

The Boy Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn

Words & Music:
Alison Kraus & Union Station

[freely, starts on C]

Dm Bb
Tell ya' little story and it won't take long,
C Dm
'Bout a lazy farmer who wouldn't hoe his corn.
Dm Bb
The reason why I never could tell,
C Dm
For that young man was always well.

He planted his corn in the month of June.
By July it was up to his eyes.
Come September, came a big frost.
And all the young man's corn was lost.

[more rhythmically] Dm Bb C Dm

His courtship had just begun.
Said, "Young man, have you hoed some corn?"
"Well I tried and I tried, and I tried in vain.
But I don't believe I raised no grain."

He went down town to his neighbor's door.
Where he had of-ten been be-fore.
Sayin', "Pretty little miss, will you marry me?
Little miss what do you say?"

"Why do you come for me to wed?
You, can't even make your own corn grain.
Single I am, and will remain.
A lazy man, I won't maintain."

[freely]

He turned his back and walked away.
Sayin', "Little miss, you'll rue the day,
You'll rue the day that you were born.
For givin' me the devil 'cause I wouldn't hoe corn."