

# James Taylor, Old Blue

Old Blue

(Traditional)

Well, I had an old dog and his name was Blue, Had an old dog and his name was Blue.

Had an old dog and his name was Blue... Betcha five dollars he's a good dog too

&quot;Here old Blue&quot; &quot;Good dog you&quot;

Well, I shouldered my axe and I tooted my horn, Went to find 'possum in the new-grown corn.

Old Blue treed and I went to see, Blue had 'possum up a tall oak tree.

Mmm, boy I roast'd 'possum, nice and brown, Sweet po-ta-toes, n' all a-round

And to say &quot;Here old Blue (here-boy) You can have some too&quot;

Now, Old Blue died and he died so hard, Made a big dent in my back-yard.

Dug his grave with a silver spade, Lowered him down with a link of chain.

Ev-er-y link I did call his name...

Singing &quot;Hereold...Blue-ue... &quot;Good dog you&quot;

Now, when I get to heaven, first thing I'll do. When I get to heaven, first thing 'awm do.

When I get to heaven first thing I'll do, Pull out my horn and call old Blue...

I'll say, &quot;Here Old Blue come-on dog&quot; &quot;Good dog you.&quot;

I'll say, &quot;Here Blue-e&quot; &quot;I'm a coming there too&quot;

&quot;Down boy... good dog&quot;