

## GIT ALONG HOME, CINDY, CINDY

Pre-1904 traditional folksong, probably from North Carolina. Various verses added (and subtracted) over the years. Add some on!!

Intro: 1,2,3,4, 1,2,3 C// G7// C/ 4 strums/chord unless noted otherwise

C C C G7  
You ought to see my Cindy, she lives way down South;  
C// C7// F C// G7// C  
And she's so sweet the honey bees, all swarm around her mouth.

F F C C  
**Chorus: Git along home Cindy, Cindy, Git along home Cindy, Cindy.**  
F F C// G7// C C  
**Git along home Cindy, Cindy, I'll marry you some day.**

C C C G7  
The first time that I saw her, she was standing in the door;  
C// C7// F C// G7// C  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand, her feet all over the floor. **Chorus**

C C C G7  
She took me to her parlour, she cooled me with her fan;  
C// C7// F C// G7// C  
She swore I was the prettiest thing, in the shape of mortal man. **Chorus**

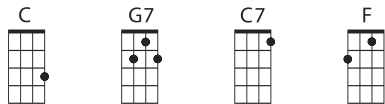
C C C G7  
I wish I had needle, as fine as I could sew,  
C// C7// F C// G7// C  
I'd sew that gal to my coat-tail, and down the road I'd go. **Chorus**

C C C G7  
I wish I was an apple, hanging on a tree;  
C// C7// F C// G7// C  
And every time my Cindy'd pass, she'd take a bite of me. **Chorus**

C            C        C            G7  
 I wish I had a nickel, I wish I had a dime,  
 C//    C7//    F            C//        G7//    C  
 I wish I had my Cindy gal, to love me all the time. **Chorus**

C            C            C            G7  
 Now Cindy's got religion, she's had it once before;  
 C//        C7//        F            C//        G7//    C  
 But when she hears the banjo play, she's the first one on the floor. **Cho.**

C            C            C            G7  
 Cindy in the springtime, Cindy in the fall;  
 C//    C7//        F            C//        G7//    C  
 If I can't have my Cindy, i'll have no gal at all.            **Chorus**



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