

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Great grand-dad

Great grand-dad when the land was young
Barred the door with a wagon tongue
For the times was rough, and the redskins mocked
He said his prayers with a shot-gun cocked

He was a citizen tough and grim
Danger was duck soup to him
He ate corn pone and bacon fat
Great grandson would starve on that

Great grand-dad was a busy man
Cooked his grub in a fryin' pan
He picked his teeth with a hunting knife
And he wore the same suit all his life

Twenty-one children came to bless
The old man's home in the wilderness
Doubt this statement if you can
Great grand dad was a busy man

Twenty-one boys and how they grew
Tall and strang on the bacon too
Slept on the floor with the dogs and cats
And hunted in the woods in their coon-skin caps

Twenty-one boys and not one bad
They never got fresh with their great grand-dad

For if they had, he'd have been right glad
To tan their hides with a hickory gad

He raised them rough but he raised them well
When their feet took hold on the road to hell
He straightened them out with an iron ramrod
And filled them full of the fear of God

They grew strong in heart and hand
Firm foundation of our land
Twenty-one boys and a great grand-son
He's a terrible time with that one