

The Oregon Boys - song lyrics

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THE OREGON BOYS.

Come, young ladies, listen to my noise,
Don't you marry the Oregon boys,
For if you do your portion will be
Johnny-cake and venison, that's all you'll see.

When you go to a neighbor's close,
It's "hello, madam, do you keep house?"
The first thing they say when they sit down,
"Young ladies, your Johnny-cake is getting mighty brown."

When they go to bake their bread
They build a fire as high as their head;
They rake out the coals and on them throw-
Well, the name they give it is dough, boys, dough.

Some houses are attached to a huge log wall,
Without any windows in it at all;
An old mud chimney and batten door,
Clapboard roof and a puncheon floor.

When they dress it is like the rest,
Buckskin trousers, coat and vest;
Old yarn socks they wear the year 'round,
Old white hat more brim than crown.

Milk in the slop-bucket, strain it in a gourd,
Put it in the corner and cover with a board;
Some get a share and some get none,
And that is life at the Oregon's home.