

(64)

## Whoopee Ti Yi Yo

D As/I rode/out one/mornin' for/pleasure  
G I/spied a young/cowboy a/ridin' along  
G His/hat was throwed/back and his/spurs was a/jinglin'  
G And/as he rode/on he was/singin' this/song /

D Whoopee/ti yi/yo, get along little/dogies  
C It's/your mis/fortune and/none of my/own  
G Whoopee/ti yi/yo, get along little/dogies  
G You/know that Wyoming will/be your new/home /

D When/spring comes along we/round up the/dogies  
G We/stick on their/brands and we/bob off their/tails  
G We/pick out the/strays the/herd has collected  
G The/very next/day we go/out on the/trail /

## Chorus

D Your/mother she was/raised/way down in/Texas  
G Where the/jimson/weed and/sand burrs/grow  
G Now/we'll fill you/up on/prickly pear and/cholla  
G Til you are/ready for the/trail to/Idaho /

## Chorus

D Now/some folks might/think that trail/ridin's a/pleasure  
G If/you've got that/notion you've/got it dead/wrong  
G Well if/I ever/got any/fun out of/trailin'  
G I'd/have no good/reason for/singin' this/song /

## Chorus (twice)