

# Chestnut Green From Wayback - song lyrics

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

Chestnut Green from Wayback.  
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I'm Chestnut Green from Wayback, and there's hay seed in my hair,  
At husking-bee or singing-school you'll always find me there;  
I got to pesky smart, by gosh, I left the farm one day,  
And thought I'd show the city chaps I was no country Jay.  
I landed at the depot, and the hackmen lit on me.  
They tore my grip-sack from my hand and ran off with the key;  
Oh, they hustled me both right and left, just like a bag of corn.  
And when I looked to see the time I found my watch was gone.

Refrain.  
For it's whoa, holsh, buck haw in, and gee off Star,  
If you'll come down to Pumpkin deli, we'll show you what far;  
I came to see the elephant and all the sights so rare,  
I'm Chestnut Green from Wayback, there's hay seed in my hair.

A gentlemanly looking chap, some forty, more or less,  
Accosted me most friendly, and said he: Good-morning, Chess I  
I told him that I rather thought he had the best of me -  
Ah! yes, he said, but then you have forgotten me I see,  
I used to know your father and your mother mighty well,  
Now how is Chestnut, Senior, is he still in Pumpkin dell?  
Oh, it being after banking hours he asked a loan of me,  
I tried to find him later but he'd skipped the tra-la-lee.-Chorus.

I met a fellow on the street and paid him fifteen cents.  
He sold me his dime museum check and there I quickly went;  
I showed the ticket at the door and they began to grin,  
And said: We don't take dinner checks, that joke is rather thin.  
I saw a sight when coming out that took away my breath,  
I never dreamed of such a thing, it frightened me to death;  
I asked a gentlemanly lad if he would be so good  
To name it? Yes, with pleasure, sir, we call the thing a dude. Refrain.

Now any one from Pumpkin dell can tell you who I am,  
My father's road commissioner and leading selectman;  
And ma she makes the primest butter ever made from cream.  
At county fair our oxen take the prize for heavy team.  
The biggest row of all to hoe they always give to me.  
The farmers come from miles around our Berkshire stock to see;  
They always call me pesky smart, by gosh, down in our town,  
And don't yon ever tell them how you roasted Chestnut brown.-Refrain.