

# Root Hog Or Die - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

ROOT HOG OR DIE.

The greatest old nigger that ever I did see,  
Looked like a sick monkey up a sour apple tree;  
It don't make a bit of difference to either you or I,  
Big pig, little pig, root hog or die.

Chorus.

Chief cook and bottle washer, captain of the waiters,  
Stand upon your head while you peel a bag of taters.  
Jog along!

I came from old Virginy with a pocket full of news,  
I am worth four shillings, standing in my shoes;  
Doesn't make a bit of difference to either you or I,  
Little pig, big pig, root hog or die.-Chorus.

The Broadway niggers look so mighty grand,  
Shanghai coats and gloves upon the hand;  
A big standing collar, standing away up to the sky,  
Little pig, big pig, root hog or die.-Chorus.

Oh, these Broadway gals look so mighty gay,  
With their hooped skirts promenading Broadway;  
Their bonnets on their shoulders, and their noses to the sky,  
They go it in the sun or shade-root hog or die.-Chorus.