to wear, to walk the golden street.*

Shortnin' Bread

Two little babies, lying in bed
One was sick and the other almost dead
Sent for the doctor and the doctor said
"Give those children some shortnin' bread."

Chorus:

*Mama's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'
Mama's little baby loves shortnin' bread
Mama's little baby loves shortnin', shortnin'
Mama's little baby loves shortnin' bread*

Put on the skillet, slip on the lid
Mama's gonna bake a little shortnin' bread
This ain't all she's gonna do
Mama's gonna make a little coffee, too. Ch.

Boil Them Cabbage Down

Chorus:

*Boil them cabbage down boys,
Bake that hoecake brown
The only song that I can sing is
Boil them cabbage down.*

Racoon has a bushy tail
Possum's tail is bare
Rabbit's got no tail at all
But a little bunch of hair. Ch.

Jaybird died with the whooping cough
Sparrow died with the colic
Along came the frog with a fiddle on his back
Inquiring his way to the frolic. Ch.

Old Yellow Dog

**Oh the old yellow dog went trotting through the meeting house
Trotting through the meeting house
Trotting through the meeting house
Old yellow dog went trotting through the meeting house
Down in Alabam' x2**

**Brave boys here, brave boys there
Brave boys here, down in Alabam' x2**

**Oh the old yellow dog was trapped in the meeting house
Trapped in the meeting house
Trapped in the meeting house
Old yellow dog was trapped in the meeting house
Down in Alabam' x2**

Flop Eared Mule

**A: Mule mule flop eared mule
Flop eared, flop eared, flop eared mule
Flop eared mule, flop eared mule
Flop eared, flop eared mule.**

**B: Mule mule mule mule
Flop eared, flop eared, flop eared mule
Mule mule mule mule
Flop eared, flop eared mule.**

Turkey in the Straw

**Well I had an old hen and she had a wooden leg
Just the best old hen that ever laid an egg.
Well, she laid more eggs than any hen on the farm
But another little drink wouldn't do her any harm.**

Chorus:

***Turkey in the hay, turkey in the hay
Turkey in the straw, turkey in the straw
Pick 'em up, shake 'em up, any way at all,***

And strike up a tune called 'Turkey in the Straw'.

Dance All Night

Chorus:

***Dance all night with a bottle in my hand,
Bottle in my hand, bottle in my hand;
Dance all night with a bottle in my hand,
Just for a day give the fiddler a dram.***

**I left that jawbone sitting on a fence,
Sitting on a fence, sitting on a fence
I left that jawbone sitting on a fence,
I ain't seen nothin' of my jawbone since. Ch.**

Black Eyed Susie

**Black eyed Susie went to town
All she wore was a gingham gown**

Chorus

***Hey Black eyed Susie
Ho Black eyed Susie
Hey Black eyed Susie Jane.***

**Black eyed Susie's long and tall
Sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall. Ch**

Johnson Boys

**Johnson boys were born in the ashes
Didn't know how to court a maid
Turned their backs and hide their faces
Hop up pretty girls don't be afraid.
*Hop up pretty girls don't be afraid. x4***

**Johnson boys'll never get married
They'll stay single all their life
They're too scared to pop the question
Ain't no woman that'll be their wife.
*Hop up pretty girls don't be afraid. x4***