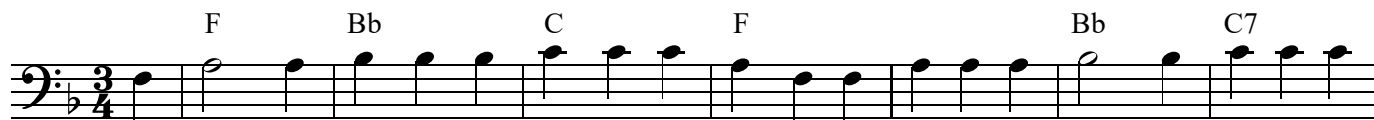
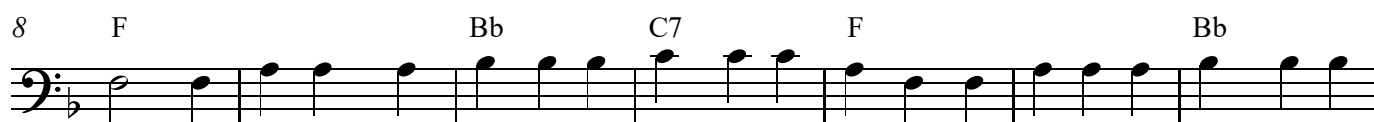


Get Along, Little Dogies

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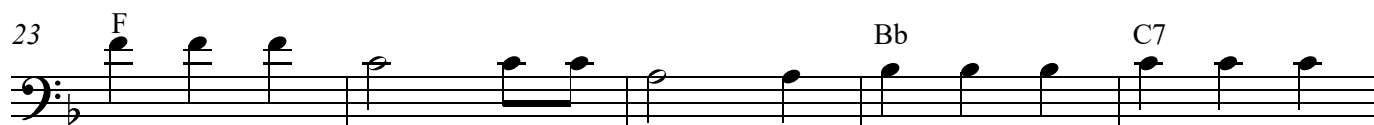
As I was wal-king one mor-ning for plea-sure I spied a cow - pucher ri-ding a -



long His hat was throwedback and his spurs were a - jing-ling And as he approached he was



sing-ing this song Whoo-pee 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 that Wy - o - ming will be your new home

Early in the springtime we round up the dogies
Mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails
Round up the horses, load up the chuck wagon
Then throw the little dogies out on the long trail

Night comes on and we hold 'em on the bedground
The same little dogies that rolled on so slow
We roll up the herd and cut out the stray ones
Then roll the little dogies like never before

Some boys go up the long trail for pleasure
But that's where they get it most awfully wrong
For you'll never know the trouble they give us
As we go drivin' them dogies along