

The Grey Goose

Burl Ives

One Sunday morning, Lord, Lord, Lord
The preacher went a hunting, Lord, Lord, Lord
And he carried along a shotgun, Lord, Lord, Lord
And along came a grey goose, Lord, Lord, Lord
Well he shot down a grey goose, Lord, Lord, Lord
And the gun went a-boom-boom, Lord, Lord, Lord
And down come the grey goose, Lord, Lord, Lord
Took six weeks of falling, Lord, Lord, Lord
And six weeks calling, Lord, Lord, Lord
And they put him on the table, Lord, Lord, Lord
And your wife and my wife, Lord, Lord, Lord
There's time for feather pickin', Lord, Lord, Lord
But the fork wouldn't stick it, Lord, Lord, Lord
And the knife wouldn't cut it, Lord, Lord, Lord
And they put him in the oven, Lord, Lord, Lord
But the oven wouldn't burn him, Lord, Lord, Lord
And they him in the hog pen, Lord, Lord, Lord
But the hog couldn't eat it, Lord, Lord, Lord
And he broke the hogs teeth out, Lord, Lord, Lord
So they threw him in the sawmill, Lord, Lord, Lord
And the sawmill wouldn't cut him, Lord, Lord, Lord
And he broke the saws teeth off, Lord, Lord, Lord
And the last time I seen him, Lord, Lord, Lord
She was flyin' cross the ocean, Lord, Lord, Lord
With a long string o' goslings, Lord, Lord, Lord
And they're all goin' quing, quack, Lord, Lord, Lord.

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