Sweet Betsy from Pike

With humor

Remember, Betsy from Pike, who crossed the wide

o'er the prairies with her lover Bick. With two yoke of cattle and

one spotted hog. A tall Shanghai rooster and an old yaller
dog.
Ground Hog

Shoulder up, gun, call your dog, Shoulder up, gun, call your dog, All the way to the woods.

Two in the cleft, one in the log, Two in the cleft, one in the log, Snout his nose, thought.

Knew it was a hog, Ground hog.
London's Bridge

Not fast

Londons Bridge is a-burnin' down, O girls re member me. Londons Bridge

Bridge is a-burnin' down for the prettiest girl I know, know.
The Gray Goose

Famly

Well, last Monday morning, Loud, Loud, Loud, died, last

Monday morning, Loud, Loud, Loud,
Charlie's Sweet

Folky

mf Charlie's neat and Charlie's sweet
Charlie he's a dan-

Todo

Charlie, he's a nice young man, And feeds the girls on candy.
Simply
The Higher up the Cherry Tree

The higher up the cherry tree, the riper grows the berry, the sooner a young man courts a girl, the sooner he will marry.

I went once to my love's house, my tongue, no more. For my feet slipped, I went down to my bed under the floor.
Cindy

Lightly

You wish I was an old dog, she lives a way down South, and every time she sees me

Chorus

Get a-long home,

Cindy, Cindy, Get a-long home, Cindy, Cindy, Get a-long home, Cindy, Cindy,

I'll marry you some time!

G. SCHIRMER'S
ROYAL BRAND
Musical Copyright
November 1, 1926
I Ride an old Paint

With Vigor

I ride an old Paint, I lead an old Don, I'm going to then tan, Just to

throw the heels on, They feed in the corners, They wait in the darn, Their

tails are all matted, Their lock's are all raw, Ride a round, little dogies, Ride a

round them slow, For the fiery and snuffy are rar in to go.
The Three Ravens

Not too fast

mf three old crows sat on a tree, just as black as crows could be

Peer old crow, peer old crow, just as black as crow could be.

mf old he-crow says to his mate, "What shall we do for meat to eat?"

Peer old crow, peer old crow, just as black as crow could be.
Darby's Ram

As I went out to Darby
All on a summer's day
I met the biggest ram, sir,
That ever fed on hay.

(Remembered, and he rammed, and he rammed, and he rammed till then)

Butchers cut him down.

Chorus:

G. Schirmer / Royal Brand Music Co.