

Fly Around My Pretty Little Miss

aka: Suzianna Gal & Western Country

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. Above the first staff are four 'D' chord symbols. Above the second staff are four chord symbols: 'D', 'D', 'A', and 'D'. Above the third staff are four chord symbols: 'D', 'G', 'D', and 'A'. Above the fourth staff are five chord symbols: 'D', 'G', 'D', 'A', and 'D'. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet patterns.

Fly around my pretty little miss
Fly around my daisy
Fly around my pretty little miss
You almost drive me crazy

How do you make your living now,
Susan-anna gal?
By drinking whiskey and playing cards.
Susan-anna gal.

I'm going to the Western Country
Leaving you behind
I'm going to the Western Country
Yes, and leaving you behind

I wish I was in the Western Country
Settin' in a big armchair
One arm round my whiskey jug
The other round my dear

I went up on the mountain top and
Gave my horn a blow
Thought I heard my darling say,
"Yonder comes my beau!"

The higher up the cherry tree
The riper grows the cherries
The more you hug and kiss the girls
The sooner they will marry

Coffee grows on white oak trees
The river flows with brandy
If I had my pretty little miss
I'd feed her sugar candy

Going to get some weevily wheat
I'm going to get some barley
Going to get some weevily wheat
And bake a cake for Charlie

Cheeks as red as a blooming rose,
Eyes of the prettiest brown,
I'm goin' to see my pretty little miss,
Before the sun goes down.

When I was in the field at work,
I sat down and cried,
Studyin' 'bout my blue-eyed girl,
I thought to God I'd died.

Don't ever marry an old man
Tell you the reason why
Spits his old tobacco juice
And never zips his fly...

Fare you well my blue-eyed girl
Fare you well my darling
Fare you well my blue-eyed girl,
I'm going back to Harlan

Her head was like a coffee pot,
Her nose was like a spout
Her mouth was like a fireplace
With the ashes all raked out

How old are you my pretty little miss?
How old are you my honey?
If I don't die of a broken heart
I'll be sixteen next Sunday

Possum up in a 'simmon tree
Raccoon on the ground
Possum up in a 'simmon tree
Shakin' them 'simmons down

And there are lots more words.....