

# Groundhog

D A D

Traditional

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

0	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5	5	5
0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6+	6+	6+	6+
0	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	4	4	0	0	5	5	

4	4	4	4	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1
4	4	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2
4	4	4	4	1	2	2	2	0	1	1	1	1

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	0	0	0
0	0	0	0					1	1	1	1	0	0	0	

1. One old womas was the mother of us all (x2)  
She fed us on whistle-pig as soon as we could crawl
2. Come on, boys and let's go down (x2)  
Let's catch a whistle-pig in the ground
3. Up come Jonah from the plough (x2)  
Catch the whistle-pig, catch him now.
4. Blow your horn and call your dogs (x2)  
We'll go to the back woods and catch a groundhog
5. Treed him in a rock, treed him in a log (x2)  
Dagone, boys, what a big groundhog.
6. Skin that whistle-pig, save that hide (x2)  
Makes the best shoe-strings I ever tied.
7. Take that groundhog, put him on to bile (x2)  
Bet, by jinks, you could smell him a mile.
8. Up comes Grace with a snigger and a grin (x2)  
Groundhog gravy all over her chin.
9. Up comes Cloe, happy as a crane (x2)  
Swan she'd eat them red-hot brains
10. I set a steel trap up on the hill (x2)  
Now we'll have whistle-pig at our will

from "The Folk Songs of North America" - Alan Lomax

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