

131. GROUNDHOG

FROM: JAFI XLV, 1932, p. 175; p. 154 of *Folk Songs from the Southern Highlands*,
M. Henry. SEE: Brown III, 253; Randolph III, 150; Sharp II, 340.

Swift ♩ = 112

GUITAR- ANY $\frac{2}{4}$ STYLE
BANJO- 1, 2 and 3

One old wo-man was the mo-ther of us all, One old wo-man was the
mo-ther of us all. She fed us on whist - le - pigs as
soon as we could crawl. Tan a - rig - tail pad-dle link - a di - de - do.

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| 1 One old woman was the mother of us all, (2)
She fed us on whistle-pigs as soon as we could crawl.
Tan-a-rig-tail, paddle link-a di-de-do. | 6 Skin that whistle-pig, save that hide, (2)
Makes the best shoe-strings I ever tied. |
| 2 Come on, boys, and let's go down, (2)
Let's catch a whistle-pig in the groun'. | 7 Take that groundhog, put him on to bile, (2)
Bet, by jinks, you could smell him a mile. |
| 3 Up come Jonah from the plough, (2)
Catch the whistle-pig, catch him now. | 8 Up come Grace with a snigger and a grin, (2)
Groundhog gravy all over her chin. |
| 4 Blow your horn and call your dogs, (2)
We'll go to the backwoods and catch a ground hog,
Come a ring-tail, paddle link-a di-de-oh. | 9 Up come Cloe, happy as a crane, (2)
Swan she'd eat them red-hot brains. |
| 5 Treed him in a rock, treed him in a log, (2)
Dagone, boys, what a big groundhog! | 10 They eat whistle-pig, all they could hold, (2)
Till there was none left in the bowl. |
| | 11 I set a steel trap up on the hill, (2)
Now we'll have whistle-pig at our will. |