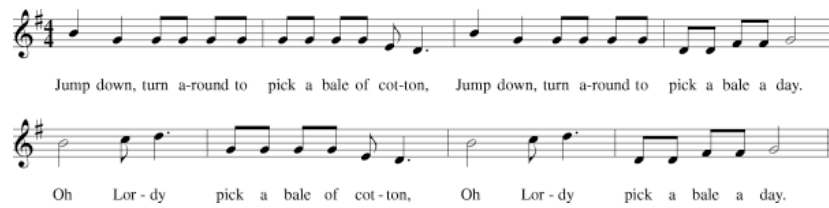


## Pick a Bale of Cotton



Jump down, turn a-round to pick a bale of cot-ton, Jump down, turn a-round to pick a bale a day.

Oh Lor-dy pick a bale of cot-ton, Oh Lor-dy pick a bale a day.

Me and my poppa can pick a bale of cotton,  
Me and my poppa can pick a bale of hay.\*

Jump down, turn around to pick a bale of cotton  
Jump down, turn around to pick a bale a hay.\*

Oh Lordy, pick a bale of cotton,  
Oh Lordy, pick a bale a hay.\*

Me and my momma gonna pick a bale of cotton,  
Me and my momma gonna pick a bale of hay.\*

Me and my dog...  
Me and my chicken...  
Me and my turkey...  
Me and my duck...

\*A bale of cotton weighs about a quarter of a ton.  
Nobody ever picked a bale in a day.  
An astounding number of folkies sing "pick a bale of hay".  
That's not bragging; it's just silly.  
You don't pick hay.