

# 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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