

## Ox-Driving Song

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Pop my whip and I bring the blood  
I make the leaders take the mud;  
We grab the wheels and we turn them around  
One long, long pull and we're on hard ground.

cho: To me rol, to me rol, to my rideo  
To me rol, to me rol, to my rideo  
To my rideo, to my rudeo  
To me rol, to me rol, to my rideo

On the fourteenth day of October-o  
I hitched my team in order-o  
To drive the hills of Saludio  
To me rol, to me rol, to my rideo

When I got there the hills were steep,  
'Twould make any tender-hearted person weep  
To hear me cuss and pop my whip  
And see my oxen pull and slip.

When I get home I'll have revenge,  
I'll land my family among my friends.  
I'll bid adieu to the whip and line  
And drive no more in the wintertime.

From The Burl Ives Song Book