

Git Along, Little Dogie

$\text{♩} = 120$



As I was walk-ing one morn-ing for pleas-ure, I spied a young cow-punch-er

rid - ing a - long, his hat was thrown back and his spurs were a - jin - glin', And

as he ap-proached he was sing-in' this song, Whoo-pie ti - yi-yo, git a - long lit-tle do-gies, It's

your mis - for - tune and none of my own, Whoo-pie ti - yi - yo git a -

long lit - tle do - gies, You know Wy - om - ing will be your new home.

2. It's whooping and yelling and driving those dogies,
Oh how I wish you would only go on,
It's whooping and punching and go on little dogies,
You know Wyoming will be your new home.
REFRAIN

3. Some boys, they go up the trail just for pleasure,
But that's where they got it most awful wrong,
You haven't a notion the trouble they give us,
It takes all our time to keep moving on.
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