

ROOT, HOG, OR DIE.

5 De Shang - - hie coats dey're getting all de go

1st Verse. I'm right from old Virginny wid my pocket full ob news I'm

2 .. I'se de hap - pi - est darkee on de top ob de earth I

3 .. De Bos - - ton dandies dey look so ve - ry grand Old

4 .. De Bos - - ton gals dey do beat dem all Dey

Whar de boys get dem I rea - ly dont know But dey're bound to get dem if

worth twenty shillings right square in my shoes It doesnt make a dif of bitterance to
get fat as possom in de time ob de dearth Like a pig in a tater patch
clothes hand me down gloves upon de hand High heel boots mous -
wear high heel shoes for to make demself's tall If dey dont hab dem de

dey dont hang too high Or else dey make de Tailors run Root hog or die.

neider you nor I Big pig or little pig Root, hog, or die.
dar let me lie Way down in old Virginny whar its Root, hog, or die.
- taches round de eye - A per - fect sick family ob Root, hog, or die.
Lor how dey'l cry De boys hab got to get dem or else Root, hog, or die.

cres.

CHORUS.

AIR. I'm chief cook and bot-tle-washer, cap'n ob de waiters; I

ALTO. I'm chief cook and bot-tle-washer, cap'n ob de waiters; I

TENOR. I'm chief cook and bot-tle-washer, cap'n ob de waiters; I

BASS. I'm chief cook and bot-tle-washer, cap'n ob de waiters; I

stand up-on my head, When I peel de Apple dumplins.

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ANOTHER VERSION

ADAPTED TO THE SAME MUSIC.

I'll tell you of a story that happened long ago;
When the English came to America, I s'pose you all know,
They couldn't whip the Yankees, I'll tell you the reason why,
Uncle Sam made them sing, Root hog or die.

John Bull sent to Boston, as you shall plainly see,
Forty large ships, loaded clear up with tea,
The Yankees wouldn't pay the tea tax, I'll tell the reason why,
The Yankee boys made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

They first met our armies on the top of Bunker hill,
When it came to fighting, I guess they got their fill,
The Yankee boys chased them off, I'll tell you the reason why,
The Yankee boys made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

Then they met our Washington at Yorktown,
There the Yankees mowed 'em down like grass from the ground,
Old Cornwallis gave up his sword, I'll tell you the reason why,
General Washington made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

Then they came to Baltimore forty years ago,
They tried to take North Point, but found it wouldn't go,
The Baltimoreans chased them off, I'll tell you the reason why,
The Yankee boys made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

Then they marched their armies down to New Orleans,
That was the place, I think, that Jackson gave 'em beans,
They couldn't take our Cotton bales, I'll tell the reason why,
General Jackson made 'em sing, Root hog or die.

Now Johnny Bull has been kicking up a fuss,
He'd better keep quiet, or he'll surely make it worse,
We're bound to have Cuba, I'll tell you the reason why,
For Uncle Sam will make 'em sing, Root hog or die.