

# Bye & Bye

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

Capo 4

Oh the time of the year that I like best, the time when the mule walks round the press

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

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

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...