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Lookit Yonder

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I heard a rumbling in the skies,
It imitated thunder,
If my good wife gets back again,
'Twill surely be a wonder.

cho: Now, lookit here, and lookit there,
And look 'way over yonder,
And can't you see the old gray goose
A-smiling at the gander?

On Saturday night my good wife died,
On Sunday she was buried,
But Monday was my courtin' day,
And Tuesday I got married.

My sister Sal, she had a dream,
She dreamt she went a-gunnin',
She dreamt she ate a johnny-cake
As big as any punkin'.

The other night I had a dream:
Barefoot, I went a-courtin';
I stubbed my toe on a flinty stone,
And the sparks flew up South Mountain.

From Folk Songs of the Catskills, Cazden Haufrecht and Studer