

**Songs from the Album “Putting On the Old Folk’s Clothes”
By Jennifer Mansfield Peal
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1. Old Chisholm Trail

Traditional; after Abernethy; *Singin' Texas*, Frances Edward Abernethy, E-Heart Press, Dallas, 1983

Come along, boys, and listen to my tale
And I'll tell you all my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail
Come-a ti yi yippy yippy yat, yippy yay
Come-a ti yi yippy yippy yay

I started up the trail October twenty-third
I started up the trail with the Two-U herd

On a ten-dollar horse and a forty-dollar saddle
I started up the trail punching Texas cattle

I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm Trail
Will a rope in my hand and a cow by the tail

Oh, it's beans and bacon most every day
I'd just as soon be eatin' on the prairie hay

I saddled old Maud and headed for the herd
But she threw me off in a fresh cow turd

It's cloudy in the west and it's lookin' like rain
And my durned old slicker's in the wagon again

My slicker's in the wagon and I'm getting mighty cold
And these longhorn sons-'o-guns are getting hard to hold

Oh, Come along boys and listen to my tale
And I'll tell you all my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail ...

2. Putting On the Old Folk's Clothes

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Look at this hat – it's Grandma's hat
Look it's got a ribbon and a feather
I wonder if she wore it to a picnic in the park
Back before I even met her
But when I put on Grandma's hat
I wonder who I'll be
I could be a beautician or a lady politician
Running for the presidency

Putting on Grandma's, putting on Grandpa's
Putting on the old folk's clothes
What I want to be nobody can know
When I get to wear the old folk's clothes

Look at these shoes – they're Grandpa's shoes
Shiny and stiff and leather
I wonder if he wore them to the office or to church
Back before he and Grandma got together
But when I put on Grandpa's shoes
I wonder what I'll find
I could be millionaire or a newsman on the air
Or a man from the FBI

Putting on Grandma's, putting on Grandpa's
Putting on the old folk's clothes
What I want to be nobody can know
When I get to wear the old folk's clothes

Ties and shirts and purses and skirts
All are waiting for me in the attic
My friends could come and play
We'll pretend we're in the days
Back before everything was automatic
But I wonder, as the years go by,
Will I have grandchildren too?
And when I get old and gray, will they come here to play
And want to put on my clothes, too?

Putting on Grandma's, putting on Grandpa's
Putting on the old folk's clothes
What I want to be nobody can know
When I get to wear the old folk's clothes

3. The Crawdad Song

Traditional; after Abernethy; *Singin' Texas*, Frances Edward Abernethy, E-Heart Press, Dallas, 1983

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe
You get a line and I'll get a pole
We'll go down to the crawdad hole
Honey, baby, mine

Your crawdads ain't as good as mine, honey
Your crawdads ain't as good as mine, babe
Your crawdads ain't as good as mine
Sell my crawdads two for a dime
Honey, baby, mine

Yonder comes a man with a pack on his back, honey
Yonder comes a man with a pack on his back, babe
Yonder comes a man with a pack on his back
He's got more crawdads than he can pack
Honey, baby, mine

The man fell down and broke his sack, honey
The man fell down and broke his sack, babe
The man fell down and broke his sack
You ought-a see the crawdads backin' back
Honey, baby, mine

What-cha gonna do when the creek runs dry, honey?
What-cha gonna do when the creek runs dry, babe?
What-cha gonna do when the creek runs dry?
Sit on the bank and watch the crawdads die
Honey, baby, mine

The sun's so hot that I can't stand still, honey
Sun's so hot that I can't stand still, babe
Sun's so hot that I can't stand still
Do a little dance on the crawdad hill
Honey, baby, mine

4. **Git Along, Little Dogies**

Traditional; from Frances Edward Abernethy, *Singin' Texas*, Frances Edward Abernethy, E-Heart Press, Dallas, 1983

As I was out walking one morning for pleasure,
I spied a cowpuncher a-riding along
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a-jingling,
And as he approached he was singing this song.

Whoopie ti yi yo – git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune and none of my own;
Whoopie ti yi yo – git along, little dogies,
For you know that Wyoming will be your new home.

It's early in springtime we're rounding up dogies,
Roping and branding and bobbing their tails
Whooping and yelling, "Git along, little dogies,"
And pushing them out on the old Chisolm Trail.

5. The Fox is On the Town

Traditional, found in *Singin' Texas*, Abernathy, E-Heart Press, Dallas, 1983

The fox went out on the hill one night, he prayed to the moon it better give him light
He had many a mile he had to go that night before he reached the town-o
Town-o, town-o
He had many a mile he had to go that night before he reached the town-o

Well he ran right down the chicken pen where the ducks and the geese were kept therein
He said, "One of you birds is gonna grease my chin before I leave this town-o"
Town-o, town-o
He said, "One of you birds is gonna grease my chin before I leave this town-o"

He grabbed the brown duck by the neck, threw him up and over his back
He didn't a-mind the quack, quack, quack and the legs all a-dangling down-o
Down-o, down-o
He didn't a-mind the quack, quack, quack and the legs all a-dangling down-o

Old Mother Flip-flop jumped out of bed, ran to the window and she stuck out her head
Said, "Run, John, run, 'cause the brown duck's gone and the fox is off to his den-o"
Den-o, den-o
Said, "Run, John, run, 'cause the brown duck's gone and the fox is off to his den-o"

So John went a-running out across the hill, a-blowing his horn both loud and shrill,
But the fox kept a-running and a-running still until he reached his den-o
Den-o, den-o
But the fox kept a-running and a-running still until he reached his den-o

Well, he ran till he came to his cozy den and there were his little ones, eight, nine, ten
They cried, "Let's go, Daddy, go back again 'cause it must be a mighty fine town-o"
Town-o, town-o
They cried, "Let's go, Daddy, go back again 'cause it must be a mighty fine town-o"

He took the brown duck home to his wife and they ate it all up without a fork or a knife
And they never did have such a feed in their life and the little ones gnawed the bones-o
Bones-o, bones-o
And they never did have such a feed in their life and the little ones gnawed the bones-o

6. Frog Went A-Courting

Traditional; from *Texas Folk Songs*, William A. Owens, 1976; Texas
Folklore Society

Frog went a-courting, he did ride,
Sing song Polly catch a kimeo,
A sword and a pistol by his side,
Sing song Polly catch a kimeo

Refrain:

Kemo, kimo, there oh where oh,
Me come a ho com a ho
Come a rummy diddle
Pully widdle nip cat suck bug
Sing song Polly catch a kimeo

He rode till he came to the
mouse's door,
Sing song Polly catch a kimeo,
Said he, "Miss Mouse, are you
within?"
Sing song Polly catch a kimeo
(refrain)

He took the mouse upon his knee
Sing song ...
Says he, "My dear, will you marry
me?"
Sing song ...

"I first must ask Mr. Rat's consent,
Sing song ... "Or else I could not
live content." Sing song ...

Old Mr. Rat laughed and shook his
fat sides
Sing song ...
To think Miss Mousie would be a
bride
Sing song ...

Oh, where will the wedding supper
be?
Sing song ...
Down in the meadow by the
whiteoak tree.
Sing song ...

Oh, what will the wedding supper
be?
Sing song ...
Two black beans and a bumblebee.
Sing song ...

Old Mr Rat began to sing;
Sing song ...
The old cat and kittens came a-
tumbling in.
Sing song ...

7. Old Rattler

Traditional, found in *Singin' Texas*, Abernathy, E-Heart Press, Dallas, 1983

Old Rattler was a good old dog, as fine as he could be
Every night by the mellow moonlight you could hear Old Rattler tree

Here, Rattler, here, here
Here, Rattler, here!
Call Old Rattler from the barn
Here, Rattler, here!

Rattler treed the other night, I thought he'd treed a coon
But when I came to find it out he was barking at the moon

Old Rattler was a smart old dog, even though he was blind
He wouldn't hurt a living thing because he was so fine

Here, Rattler, here, here
Here, Rattler, here!
Call Old Rattler from the barn
Here, Rattler, here!

The other night I swa coon, way up in a tree
I called to Old Rattler to get him down for me

But Old Rattler wouldn't do it because he liked that coon
I saw them walking paw on paw later by the light of the moon

8. The Milkmaid and Her Pail

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A milkmaid with her bucket on her head
(With her bucket on her head, she was walking)
Returning to the dairy, and to herself she said:
"Oh, I'll be rich some day!"

With the milk in my pail, some money I will earn"
(With her bucket on her head she was walking)
"For from its cream, sweet butter I will churn –

For milk makes cream, cream makes butter,
butter earns money,
So I'll be rich someday!"

"Then at the market some eggs I'm gonna buy ..."
(With her bucket on her head she was walking)
"And into fine chicks they'll hatch by and by ...
Oh, I'll be rich someday!"

When the chickens are grown, I'll barter me a few ..."
(With her bucket on her head she was walking)
"For fine silk cloth and imported lace too ...

For milk makes cream, cream makes butter
Butter earns money and money buys eggs
Eggs hatch chicks and chicks grow to chickens,
Trade chickens for silk ...
So I'll be rich someday!"

"Then I'll sew a beautiful gown ..."
(With her bucket on her head, she was walking)
"And make a fine show whenever I go to town ...
Oh, I'll be rich someday!"

And to all the boys who want to get a kiss ..."
(With her bucket on her head, she was walking)
"I'll simply toss my head like this ...

For milk makes cream, cream makes butter
Butter earns money and money buys eggs,
Eggs hatch chicks and chicks grow to chickens,
Trade chickens for silk and sew a fine gown
And toss my head when I go into town ..."

With that, her milk pail fell to the ground
(With her bucket on her head, she was walking!)
Along with the butter, the chickens, and the gown
"Oh, I'll be rich someday ..."

Greed and vanity are not the point of this tale
Other lessons will teach you that.
But the moral learned by the milkmaid with her pail is
"Don't count your chickens before the hatch!"

"Oh, I'll be rich someday ..."

9. Johnson's Old Gray Mule

Traditional, found in *Singin' Texas*, Abernathy, E-Heart Press, Dallas, 1983;
"Johnson's Old Grey Mule."

Johnson had an old gray mule; his name was Simon Slick.
He'd back his ears and wall his eyes, and Oh! That mule could kick.
He took him down to the foot of the hill and he hitched him to his cart.
He loved that mule and the mule loved him with all his mulish heart.

And he would say:
"Whoa, mule, whoa! Whoa mule, I say!"
Every time he'd turn around
That mule would run away.

Johnson he just hitched him up to try him out one day
He kicked and pawed and brayed all night till the chickens crowed for day.
He winked one eye and crooked his tail and greeted him with a smile.
He lifted up his left hind leg and kicked him half a mile.

And he would say:
"Whoa, mule, whoa! Whoa mule, I say!"
Every time he'd turn around
That mule would run away.

Johnson he hitched up that mule to take his girl for a ride
He kicked both hind feet over the shafts and kicked her in the side.
He kicked the feathers off a goose and broke an elephant's back.
He stopped a Texas railway train and kicked it off the track.

And he would say:
"Whoa, mule, whoa! Whoa mule, I say!"
Every time he'd turn around
That mule would run away.

10: Good-bye Smile

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The sailboats glide over the water, the water runs down to the sea
Oh, I'll sail back to you in awhile o'er the waters that part you and me
The white clouds fly over the hilltops, the hilltops run down to the shore
Oh, I'll fly back to you in awhile and the hills will divide us no more

Smile for me your good-bye smile, smile for me your good-bye smile
And until good=byes are hellos once again, I'll hold your smile in my heart

The cars and the trucks drive the freeway, the freeway leads to our own street
Oh, I'll drive back to you in awhile and I'll fix us both something to eat
And we can eat apples and cherries, and we can eat pizza and pie
And you can tell me the wonderful things that you did since you told me good-bye

Smile for me your good-bye smile, smile for me your good-bye smile
And until good=byes are hellos once again, I'll hold your smile in my heart