

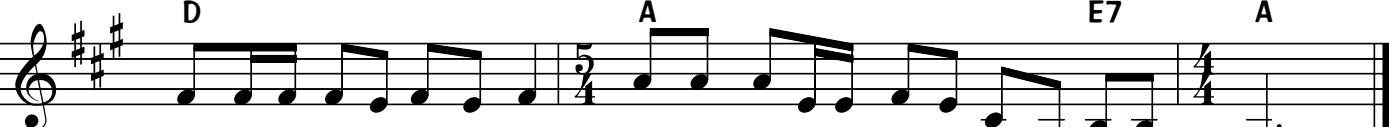


Bye & Bye

Learned from Art Thieme's Recording "The Older I Get, The Better I Was"


Oh the time of the year that I like best, the time when the mule walks round the press
A / / / / / / / E7 A / D / / / A D A D


Gals put on their ging-ham dress, bye and bye The leaves are red and the ground is cold
A / / / D A / / / E7 / A / / / / / E7 A


Sap's gon-na rise, so I've been told We don't care if the frost is com-ing, bye and bye
D / / / A D A D A / / / / D A / / E7 / A

Now out on the road, an old tar heel
 On his back, a sack of meal
 By his side, an old hound dog, bye and bye
 We'll he'd trade the meal and the hound dog too
 For a kiss from the gal that's dressed in blue
 Prettiest gal he's ever seen, bye and bye. Oh the time...

Well folks come from here and there
 Folks come from everywhere
 The old mule keeps going 'round, bye and bye
 Well they come for to dance, they come for to sing
 They come for to make the rafters ring
 They come for the cane, they come for the sword, bye and bye. Oh the time...

Well folks come from all around
 Wagon tracks tearing up the ground
 They come for the cane, they come for the spark, bye and bye
 So we build a fire 'neath the old iron pot
 Cook up the cane till it's boiling hot
 In the dark, we steal a kiss, bye and bye. Oh the time...