

Chikita Violenta

"Great Granddad"

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Great Granddad, when the land was young,
Barred the door with a wagon tongue,
For the times was rough and the redskins mocked,
And he said his prayers with his shotgun cocked.

Twenty-one children came to bless
The old man's home in the wilderness,
They slept on the floor with the dogs and the cats,
And they hunted in the woods in their coonskin caps.

Great Granddad was a busy man,
Cooked his grub in a frying pan,
He picked his teeth with his hunting knife,
And he wore the same suit all his life.

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