Old Slew Foot

And some folks, some folks, say he looks a

lot like me. High on a mountain, tell me

Saved up my money and bought on

Winter's coming and

what do you see? Bear tracks, bear tracks

me some bees, Started making honey way

hits forty below. River's froze over so

look up in the trees. Bet get your rifles be-

up in the trees. Cut down the trees but

where can he go. I'd chase him up the gulley and

fore it's too late. The bear's got a little pig and

the honey's all gone. Old slew foot has done

run him in the well. Shoot him in the bottom just to

1 0 1 0 | 2 2 2 2 | 2 2 1 0 | 0 1 0 0

8 0 0 1 0 | 4 4 4 2 5 | 4 2 2 2

4 0 0 1 0 | 4 4 4 2 5 | 4 2 2 2

DAd tuning

Dulcimer
head ed for the gate. He's big around the mid dle and
made lis ten to him yell.

broad across the rump. Run ning nine ty miles an ho ur, tak ing

thir ty feet a jump. Ain't nev er been caught, He ain't

nev er been treed. And some folks say he looks a

lot like some folks

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