

Weavers, The

"Get Along Little Dogies"

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As I was out riding one morning for pleasure
I spied a young cowboy-a riding along
His hat was throw'd back and his spurs were jingling
And as he was riding he was singing this song
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies
It's your misfortune ain't none of my own
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies
You know that Wyoming will be your new home
When spring comes along we'll round up the dogies
We'll stick on their brands and we'll bob off their tails
Pick out the strays, then the herd is inspected
And the very next day we'll go out on the trail
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies
It's your misfortune ain't none of my own
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies
You know that Wyoming will be your new home
We'll ride on the Prairies' across the wide rivers
And on through the flats where there's never a town
Our horses are weary, we're tired and we're hungry
They still, little dogies stop roaming around
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies

It's your misfortune ain't none of my own
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies
You know that Wyoming will be your new home
Tide is a-comin' and the dogies are straying
They're farther from home than they've been before
Come on little dogies it's time to be rollin'
When we get to Wyoming we'll roll no more
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies
It's your misfortune ain't none of my own
Whoopee ti yi yo, get along little dogies
You know that Wyoming will be your new home
Whoopee ti yi yo

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