

# TURKEY IN THE STRAW

Old-Time and Bluegrass Song; **DATE:** Early 1800's; **CATEGORY:** Fiddle and Instrumental Tunes; **RECORDING INFO:** Doc Roberts; New Lost City Ramblers; Clark Kessinger; The Tweedy Brothers (1924. W.Va. string band). Bill Monroe- "Bluegrass Time." Eck Robertson; **OTHER NAMES:** Old Zip Coon; Natchez Under the Hill; **NOTES:** "Turkey In the Straw" was one of the earliest American minstrel songs appearing as Zip Coon by J. B. Farrell in 1834. It originated from the fiddle tune "Natchez Under the Hill." Nearly all the best fiddlers recorded it including Doc Roberts, Clark Kessinger, Eck Robertson in the 1920's to 1940's. It was also recorded on Bill Monroe's "Bluegrass Time." According to Linscott, the tune is derived from the ballad "My Grandmother Lived on Yonder Little Green" which in turn derived from the Irish ballad "The Old Rose Tree."

As I was a-go-ing down the road, With a ti-red team and a heav-y load, I  
 crack my whip and the lead-er sprung; I says "day - day" to the wag - on tongue,  
 Tur-key in the straw (instrumental or repeat) tur-key in the hay (instrumental or repeat)  
 Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuck-a-haw, And hit 'em up a tune called "Tur-key in the straw!"

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**D** **E7 A7**  
 As I was a-going on down the road, With a tired team and a heavy load,  
**D** **A7 D**  
 I crack'd my whip and the leader sprung, I says day-day to the wagon tongue.  
**D G D E7 A7**  
 Turkey in the straw(Fill), turkey in the hay(Fill), Roll 'em up and twist 'em up a high tuckahaw  
**D A7 D**  
 And twist 'em up a tune called Turkey in the Straw.

Went out to milk, and I didn't know how, I milked the goat instead of the cow.  
 A monkey sittin' on a pile of straw, A-winkin' at his mother-in-law.

Met Mr. Catfish comin' down stream. Says Mr. Catfish, "What does you mean?"  
 Caught Mr. Catfish by the snout, And turned Mr. Catfish wrong side out.

Came to a river and I couldn't get across, Paid five dollars for a blind old hoss;  
 Wouldn't go ahead, nor he wouldn't stand still, So he went up and down like an old saw mill.

As I came down the new cut road, Met Mr. Bullfrog, met Miss Toad  
 And every time Miss Toad would sing, Old Bullfrog cut a pigeon wing.

Oh I jumped in the seat and I gave a little yell, The horses ran away, broke the wagon all to hell  
 Sugar in the gourd and honey in the horn, I never been so happy since the day I was born.