

## Boil them cabbage down

G C G D

Boil them cab - bage down, down, Make them hoe - cakes brown, brown, The

G C G D G

5  
on - ly song that I can sing is Boil them cab - bage down.

Went up on a mountain  
To give my horn a blow, blow.  
Thought I heard my true love say,  
"Yonder comes my beau."

Poosum in a 'simmon tree,  
Raccoon on the ground.  
Raccoon says, you son-of-a-gun,  
Shake some 'simmons down.

Someone stole my old coon dog.  
Wish they'd bring him back.  
He chased the big hogs through the fence,  
And the little ones through the crack

Met a possum in the road,  
Blind as he could be.  
Jumped the fence and whipped my dog  
And bristled up at me.

Butter-fly, he has wings of gold.  
Fire-fly, wings of flame.  
Bed-bug, he got no wings at all,  
But he gets there just the same.

Once I had an old grey mule,  
his name was Simon Slick.  
He'd roll his eyes, and back his ears,  
and how that mule would kick.