

G F G
Whet up your axe and whistle up your dog,

C D7
Whet up your axe and whistle up your dog,

G D7 G D7
We're off to the woods, to hunt ground hog,

Refrain:

G
Ground hog.

Old Joe Digger, Sam and Dave (twice)
Went a-hog hunting as hard as they could stave,
Groundhog.

Too many rocks, too many logs,
Too many rocks to hunt groundhogs.

He's in here, boys, the hole's wore slick,
Run here, Sam, with your forked stick.

Stand back, boys, let's be wise,
I think I see his beaded eyes.

Yonder comes Sam with a ten-foot pole,
To roust that groundhog out of his hole.

Grab him by the tail and pull him out,
Great God Almighty, ain't a groundhog stout ?

Here he comes all in a whirl,
He's the biggest groundhog in this world.

Work, boys, work, hard as you can tear,
The meat'll do to eat and the hide'll do to tear.

Skin him out and tan his hide,
Best durn shoestrings ever I tried.

I love my groundhog stewed and fried,
Little plate of soup a-sittin' by the side.

The children screamed, the children cried,
They love that groundhog cooked and fried.

Up stepped Sal with a snigger and a grin,
Groundhog grease all over her chin.

Hello, Mamma, make Sam quit,
He's eatin' all the hog and don't leave me a bit.

Hello, boys, ain't it a sin,
Watch that gravy run down Sam's chin.

Watch him, boys, he's about to fall,
He's et 'til his pants won't button at all.