Big Sciota (Sung to A Music)

Well I lived on the river all of my life Never knew nothing but toil and strife Can't go home again Can't go home again x2

Well the river's wide and of so deep The banks are muddy and of so steep Can't go home again Can't go home again x2

Born and raised in Idaho
Where I'm bound I don't know
Can't go home again
Can't go home again x2

When I come home from far away
You can go and Lwill stay
Can't go home again
Can't go home again x2



**Cotton-Eyed Joe** 

Do you remember a long time ago
There was a man called Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.
Chorus:

Where did you come from? Where did you go? Where did you come from Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2

Made him a fiddle and made him a bow And they made a little tune called Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.

Play it fast or play it slow, Didn't play nothing but Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.

(Bull ) (Corn stalk) fiddle and a shoe string bow With that we played Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.

I could have been married a long time ago
If it hadn't a-been for Cotton-Eyed Joe. x2 Ch.

(Grab your partners and dos-y- dos
Cos here we come with the Cotton-Eyed Joe)



## **Cripple Creek**

I got a girl at the head of the creek,
Go up to see her 'bout the middle of the week
Kiss her on the mouth just as sweet as any wine,
Wraps herself around me like a sweet potato vine.
Chorus:

Going up Cripple Creek, going on a run, Going up Cripple Creek to have a little fun Going up Cripple Creek going in a whirl, Going up Cripple Creek to see my girl.

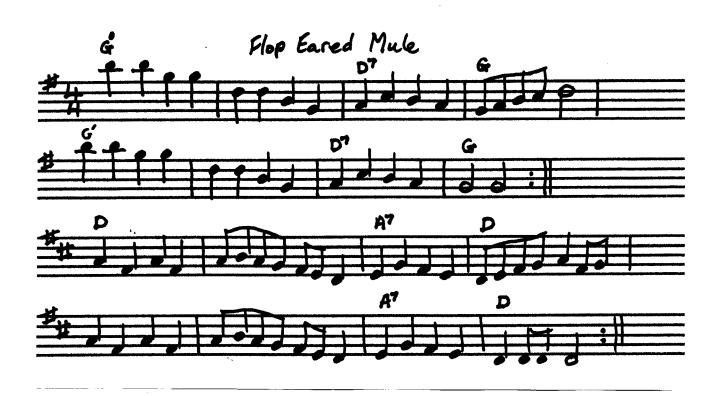
Girls on the Cripple Creek really have grown,
Jump on a boy like a dog on a bone
Roll my britches up to my knee,
I'll wade old Cripple Creek when I please. Ch.

Cripple Creek's wide and Cripple Creek's deep, I'll wade old Cripple Creek afore I sleep Roads are rocky and the hillsides muddy And I'm so drunk I can't stand steady. Ch.



# **Flop Eared Mule**

A: Mule mule flop eared mule Flop eared, flop eared mule Flop eared mule, flop eared mule Flop eared, flop eared mule.



**Goodbye Old Booze** 

Chorus
Oh goodbye booze, forever more
My foolish days will soon be o'er
I had a good time and I couldn't agree
You see what booze has done for me.

She tore my clothes, she swelled my head So goodbye booze, I'm going to bed She swelled my head, she broke my heart So goodbye booze, we now shall part

She whispered low, how sweet it sounds
We'll take another ride on the merry-go-round
Oh I had a good time and I couldn't agree
You see what booze has done for me.



#### **Old Joe Clark**

Old Joe Clark, the preacher's son, preached all over the plain,
The only text he ever used was 'High, low, jack and the game'. x2

Chorus:

Round and around, Old Joe Clark, round and around I say He'd follow me ten thousand miles to hear my fiddle play. x2

Old Joe Clark had a mule, his name was Morgan Brown And every tooth in that mule's head was sixteen inches around. x2 Ch.

Old Joe Clark had a house, fifteen stories high
And every storey in that house was filled with chicken pie. x2 Ch.



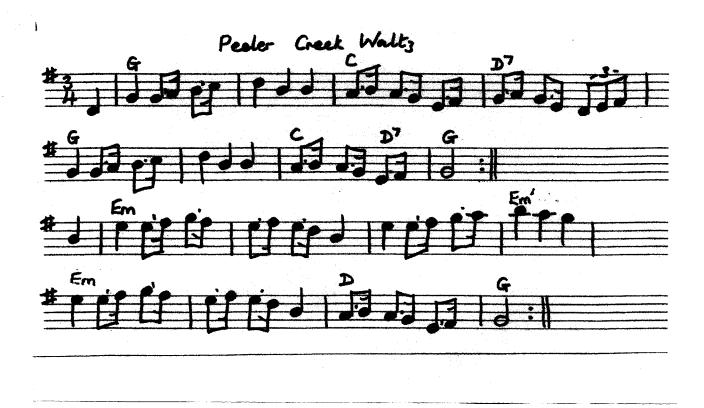
## **Old Yellow Dog**

Oh the old yellow dog went trotting through the meeting house Trotting through the meeting house Trotting through the meeting house Old yellow dog went trotting through the meeting house Down in Alabam' x2

Brave boys here, brave boys there Brave boys here, down in Alabam' x2

Oh the old yellow dog was trapped in the meeting house Trapped in the meeting house Trapped in the meeting house Old yellow dog was trapped in the meeting house Down in Alabam' x2





Seneca Square Dance

(Song A music)

I'm waiting for the federals,
Waiting for the federals,
Waiting for the federals,
To carry me away. X2

The higher up the monkey climbs,
The higher up the monkey climbs,
The higher up the monkey climbs,
The greater he shows his behind × 2

The women wear no clothes at all,
The women wear no clothes at all,
The women wear no clothes at all,
But they get there just the same. ×2

(Tust take a peek over the garden wall)



Shove that pig's foot (A music song)

Shove that pig's foot into the fire Do it now, Miss Lisa Shove that pig's foot into the fire Do it now, Miss Lisa x2

Shove that pig's foot under the bed
Do it now, Miss Katie
Shove that pig's foot under the bed
Do it now, Miss Kate X2



### Ytch. A music

#### Waterbound

There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield There's chickens crowing in the old plowfield Down in North Carolina.

#### Chorus:

Waterbound, and I can't get home Waterbound, and I can't get home Waterbound, and I can't get home Down in North Carolina.

Dance all night and don't go home (3x) Just stay with me till morning. Ch.

Boat's up the river but it won't come down(3x) I believe that I'm waterbound. Ch

