Git Along Little Doggies

As I was a-walkin' one mornin' for pleasure I

spied a cow-puncher a strollin' along. His hat was throwed back and his spurs were a jinglin'. And as he approached he was singin' this song: "Whooppee..."
yi - yo, Git a - long lit - tle do - gies, It's

your mis - for - tune and none of my own. Whoop - ee

ty - yi yo, Git a - long lit - tle do - gies, you

know that Wy - o - ming will be your new home."
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