

But now my pig is gone
I'm feeling quite forsaken
I sold him to a butcher man
And now he's breakfast bacon.
Oink, oink, oink, oink,
Oink, oink, oink, oink.
Pork Chop! (shout)

I have a little puppy
He has a stubby tail
He isn't very chubby
He's skinny as a rail.
He'll always be a puppy
He'll never be a hound
They sell him at the butcher shop
For fifty cents a pound.
Bow, wow, wow, wow,
Wow, wow, wow, wow.
Hot Dog! (shout)

X

(Tune: Just a Song at Twilight)

Just a day of pleasure
Just a day of joy
We have had together
Nothing to annoy
And our club is happy
Friendship's mad anew
Now to all dear members
We say "Adieu"
We say "Adieu"

(Tune: Old Black Joe)

Gone are the days when my wife would stay at home
Gone are the days I called my Ford my own
Gone are the days when we ate 3 meals or more
The children shake their heads and mumble Club Round Up.

Chorus

I'm going, I'm going
For I know I ought to go
I hear the members calling
Club Round Up.

Gone are the days, when she knew not what to eat
Gone are the days when we lived on bread and meat
Gone are the days when the rooster used to crow
We hear the capons softly chuckling Club Round Up

Chorus

Gone are the days when she had no pretty frills
Gone are the days when I paid the milliners bill
Gone are the days when the picture hung too high
But now we are right up to date or she knows the reason
why
Club Round Up.