

# VARIOUS

COWBOY SONGS, AND  
OTHER FRONTIER  
BALLADS

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**Cowboy Songs, and  
Other Frontier Ballads**

«Public Domain»

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# Various Cowboy Songs, and Other Frontier Ballads

*What keeps the herd from running,  
Stampeding far and wide?  
The cowboy's long, low whistle,  
And singing by their side.*

To

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHO WHILE PRESIDENT WAS NOT TOO BUSY TO

TURN ASIDE—CHEERFULLY AND EFFECTIVELY—AND

AID WORKERS IN THE FIELD OF AMERICAN

BALLADRY, THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED

Cheyenne

Aug 28th 1910

Dear Mr. Lomax,

You have done a work emphatically worth doing and one which should appeal to the people of all our country, but particularly to the people of the west and southwest. Your subject is not only exceedingly interesting to the student of literature, but also to the student of the general history of the west. There is something very curious in the reproduction here on this new continent of essentially the conditions of ballad-growth which obtained in mediæval England; including, by the way, sympathy for the outlaw, Jesse James taking the place of Robin Hood. Under modern conditions however, the native ballad is speedily killed by competition with the music hall songs; the cowboys becoming ashamed to sing the crude homespun ballads in view of what Owen Writes calls the "ill-smelling saloon cleverness" of the far less interesting compositions of the music-hall singers. It is therefore a work of real importance to preserve permanently this unwritten ballad literature of the back country and the frontier.

*With all good wishes, I am  
very truly yours  
Theodore Roosevelt*

## INTRODUCTION

It is now four or five years since my attention was called to the collection of native American ballads from the Southwest, already begun by Professor Lomax. At that time, he seemed hardly to appreciate their full value and importance. To my colleague, Professor G.L. Kittredge, probably the most eminent authority on folk-song in America, this value and importance appeared as indubitable as it appeared to me. We heartily joined in encouraging the work, as a real contribution both to literature and to learning. The present volume is the first published result of these efforts.

The value and importance of the work seems to me double. One phase of it is perhaps too highly special ever to be popular. Whoever has begun the inexhaustibly fascinating study of popular song and literature—of the nameless poetry which vigorously lives through the centuries—must be perplexed by the necessarily conjectural opinions concerning its origin and development held by various and disputing scholars. When songs were made in times and terms which for centuries have been not living facts but facts of remote history or tradition, it is impossible to be sure quite how they begun, and by quite what means they sifted through the centuries into the forms at last securely theirs, in the final rigidity of print. In this collection of American ballads, almost if not quite uniquely, it is possible to trace the precise manner in which songs and cycles of song—obviously analogous to those surviving from older and antique times—have come into being. The facts which are still available concerning the ballads of our own Southwest are such as should go far to prove, or to disprove, many of the theories advanced concerning the laws of literature as evinced in the ballads of the old world.

Such learned matter as this, however, is not so surely within my province, who have made no technical study of literary origins, as is the other consideration which made me feel, from my first knowledge of these ballads, that they are beyond dispute valuable and important. In the ballads of the old world, it is not historical or philological considerations which most readers care for. It is the wonderful, robust vividness of their artless yet supremely true utterance; it is the natural vigor of their surgent, unsophisticated human rhythm. It is the sense, derived one can hardly explain how, that here is expression straight from the heart of humanity; that here is something like the sturdy root from which the finer, though not always more lovely, flowers of polite literature have sprung. At times when we yearn for polite grace, ballads may seem rude; at times when polite grace seems tedious, sophisticated, corrupt, or mendacious, their very rudeness refreshes us with a new sense of brimming life. To compare the songs collected by Professor Lomax with the immortalities of olden time is doubtless like comparing the literature of America with that of all Europe together. Neither he nor any of us would pretend these verses to be of supreme power and beauty. None the less, they seem to me, and to many who have had a glimpse of them, sufficiently powerful, and near enough beauty, to give us some such wholesome and enduring pleasure as comes from work of this kind proved and acknowledged to be masterly.

What I mean may best be implied, perhaps, by a brief statement of fact. Four or five years ago, Professor Lomax, at my request, read some of these ballads to one of my classes at Harvard, then engaged in studying the literary history of America. From that hour to the present, the men who heard these verses, during the cheerless progress of a course of study, have constantly spoken of them and written of them, as of something sure to linger happily in memory. As such I commend them to all who care for the native poetry of America.

*Barrett Wendell.*

Nahant, Massachusetts,  
July 11, 1910.

## COLLECTOR'S NOTE

Out in the wild, far-away places of the big and still unpeopled west,—in the cañons along the Rocky Mountains, among the mining camps of Nevada and Montana, and on the remote cattle ranches of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona,—yet survives the Anglo-Saxon ballad spirit that was active in secluded districts in England and Scotland even after the coming of Tennyson and Browning. This spirit is manifested both in the preservation of the English ballad and in the creation of local songs. Illiterate people, and people cut off from newspapers and books, isolated and lonely,—thrown back on primal resources for entertainment and for the expression of emotion,—utter themselves through somewhat the same character of songs as did their forefathers of perhaps a thousand years ago. In some such way have been made and preserved the cowboy songs and other frontier ballads contained in this volume. The songs represent the operation of instinct and tradition. They are chiefly interesting to the present generation, however, because of the light they throw on the conditions of pioneer life, and more particularly because of the information they contain concerning that unique and romantic figure in modern civilization, the American cowboy.

The profession of cow-punching, not yet a lost art in a group of big western states, reached its greatest prominence during the first two decades succeeding the Civil War. In Texas, for example, immense tracts of open range, covered with luxuriant grass, encouraged the raising of cattle. One person in many instances owned thousands. To care for the cattle during the winter season, to round them up in the spring and mark and brand the yearlings, and later to drive from Texas to Fort Dodge, Kansas, those ready for market, required large forces of men. The drive from Texas to Kansas came to be known as "going up the trail," for the cattle really made permanent, deep-cut trails across the otherwise trackless hills and plains of the long way. It also became the custom to take large herds of young steers from Texas as far north as Montana, where grass at certain seasons grew more luxuriant than in the south. Texas was the best breeding ground, while the climate and grass of Montana developed young cattle for the market.

A trip up the trail made a distinct break in the monotonous life of the big ranches, often situated hundreds of miles from where the conventions of society were observed. The ranch community consisted usually of the boss, the straw-boss, the cowboys proper, the horse wrangler, and the cook—often a negro. These men lived on terms of practical equality. Except in the case of the boss, there was little difference in the amounts paid each for his services. Society, then, was here reduced to its lowest terms. The work of the men, their daily experiences, their thoughts, their interests, were all in common. Such a community had necessarily to turn to itself for entertainment. Songs sprang up naturally, some of them tender and familiar lays of childhood, others original compositions, all genuine, however crude and unpolished. Whatever the most gifted man could produce must bear the criticism of the entire camp, and agree with the ideas of a group of men. In this sense, therefore, any song that came from such a group would be the joint product of a number of them, telling perhaps the story of some stampede they had all fought to turn, some crime in which they had all shared equally, some comrade's tragic death which they had all witnessed. The song-making did not cease as the men went up the trail. Indeed the songs were here utilized for very practical ends. Not only were sharp, rhythmic yells—sometimes beaten into verse—employed to stir up lagging cattle, but also during the long watches the night-guards, as they rode round and round the herd, improvised cattle lullabies which quieted the animals and soothed them to sleep. Some of the best of the so-called "dogie songs" seem to have been created for the purpose of preventing cattle stampedes,—such songs coming straight from the heart of the cowboy, speaking familiarly to his herd in the stillness of the night.

The long drives up the trail occupied months, and called for sleepless vigilance and tireless activity both day and night. When at last a shipping point was reached, the cattle marketed or loaded



on the cars, the cowboys were paid off. It is not surprising that the consequent relaxation led to reckless deeds. The music, the dancing, the click of the roulette ball in the saloons, invited; the lure of crimson lights was irresistible. Drunken orgies, reactions from months of toil, deprivation, and loneliness on the ranch and on the trail, brought to death many a temporarily crazed buckaroo. To match this daredeviltry, a saloon man in one frontier town, as a sign for his business, with psychological ingenuity painted across the broad front of his building in big black letters this challenge to God, man, and the devil: *The Road to Ruin*. Down this road, with swift and eager footsteps, has trod many a pioneer viking of the West. Quick to resent an insult real or fancied, inflamed by unaccustomed drink, the ready pistol always at his side, the tricks of the professional gambler to provoke his sense of fair play, and finally his own wild recklessness to urge him on,—all these combined forces sometimes brought him into tragic conflict with another spirit equally heedless and daring. Not nearly so often, however, as one might suppose, did he die with his boots on. Many of the most wealthy and respected citizens now living in the border states served as cowboys before settling down to quiet domesticity.

A cow-camp in the seventies generally contained several types of men. It was not unusual to find a negro who, because of his ability to handle wild horses or because of his skill with a lasso, had been promoted from the chuck-wagon to a place in the ranks of the cowboys. Another familiar figure was the adventurous younger son of some British family, through whom perhaps became current the English ballads found in the West. Furthermore, so considerable was the number of men who had fled from the States because of grave imprudence or crime, it was bad form to inquire too closely about a person's real name or where he came from. Most cowboys, however, were bold young spirits who emigrated to the West for the same reason that their ancestors had come across the seas. They loved roving; they loved freedom; they were pioneers by instinct; an impulse set their faces from the East, put the tang for roaming in their veins, and sent them ever, ever westward.

That the cowboy was brave has come to be axiomatic. If his life of isolation made him taciturn, it at the same time created a spirit of hospitality, primitive and hearty as that found in the mead-halls of Beowulf. He faced the wind and the rain, the snow of winter, the fearful dust-storms of alkali desert wastes, with the same uncomplaining quiet. Not all his work was on the ranch and the trail. To the cowboy, more than to the goldseekers, more than to Uncle Sam's soldiers, is due the conquest of the West. Along his winding cattle trails the Forty-Niners found their way to California. The cowboy has fought back the Indians ever since ranching became a business and as long as Indians remained to be fought. He played his part in winning the great slice of territory that the United States took away from Mexico. He has always been on the skirmish line of civilization. Restless, fearless, chivalric, elemental, he lived hard, shot quick and true, and died with his face to his foe. Still much misunderstood, he is often slandered, nearly always caricatured, both by the press and by the stage. Perhaps these songs, coming direct from the cowboy's experience, giving vent to his careless and his tender emotions, will afford future generations a truer conception of what he really was than is now possessed by those who know him only through highly colored romances.

The big ranches of the West are now being cut up into small farms. The nester has come, and come to stay. Gone is the buffalo, the Indian warwhoop, the free grass of the open plain;—even the stinging lizard, the horned frog, the centipede, the prairie dog, the rattlesnake, are fast disappearing. Save in some of the secluded valleys of southern New Mexico, the old-time round-up is no more; the trails to Kansas and to Montana have become grass-grown or lost in fields of waving grain; the maverick steer, the regal longhorn, has been supplanted by his unpoetic but more beefy and profitable Polled Angus, Durham, and Hereford cousins from across the seas. The changing and romantic West of the early days lives mainly in story and in song. The last figure to vanish is the cowboy, the animating spirit of the vanishing era. He sits his horse easily as he rides through a wide valley, enclosed by mountains, clad in the hazy purple of coming night,—with his face turned steadily down the long, long road, "the road that the sun goes down." Dauntless, reckless, without the unearthly purity of Sir Galahad though as gentle to a pure woman as King Arthur, he is truly a knight of

the twentieth century. A vagrant puff of wind shakes a corner of the crimson handkerchief knotted loosely at his throat; the thud of his pony's feet mingling with the jingle of his spurs is borne back; and as the careless, gracious, lovable figure disappears over the divide, the breeze brings to the ears, faint and far yet cheery still, the refrain of a cowboy song:

Whoopee ti yi, git along, little dogies;  
It's my misfortune and none of your own.  
Whoopee ti yi, git along, little dogies;  
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

As for the songs of this collection, I have violated the ethics of ballad-gatherers, in a few instances, by selecting and putting together what seemed to be the best lines from different versions, all telling the same story. Frankly, the volume is meant to be popular. The songs have been arranged in some such haphazard way as they were collected,—jotted down on a table in the rear of saloons, scrawled on an envelope while squatting about a campfire, caught behind the scenes of a broncho-busting outfit. Later, it is hoped that enough interest will be aroused to justify printing all the variants of these songs, accompanied by the music and such explanatory notes as may be useful; the negro folk-songs, the songs of the lumber jacks, the songs of the mountaineers, and the songs of the sea, already partially collected, being included in the final publication. The songs of this collection, never before in print, as a rule have been taken down from oral recitation. In only a few instances have I been able to discover the authorship of any song. They seem to have sprung up as quietly and mysteriously as does the grass on the plains. All have been popular with the range riders, several being current all the way from Texas to Montana, and quite as long as the old Chisholm Trail stretching between these states. Some of the songs the cowboy certainly composed; all of them he sang. Obviously, a number of the most characteristic cannot be printed for general circulation. To paraphrase slightly what Sidney Lanier said of Walt Whitman's poetry, they are raw collops slashed from the rump of Nature, and never mind the gristle. Likewise some of the strong adjectives and nouns have been softened,—Jonahed, as George Meredith would have said. There is, however, a Homeric quality about the cowboy's profanity and vulgarity that pleases rather than repulses. The broad sky under which he slept, the limitless plains over which he rode, the big, open, free life he lived near to Nature's breast, taught him simplicity, calm, directness. He spoke out plainly the impulses of his heart. But as yet so-called polite society is not quite willing to hear.

It is entirely impossible to acknowledge the assistance I have received from many persons. To Professors Barrett Wendell and G.L. Kittredge, of Harvard, I must gratefully acknowledge constant and generous encouragement. Messrs. Jeff Hanna, of Meridian, Texas; John B. Jones, a student of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas; H. Knight, Sterling City, Texas; John Lang Sinclair, San Antonio; A.H. Belo & Co., Dallas; Tom Hight, of Mangum, Oklahoma; R. Bedichek, of Deming, N.M.; Benjamin Wyche, Librarian of the Carnegie Library, San Antonio; Mrs. M.B. Wight, of Ft. Thomas, Arizona; Dr. L.W. Payne, Jr., and Dr. Morgan Callaway, Jr., of the University of Texas; and my brother, R.C. Lomax, Austin;—have rendered me especially helpful service in furnishing material, for which I also render grateful thanks.

Among the negroes, rivermen, miners, soldiers, seamen, lumbermen, railroad men, and ranchmen of the United States and Canada there are many indigenous folk-songs not included in this volume. Of some of them I have traces, and I shall surely run them down. I beg the co-operation of all who are interested in this vital, however humble, expression of American literature.

J.A.L.

Deming, New Mexico,  
August 8, 1910.

## THE DYING COWBOY<sup>1</sup>

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,"  
These words came low and mournfully  
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay  
On his dying bed at the close of day.

He had wailed in pain till o'er his brow  
Death's shadows fast were gathering now;  
He thought of his home and his loved ones nigh  
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie  
Where the wild cayotes will howl o'er me,  
In a narrow grave just six by three,  
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"In fancy I listen to the well known words  
Of the free, wild winds and the song of the birds;  
I think of home and the cottage in the bower  
And the scenes I loved in my childhood's hour.

"It matters not, I've oft been told,  
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold;  
Yet grant, Oh grant this wish to me,  
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O then bury me not on the lone prairie,  
In a narrow grave six foot by three,  
Where the buffalo paws o'er a prairie sea,  
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I've always wished to be laid when I died  
In the little churchyard on the green hillside;  
By my father's grave, there let mine be,  
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Let my death slumber be where my mother's prayer  
And a sister's tear will mingle there,  
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me;  
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie  
In a narrow grave just six by three,

---

<sup>1</sup> In this song, as in several others, the chorus should come in after each stanza. The arrangement followed has been adopted to illustrate versions current in different sections.

Where the buzzard waits and the wind blows free;  
Then bury me not on the lone prairie.

"There is another whose tears may be shed  
For one who lies on a prairie bed;  
It pained me then and it pains me now;—  
She has curled these locks, she has kissed this brow.

"These locks she has curled, shall the rattlesnake kiss?  
This brow she has kissed, shall the cold grave press?  
For the sake of the loved ones that will weep for me  
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie  
Where the wild cayotes will howl o'er me,  
Where the buzzard beats and the wind goes free,  
O bury me not on the lone prairie.

"O bury me not," and his voice failed there,  
But we took no heed of his dying prayer;  
In a narrow grave just six by three  
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

Where the dew-drops glow and the butterflies rest,  
And the flowers bloom o'er the prairie's crest;  
Where the wild cayote and winds sport free  
On a wet saddle blanket lay a cowboy-ee.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie  
Where the wild cayotes will howl o'er me,  
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crow flies free  
O bury me not on the lone prairie."

O we buried him there on the lone prairie  
Where the wild rose blooms and the wind blows free,  
O his pale young face nevermore to see,—  
For we buried him there on the lone prairie.

Yes, we buried him there on the lone prairie  
Where the owl all night hoots mournfully,  
And the blizzard beats and the winds blow free  
O'er his lowly grave on the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now as they roam the plain,—  
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain,—  
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave,  
With a prayer to Him who his soul will save.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie

Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me;  
Fling a handful of roses o'er my grave  
With a prayer to Him who my soul will save."

## The Dying Cowboy

The musical score for "The Dying Cowboy" is presented in three systems, each featuring a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

**System 1:**

Vocal: "I - bu - ry me not on the lone pre - tie,"

**System 2:**

Vocal: These woods are low and moon - ful -

**System 3:**

Vocal: from the pe - tal lips of a girl who lay

## THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE

We are gazing now on old Tom Moore,  
A relic of bygone days;  
'Tis a bummer, too, they call me now,  
But what cares I for praise?  
It's oft, says I, for the days gone by,  
It's oft do I repine  
For the days of old when we dug out the gold  
In those days of Forty-Nine.

My comrades they all loved me well,  
The jolly, saucy crew;  
A few hard cases, I will admit,  
Though they were brave and true.  
Whatever the pinch, they ne'er would flinch;  
They never would fret nor whine,  
Like good old bricks they stood the kicks  
In the days of Forty-Nine.

There's old "Aunt Jess," that hard old cuss,  
Who never would repent;  
He never missed a single meal,  
Nor never paid a cent.  
But old "Aunt Jess," like all the rest,  
At death he did resign,  
And in his bloom went up the flume  
In the days of Forty-Nine.

There is Ragshag Jim, the roaring man,  
Who could out-roar a buffalo, you bet,  
He roared all day and he roared all night,  
And I guess he is roaring yet.  
One night Jim fell in a prospect hole,—  
It was a roaring bad design,—  
And in that hole Jim roared out his soul  
In the days of Forty-Nine.

There is Wylie Bill, the funny man,  
Who was full of funny tricks,  
And when he was in a poker game  
He was always hard as bricks.  
He would ante you a stud, he would play you a draw,  
He'd go you a hatful blind,—  
In a struggle with death Bill lost his breath  
In the days of Forty-Nine.

There was New York Jake, the butcher boy,  
Who was fond of getting tight.  
And every time he got on a spree  
He was spoiling for a fight.  
One night Jake rampaged against a knife  
In the hands of old Bob Sine,  
And over Jake they held a wake  
In the days of Forty-Nine.

There was Monte Pete, I'll ne'er forget  
The luck he always had,  
He would deal for you both day and night  
Or as long as he had a scad.  
It was a pistol shot that lay Pete out,  
It was his last resign,  
And it caught Pete dead sure in the door  
In the days of Forty-Nine.

Of all the comrades that I've had  
There's none that's left to boast,  
And I am left alone in my misery  
Like some poor wandering ghost.  
And as I pass from town to town,  
They call me the rambling sign,  
Since the days of old and the days of gold  
And the days of Forty-Nine.

## Days of Forty-Nine

The musical score for "Days of Forty-Nine" is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

**System 1:**

Vocal: You are gaz-ing now on old Fort Marx, A re-lic of by-gone days. 'Tis a

**System 2:**

Vocal: bur-nut now they call us, But what care we for poster-ity? It is

**System 3:**

Vocal: all, aye, for days gone by, Ha-rt do I re-ple For these



## JOE BOWERS

My name is Joe Bowers,  
I've got a brother Ike,  
I came here from Missouri,  
Yes, all the way from Pike.  
I'll tell you why I left there  
And how I came to roam,  
And leave my poor old mammy,  
So far away from home.

I used to love a gal there,  
Her name was Sallie Black,  
I asked her for to marry me,  
She said it was a whack.  
She says to me, "Joe Bowers,  
Before you hitch for life,  
You ought to have a little home  
To keep your little wife."

Says I, "My dearest Sallie,  
O Sallie, for your sake,  
I'll go to California  
And try to raise a stake."  
Says she to me, "Joe Bowers,  
You are the chap to win,  
Give me a kiss to seal the bargain,"—  
And I throwed a dozen in.

I'll never forget my feelings  
When I bid adieu to all.  
Sal, she cotched me round the neck  
And I began to bawl.  
When I begun they all commenced,  
You never heard the like,  
How they all took on and cried  
The day I left old Pike.

When I got to this here country  
I hadn't nary a red,  
I had such wolfish feelings  
I wished myself most dead.  
At last I went to mining,  
Put in my biggest licks,  
Came down upon the boulders  
Just like a thousand bricks.

I worked both late and early  
In rain and sun and snow,  
But I was working for my Sallie  
So 'twas all the same to Joe.  
I made a very lucky strike  
As the gold itself did tell,  
For I was working for my Sallie,  
The girl I loved so well.

But one day I got a letter  
From my dear, kind brother Ike;  
It came from old Missouri,  
Yes, all the way from Pike.  
It told me the goldarndest news  
That ever you did hear,  
My heart it is a-bustin'  
So please excuse this tear.

I'll tell you what it was, boys,  
You'll bust your sides I know;  
For when I read that letter  
You ought to seen poor Joe.  
My knees gave 'way beneath me,  
And I pulled out half my hair;  
And if you ever tell this now,  
You bet you'll hear me swear.

It said my Sallie was fickle,  
Her love for me had fled,  
That she had married a butcher,  
Whose hair was awful red;  
It told me more than that,  
It's enough to make me swear,—  
It said that Sallie had a baby  
And the baby had red hair.

Now I've told you all that I can tell  
About this sad affair,  
'Bout Sallie marrying the butcher  
And the baby had red hair.  
But whether it was a boy or girl  
The letter never said,  
It only said its cussed hair  
Was inclined to be red.

## THE COWBOY'S DREAM<sup>2</sup>

Last night as I lay on the prairie,  
And looked at the stars in the sky,  
I wondered if ever a cowboy  
Would drift to that sweet by and by.

Roll on, roll on;  
Roll on, little dogies, roll on, roll on,  
Roll on, roll on;  
Roll on, little dogies, roll on.

The road to that bright, happy region  
Is a dim, narrow trail, so they say;  
But the broad one that leads to perdition  
Is posted and blazed all the way.

They say there will be a great round-up,  
And cowboys, like dogies, will stand,  
To be marked by the Riders of Judgment  
Who are posted and know every brand.

I know there's many a stray cowboy  
Who'll be lost at the great, final sale,  
When he might have gone in the green pastures  
Had he known of the dim, narrow trail.

I wonder if ever a cowboy  
Stood ready for that Judgment Day,  
And could say to the Boss of the Riders,  
"I'm ready, come drive me away."

For they, like the cows that are locoed,  
Stampede at the sight of a hand,  
Are dragged with a rope to the round-up,  
Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.

And I'm scared that I'll be a stray yearling,—  
A maverick, unbranded on high,—  
And get cut in the bunch with the "rusties"  
When the Boss of the Riders goes by.

For they tell of another big owner  
Whose ne'er overstocked, so they say,  
But who always makes room for the sinner

---

<sup>2</sup> Sung to the air of *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean*.

Who drifts from the straight, narrow way.

They say he will never forget you,  
That he knows every action and look;  
So, for safety, you'd better get branded,  
Have your name in the great Tally Book.

## THE COWBOY'S LIFE<sup>3</sup>

The bawl of a steer,  
To a cowboy's ear,  
Is music of sweetest strain;  
And the yelping notes  
Of the gray cayotes  
To him are a glad refrain.

And his jolly songs  
Speed him along,  
As he thinks of the little gal  
With golden hair  
Who is waiting there  
At the bars of the home corral.

For a kingly crown  
In the noisy town  
His saddle he wouldn't change;  
No life so free  
As the life we see  
Way out on the Yaso range.

His eyes are bright  
And his heart as light  
As the smoke of his cigarette;  
There's never a care  
For his soul to bear,  
No trouble to make him fret.

The rapid beat  
Of his broncho's feet  
On the sod as he speeds along,  
Keeps living time  
To the ringing rhyme  
Of his rollicking cowboy song.

Hike it, cowboys,  
For the range away  
On the back of a bronc of steel,  
With a careless flirt  
Of the raw-hide quirt  
And a dig of a roweled heel!

The winds may blow

---

<sup>3</sup> Attributed to James Barton Adams.

And the thunder growl  
Or the breezes may safely moan;—  
A cowboy's life  
Is a royal life,  
His saddle his kingly throne.

Saddle up, boys,  
For the work is play  
When love's in the cowboy's eyes,—  
When his heart is light  
As the clouds of white  
That swim in the summer skies.

## THE KANSAS LINE

Come all you jolly cowmen, don't you want to go  
Way up on the Kansas line?  
Where you whoop up the cattle from morning till night  
All out in the midnight rain.

The cowboy's life is a dreadful life,  
He's driven through heat and cold;  
I'm almost froze with the water on my clothes,  
A-ridin' through heat and cold.

I've been where the lightnin', the lightnin' tangled in my eyes,  
The cattle I could scarcely hold;  
Think I heard my boss man say:  
"I want all brave-hearted men who ain't afraid to die  
To whoop up the cattle from morning till night,  
Way up on the Kansas line."

Speaking of your farms and your shanty charms,  
Speaking of your silver and gold,—  
Take a cowman's advice, go and marry you a true and lovely little wife,  
Never to roam, always stay at home;  
That's a cowman's, a cowman's advice,  
Way up on the Kansas line.

Think I heard the noisy cook say,  
"Wake up, boys, it's near the break of day,"—  
Way up on the Kansas line,  
And slowly we will rise with the sleepy feeling eyes,  
Way up on the Kansas line.

The cowboy's life is a dreary, dreary life,  
All out in the midnight rain;  
I'm almost froze with the water on my clothes,  
Way up on the Kansas line.

## THE COWMAN'S PRAYER

Now, O Lord, please lend me thine ear,  
The prayer of a cattleman to hear,  
No doubt the prayers may seem strange,  
But I want you to bless our cattle range.

Bless the round-ups year by year,  
And don't forget the growing steer;  
Water the lands with brooks and rills  
For my cattle that roam on a thousand hills.

Prairie fires, won't you please stop?  
Let thunder roll and water drop.  
It frightens me to see the smoke;  
Unless it's stopped, I'll go dead broke.

As you, O Lord, my herd behold,  
It represents a sack of gold;  
I think at least five cents a pound  
Will be the price of beef the year around.

One thing more and then I'm through,—  
Instead of one calf, give my cows two.  
I may pray different from other men  
But I've had my say, and now, Amen.



## THE MINER'S SONG<sup>4</sup>

In a rusty, worn-out cabin sat a broken-hearted leaser,  
His singlejack was resting on his knee.  
His old "buggy" in the corner told the same old plaintive tale,  
His ore had left in all his poverty.  
He lifted his old singlejack, gazed on its battered face,  
And said: "Old boy, I know we're not to blame;  
Our gold has us forsaken, some other path it's taken,  
But I still believe we'll strike it just the same.

"We'll strike it, yes, we'll strike it just the same,  
Although it's gone into some other's claim.  
My dear old boy don't mind it, we won't starve if we don't find it,  
And we'll drill and shoot and find it just the same.

"For forty years I've hammered steel and tried to make a strike,  
I've burned twice the powder Custer ever saw.  
I've made just coin enough to keep poorer than a snake.  
My jack's ate all my books on mining law.  
I've worn gunny-sacks for overalls, and 'California socks,'  
I've burned candles that would reach from here to Maine,  
I've lived on powder, smoke, and bacon, that's no lie, boy, I'm not  
fakin',  
But I still believe we'll strike it just the same.

"Last night as I lay sleeping in the midst of all my dream  
My assay ran six ounces clear in gold,  
And the silver it ran clean sixteen ounces to the seam,  
And the poor old miner's joy could scarce be told.  
I lay there, boy, I could not sleep, I had a feverish brow,  
Got up, went back, and put in six holes more.  
And then, boy, I was chokin' just to see the ground I'd broken;  
But alas! alas! the miner's dream was o'er.

"We'll strike it, yes, we'll strike it just the same,  
Although it's gone into some other's claim.  
My dear old boy, don't mind it, we won't starve if we don't find it,  
And I still believe I'll strike it just the same."

---

<sup>4</sup> Printed as a fugitive ballad in *Grandon of Sierra*, by Charles E. Winter.

## JESSE JAMES

Jesse James was a lad that killed a-many a man;  
He robbed the Danville train.  
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,  
Three children, they were brave.  
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,  
I wonder how he does feel,  
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,  
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,  
He never would see a man suffer pain;  
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,  
And stopped the Glendale train.

It was his brother Frank that robbed the Gallatin bank,  
And carried the money from the town;  
It was in this very place that they had a little race,  
For they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

They went to the crossing not very far from there,  
And there they did the same;  
With the agent on his knees, he delivered up the keys  
To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.

It was on Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,  
They robbed the Glendale train;  
The people they did say, for many miles away,  
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

It was on Saturday night, Jesse was at home  
Talking with his family brave,  
Robert Ford came along like a thief in the night  
And laid poor Jesse in his grave.

The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death,  
And wondered how he ever came to die.  
It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford,  
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.

Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast;  
The devil will be upon his knee.  
He was born one day in the county of Clay  
And came from a solitary race.

This song was made by Billy Gashade,  
As soon as the news did arrive;  
He said there was no man with the law in his hand  
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

## Jesse James

The musical score for 'Jesse James' is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1:  
Jes - se James was a lad that killed so many a man; he

System 2:  
robbed the Dan - ville train; he got the - to go to the new - and land

System 3:  
that folks - ra - Haw - ard - ra - late - peer - ce - as in the grave

## POOR LONESOME COWBOY

I ain't got no father,  
I ain't got no father,  
I ain't got no father,  
To buy the clothes I wear.

I'm a poor, lonesome cowboy,  
I'm a poor, lonesome cowboy,  
I'm a poor, lonesome cowboy  
And a long ways from home.

I ain't got no mother,  
I ain't got no mother,  
I ain't got no mother  
To mend the clothes I wear.

I ain't got no sister,  
I ain't got no sister,  
I ain't got no sister  
To go and play with me.

I ain't got no brother,  
I ain't got no brother,  
I ain't got no brother  
To drive the steers with me.

I ain't got no sweetheart,  
I ain't got no sweetheart,  
I ain't got no sweetheart  
To sit and talk with me.

I'm a poor, lonesome cowboy,  
I'm a poor, lonesome cowboy,  
I'm a poor, lonesome cowboy  
And a long ways from home.

## BUENA VISTA BATTLEFIELD

On Buena Vista battlefield  
A dying soldier lay,  
His thoughts were on his mountain home  
Some thousand miles away.  
He called his comrade to his side,  
For much he had to say,  
In briefest words to those who were  
Some thousand miles away.

"My father, comrade, you will tell  
About this bloody fray;  
My country's flag, you'll say to him,  
Was safe with me to-day.  
I make a pillow of it now  
On which to lay my head,  
A winding sheet you'll make of it  
When I am with the dead.

"I know 'twill grieve his inmost soul  
To think I never more  
Will sit with him beneath the oak  
That shades the cottage door;  
But tell that time-worn patriot,  
That, mindful of his fame,  
Upon this bloody battlefield  
I sullied not his name.

"My mother's form is with me now,  
Her will is in my ear,  
And drop by drop as flows my blood  
So flows from her the tear.  
And oh, when you shall tell to her  
The tidings of this day,  
Speak softly, comrade, softly speak  
What you may have to say.

"Speak not to her in blighting words  
The blighting news you bear,  
The cords of life might snap too soon,  
So, comrade, have a care.  
I am her only, cherished child,  
But tell her that I died  
Rejoicing that she taught me young  
To take my country's side.

"But, comrade, there's one more,  
She's gentle as a fawn;  
She lives upon the sloping hill  
That overlooks the lawn,  
The lawn where I shall never more  
Go forth with her in merry mood  
To gather wild-wood flowers.

"Tell her when death was on my brow  
And life receding fast,  
Her looks, her form was with me then,  
Were with me to the last.  
On Buena Vista's bloody field  
Tell her I dying lay,  
And that I knew she thought of me  
Some thousand miles away."

## WESTWARD HO

I love not Colorado  
Where the faro table grows,  
And down the desperado  
The rippling Bourbon flows;

Nor seek I fair Montana  
Of bowie-lunging fame;  
The pistol ring of fair Wyoming  
I leave to nobler game.

Sweet poker-haunted Kansas  
In vain allures the eye;  
The Nevada rough has charms enough  
Yet its blandishments I fly.

Shall Arizona woo me  
Where the meek Apache bides?  
Or New Mexico where natives grow  
With arrow-proof insides?

Nay, 'tis where the grizzlies wander  
And the lonely diggers roam,  
And the grim Chinese from the squatter flees  
That I'll make my humble home.

I'll chase the wild tarantula  
And the fierce cayote I'll dare,  
And the locust grim, I'll battle him  
In his native wildwood lair.

Or I'll seek the gulch deserted  
And dream of the wild Red man,  
And I'll build a cot on a corner lot  
And get rich as soon as I can.

## A HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,  
The breezes so balmy and light,  
That I would not exchange my home on the range  
For all of the cities so bright.

The red man was pressed from this part of the West,  
He's likely no more to return  
To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever  
Their flickering camp-fires burn.

How often at night when the heavens are bright  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours,  
The curlew I love to hear scream,  
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks  
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down the stream;  
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Then I would not exchange my home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.



## Home on the Range

The musical score for "Home on the Range" is presented in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Oh, give us a home where the deer - fa - le - roam,  
Where the deer and ducks - sa - lop - play;  
Where the old dam - is heavy and the water - is - ing - good.

## TEXAS RANGERS

Come, all you Texas rangers, wherever you may be,  
I'll tell you of some troubles that happened unto me.  
My name is nothing extra, so it I will not tell,—  
And here's to all you rangers, I am sure I wish you well.

It was at the age of sixteen that I joined the jolly band,  
We marched from San Antonio down to the Rio Grande.  
Our captain he informed us, perhaps he thought it right,  
"Before we reach the station, boys, you'll surely have to fight."

And when the bugle sounded our captain gave command,  
"To arms, to arms," he shouted, "and by your horses stand."  
I saw the smoke ascending, it seemed to reach the sky;  
The first thought that struck me, my time had come to die.

I saw the Indians coming, I heard them give the yell;  
My feelings at that moment, no tongue can ever tell.  
I saw the glittering lances, their arrows round me flew,  
And all my strength it left me and all my courage too.

We fought full nine hours before the strife was o'er,  
The like of dead and wounded I never saw before.  
And when the sun was rising and the Indians they had fled,  
We loaded up our rifles and counted up our dead.

And all of us were wounded, our noble captain slain,  
And the sun was shining sadly across the bloody plain.  
Sixteen as brave rangers as ever roamed the West  
Were buried by their comrades with arrows in their breast.

'Twas then I thought of mother, who to me in tears did say,  
"To you they are all strangers, with me you had better stay."  
I thought that she was childish, the best she did not know;  
My mind was fixed on ranging and I was bound to go.

Perhaps you have a mother, likewise a sister too,  
And maybe you have a sweetheart to weep and mourn for you;  
If that be your situation, although you'd like to roam,  
I'd advise you by experience, you had better stay at home.

I have seen the fruits of rambling, I know its hardships well;  
I have crossed the Rocky Mountains, rode down the streets of hell;  
I have been in the great Southwest where the wild Apaches roam,  
And I tell you from experience you had better stay at home.

And now my song is ended; I guess I have sung enough;  
The life of a ranger I am sure is very tough.  
And here's to all you ladies, I am sure I wish you well,  
I am bound to go a-ranging, so ladies, fare you well.

## THE MORMON BISHOP'S LAMENT

I am a Mormon bishop and I will tell you what I know.  
I joined the confraternity some forty years ago.  
I then had youth upon my brow and eloquence my tongue,  
But I had the sad misfortune then to meet with Brigham Young.

He said, "Young man, come join our band and bid hard work farewell,  
You are too smart to waste your time in toil by hill and dell;  
There is a ripening harvest and our hooks shall find the fool  
And in the distant nations we shall train them in our school."

I listened to his preaching and I learned all the role,  
And the truth of Mormon doctrines burned deep within my soul.  
I married sixteen women and I spread my new belief,  
I was sent to preach the gospel to the pauper and the thief.

'Twas in the glorious days when Brigham was our only Lord and King,  
And his wild cry of defiance from the Wasatch tops did ring,  
'Twas when that bold Bill Hickman and that Porter Rockwell led,  
And in the blood atonements the pits received the dead.

They took in Dr. Robertson and left him in his gore,  
And the Aiken brothers sleep in peace on Nephi's distant shore.  
We marched to Mountain Meadows and on that glorious field  
With rifle and with hatchet we made man and woman yield.

'Twas there we were victorious with our legions fierce and brave.  
We left the butchered victims on the ground without a grave.  
We slew the load of emigrants on Sublet's lonely road  
And plundered many a trader of his then most precious load.

Alas for all the powers that were in the by-gone time.  
What we did as deeds of glory are condemned as bloody crime.  
No more the blood atonements keep the doubting one in fear,  
While the faithful were rewarded with a wedding once a year.

As the nation's chieftain president says our days of rule are o'er  
And his marshals with their warrants are on watch at every door,  
Old John he now goes skulking on the by-roads of our land,  
Or unknown he keeps in hiding with the faithful of our band.

Old Brigham now is stretched beneath the cold and silent clay,  
And the chieftains now are fallen that were mighty in their day;  
Of the six and twenty women that I wedded long ago  
There are two now left to cheer me in these awful hours of woe.  
The rest are scattered where the Gentile's flag's unfurled

And two score of my daughters are now numbered with the world.

Oh, my poor old bones are aching and my head is turning gray;  
Oh, the scenes were black and awful that I've witnessed in my day.  
Let my spirit seek the mansion where old Brigham's gone to dwell,  
For there's no place for Mormons but the lowest pits of hell.

## DAN TAYLOR

Dan Taylor is a rollicking cuss,  
A frisky son of a gun,  
He loves to court the maidens  
And he savies how it's done.

He used to be a cowboy  
And they say he wasn't slow,  
He could ride the bucking bronco  
And swing the long lasso.

He could catch a maverick by the head  
Or heel him on the fly,  
He could pick up his front ones  
Whenever he chose to try.

He used to ride most anything;  
Now he seldom will.  
He says they cut some caper in the air  
Of which he's got his fill.

He is done and quit the business,  
Settled down to quiet life,  
And he's hunting for some maiden  
Who will be his little wife,—

One who will wash and patch his britches  
And feed the setting hen,  
Milk old Blue and Brindy,  
And tend to baby Ben.

Then he'll build a cozy cottage  
And furnish it complete,  
He'll decorate the walls inside  
With pictures new and sweet.

He will leave off riding broncos  
And be a different man;  
He will do his best to please his wife  
In every way he can.

Then together in double harness  
They will trot along down the line,  
Until death shall call them over  
To a bright and sunny clime.

May your joys be then completed  
And your sorrows have amend,  
Is the fondest wish of the writer,—  
Your true and faithful friend.

## WHEN WORK IS DONE THIS FALL

A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans at ease,  
Says one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen, please.  
I am an old cow-puncher and here I'm dressed in rags,  
And I used to be a tough one and take on great big jags.

"But I've got a home, boys, a good one, you all know,  
Although I have not seen it since long, long ago.  
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all;  
Yes, I'm going to see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

"After the round-ups are over and after the shipping is done,  
I am going right straight home, boys, ere all my money is gone.  
I have changed my ways, boys, no more will I fall;  
And I am going home, boys, when work is done this fall.

"When I left home, boys, my mother for me cried,  
Begged me not to go, boys, for me she would have died;  
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me, that's all,  
And with God's help I'll see her when the work's all done this fall."

That very night this cowboy went out to stand his guard;  
The night was dark and cloudy and storming very hard;  
The cattle they got frightened and rushed in wild stampede,  
The cowboy tried to head them, riding at full speed.

While riding in the darkness so loudly did he shout,  
Trying his best to head them and turn the herd about,  
His saddle horse did stumble and on him did fall,  
The poor boy won't see his mother when the work's all done this fall.

His body was so mangled the boys all thought him dead,  
They picked him up so gently and laid him on a bed;  
He opened wide his blue eyes and looking all around  
He motioned to his comrades to sit near him on the ground.

"Boys, send mother my wages, the wages I have earned,  
For I'm afraid, boys, my last steer I have turned.  
I'm going to a new range, I hear my Master's call,  
And I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

"Fred, you take my saddle; George, you take my bed;  
Bill, you take my pistol after I am dead,  
And think of me kindly when you look upon them all,  
For I'll not see my mother when work is done this fall."



Poor Charlie was buried at sunrise, no tombstone at his head,  
Nothing but a little board and this is what it said,  
"Charlie died at daybreak, he died from a fall,  
And he'll not see his mother when the work's all done this fall."

## SIoux INDIANS

I'll sing you a song, though it may be a sad one,  
Of trials and troubles and where they first begun;  
I left my dear kindred, my friends, and my home,  
Across the wild deserts and mountains to roam.

I crossed the Missouri and joined a large train  
Which bore us over mountain and valley and plain;  
And often of evenings out hunting we'd go  
To shoot the fleet antelope and wild buffalo.

We heard of Sioux Indians all out on the plains  
A-killing poor drivers and burning their trains,—  
A-killing poor drivers with arrows and bow,  
When captured by Indians no mercy they show.

We traveled three weeks till we came to the Platte  
And pitched out our tents at the end of the flat,  
We spread down our blankets on the green grassy ground,  
While our horses and mules were grazing around.

While taking refreshment we heard a low yell,  
The whoop of Sioux Indians coming up from the dell;  
We sprang to our rifles with a flash in each eye,  
"Boys," says our brave leader, "we'll fight till we die."

They made a bold dash and came near to our train  
And the arrows fell around us like hail and like rain,  
But with our long rifles we fed them cold lead  
Till many a brave warrior around us lay dead.

We shot their bold chief at the head of his band.  
He died like a warrior with a gun in his hand.  
When they saw their bold chief lying dead in his gore,  
They whooped and they yelled and we saw them no more.

With our small band,—there were just twenty-four,—  
And the Sioux Indians there were five hundred or more,—  
We fought them with courage; we spoke not a word,  
Till the end of the battle was all that was heard.

We hitched up our horses and we started our train;  
Three more bloody battles this trip on the plain;  
And in our last battle three of our brave boys fell,  
And we left them to rest in a green, shady dell.

## THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Come along, boys, and listen to my tale,  
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm trail.

Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya, youpy ya,  
Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya.

I started up the trail October twenty-third,  
I started up the trail with the 2-U herd.

Oh, a ten dollar hoss and a forty dollar saddle,—  
And I'm goin' to punchin' Texas cattle.

I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm trail,  
Rope in my hand and a cow by the tail.

I'm up in the mornin' afore daylight  
And afore I sleep the moon shines bright.

Old Ben Bolt was a blamed good boss,  
But he'd go to see the girls on a sore-backed hoss.

Old Ben Bolt was a fine old man  
And you'd know there was whiskey wherever he'd land.

My hoss throwed me off at the creek called Mud,  
My hoss throwed me off round the 2-U herd.

Last time I saw him he was going cross the level  
A-kicking up his heels and a-running like the devil.

It's cloudy in the West, a-looking like rain,  
And my damned old slicker's in the wagon again.

Crippled my hoss, I don't know how,  
Ropin' at the horns of a 2-U cow.

We hit Caldwell and we hit her on the fly,  
We bedded down the cattle on the hill close by.

No chaps, no slicker, and it's pouring down rain,  
And I swear, by god, I'll never night-herd again.

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,  
I hung and rattled with them long-horn cattle.

Last night I was on guard and the leader broke the ranks,  
I hit my horse down the shoulders and I spurred him in the flanks.

The wind commenced to blow, and the rain began to fall,  
Hit looked, by grab, like we was goin' to loss 'em all.

I jumped in the saddle and grabbed holt the horn,  
Best blamed cow-puncher ever was born.

I popped my foot in the stirrup and gave a little yell,  
The tail cattle broke and the leaders went to hell.

I don't give a damn if they never do stop;  
I'll ride as long as an eight-day clock.

Foot in the stirrup and hand on the horn,  
Best damned cowboy ever was born.

I herded and I hollered and I done very well,  
Till the boss said, "Boys, just let 'em go to hell."

Stray in the herd and the boss said kill it,  
So I shot him in the rump with the handle of the skillet.

We rounded 'em up and put 'em on the cars,  
And that was the last of the old Two Bars.

Oh it's bacon and beans most every day,—  
I'd as soon be a-eatin' prairie hay.

I'm on my best horse and I'm goin' at a run,  
I'm the quickest shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.

I went to the wagon to get my roll,  
To come back to Texas, dad-burn my soul.

I went to the boss to draw my roll,  
He had it figgered out I was nine dollars in the hole.

I'll sell my outfit just as soon as I can,  
I won't punch cattle for no damned man.

Goin' back to town to draw my money,  
Goin' back home to see my honey.

With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky,  
I'll quit punching cows in the sweet by and by.

Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya, youpy ya,

Coma ti yi youpy, youpy ya.

## The Old Chisholm Trail

The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4.

**System 1:** The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Coma a - long, boys, and bid - er to my take, I". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note melody in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

**System 2:** The vocal line continues with "told you of my Com - mes on the old Chis - holm trail". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

**System 3:** Labeled "REFRAIN", the vocal line has the lyrics "Com - ma ti yi you - py, you - py ya, you - py ya". The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with chords and moving lines, while the left hand remains simple.

## JACK DONAHOO

Come, all you bold, undaunted men,  
You outlaws of the day,  
It's time to beware of the ball and chain  
And also slavery.  
Attention pay to what I say,  
And verily if you do,  
I will relate you the actual fate  
Of bold Jack Donahoo.

He had scarcely landed, as I tell you,  
Upon Australia's shore,  
Than he became a real highwayman,  
As he had been before.  
There was Underwood and Mackerman,  
And Wade and Westley too,  
These were the four associates  
Of bold Jack Donahoo.

Jack Donahoo, who was so brave,  
Rode out that afternoon,  
Knowing not that the pain of death  
Would overtake him soon.  
So quickly then the horse police  
From Sidney came to view;  
"Begone from here, you cowardly dogs,"  
Says bold Jack Donahoo.

The captain and the sergeant  
Stopped then to decide.  
"Do you intend to fight us  
Or unto us resign?"  
"To surrender to such cowardly dogs  
Is more than I will do,  
This day I'll fight if I lose my life,"  
Says bold Jack Donahoo.

The captain and the sergeant  
The men they did divide;  
They fired from behind him  
And also from each side;  
It's six police he did shoot down  
Before the fatal ball  
Did pierce the heart of Donahoo  
And cause bold Jack to fall.

And when he fell, he closed his eyes,  
He bid the world adieu;  
Come, all you boys, and sing the song  
Of bold Jack Donahoo.

## UTAH CARROLL

And as, my friend, you ask me what makes me sad and still,  
And why my brow is darkened like the clouds upon the hill;  
Run in your pony closer and I'll tell to you the tale  
Of Utah Carroll, my partner, and his last ride on the trail.

'Mid the cactus and the thistles of Mexico's fair lands,  
Where the cattle roam in thousands, a-many a herd and brand,  
There is a grave with neither headstone, neither date nor name,—  
There lies my partner sleeping in the land from which I came.

We rode the range together and had rode it side by side;  
I loved him as a brother, I wept when Utah died;  
We were rounding up one morning, our work was almost done,  
When on the side the cattle started on a mad and fearless run.

The boss man's little daughter was holding on that side.  
She rushed; the cattle saw the blanket, they charged with maddened  
fear.  
And little Varro, seeing the danger, turned her pony a pace  
And leaning in the saddle, tied the blanket in its place.

In leaning, she lost her balance and fell in front of that wild tide.  
Utah's voice controlled the round-up. "Lay still, little Varro," he cried.  
His only hope was to raise her, to catch her at full speed,  
And oft-times he had been known to catch the trail rope off his steed.

His pony reached the maiden with a firm and steady bound;  
Utah swung out from the saddle to catch her from the ground.  
He swung out from the saddle, I thought her safe from harm,  
As he swung in his saddle to raise her in his arm.

But the cinches of his saddle had not been felt before,  
And his back cinch snapt asunder and he fell by the side of Varro.  
He picked up the blanket and swung it over his head  
And started across the prairie; "Lay still, little Varro," he said.

Well, he got the stampede turned and saved little Varro, his friend.  
Then he turned to face the cattle and meet his fatal end.  
His six-shooter from his pocket, from the scabbard he quickly drew,—  
He was bound to die defended as all young cowboys do.

His six-shooter flashed like lightning, the report rang loud and clear;  
As the cattle rushed in and killed him he dropped the leading steer.  
And when we broke the circle where Utah's body lay,  
With many a wound and bruise his young life ebbed away.



"And in some future morning," I heard the preacher say,  
"I hope we'll all meet Utah at the round-up far away."  
Then we wrapped him in a blanket sent by his little friend,  
And it was that very red blanket that brought him to his end.

## THE BULL-WHACKER

I'm a lonely bull-whacker  
On the Red Cloud line,  
I can lick any son of a gun  
That will yoke an ox of mine.  
And if I can catch him,  
You bet I will or try,  
I'd lick him with an ox-bow,—  
Root hog or die.

It's out on the road  
With a very heavy load,  
With a very awkward team  
And a very muddy road,  
You may whip and you may holler,  
But if you cuss it's on the sly;  
Then whack the cattle on, boys,—  
Root hog or die.

It's out on the road  
These sights are to be seen,  
The antelope and buffalo,  
The prairie all so green,—  
The antelope and buffalo,  
The rabbit jumps so high;  
It's whack the cattle on, boys,—  
Root hog or die.

It's every day at twelve  
There's something for to do;  
And if there's nothing else,  
There's a pony for to shoe;  
I'll throw him down,  
And still I'll make him lie;  
Little pig, big pig,  
Root hog or die.

Now perhaps you'd like to know  
What we have to eat,  
A little piece of bread  
And a little dirty meat,  
A little black coffee,  
And whiskey on the sly;  
It's whack the cattle on, boys,—  
Root hog or die.

There's hard old times on Bitter Creek  
That never can be beat,  
It was root hog or die  
Under every wagon sheet;  
We cleaned up all the Indians,  
Drank all the alkali,  
And it's whack the cattle on, boys,—  
Root hog or die.

There was good old times in Salt Lake  
That never can pass by,  
It was there I first spied  
My China girl called Wi.  
She could smile, she could chuckle,  
She could roll her hog eye;  
Then it's whack the cattle on, boys,—  
Root hog or die.

Oh, I'm going home  
Bull-whacking for to spurn,  
I ain't got a nickel,  
And I don't give a dern.  
'Tis when I meet a pretty girl,  
You bet I will or try,  
I'll make her my little wife,—  
Root hog or die.

## THE "METIS" SONG OF THE BUFFALO HUNTERS

By Robideau

Hurrah for the buffalo hunters!  
Hurrah for the cart brigade!  
That creak along on its winding way,  
While we dance and sing and play.  
Hurrah, hurrah for the cart brigade!

Hurrah for the Pembinah hunters!  
Hurrah for its cart brigade!  
For with horse and gun we roll along  
O'er mountain and hill and plain.  
Hurrah, hurrah for the cart brigade!

We whipped the Sioux and scalped them too,  
While on the western plain,  
And rode away on our homeward way  
With none to say us nay,—  
Hurrah, hurrah for the cart brigade! Hurrah!

Mon ami, mon ami, hurrah for our black-haired girls!  
That braved the Sioux and fought them too,  
While on Montana's plains.  
We'll hold them true and love them too,  
While on the trail of the Pembinah, hurrah!  
Hurrah, hurrah for the cart brigade of Pembinah!

We have the skins and the meat so sweet.  
And we'll sit by the fire in the lodge so neat,  
While the wind blows cold and the snow is deep.  
Then roll in our robes and laugh as we sleep.  
Hurrah, hurrah for the cart brigade! Hurrah!  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

## THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,  
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,  
Play the Dead March as you carry me along;  
Take me to the green valley, there lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"Let sixteen gamblers come handle my coffin,  
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me a song,  
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"My friends and relations, they live in the Nation,  
They know not where their boy has gone.  
He first came to Texas and hired to a ranchman,  
Oh, I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"Go write a letter to my gray-haired mother,  
And carry the same to my sister so dear;  
But not a word of this shall you mention  
When a crowd gathers round you my story to hear.

"Then beat your drum lowly and play your fife slowly,  
Beat the Dead March as you carry me along;  
We all love our cowboys so young and so handsome,  
We all love our cowboys although they've done wrong.

"There is another more dear than a sister,  
She'll bitterly weep when she hears I am gone.  
There is another who will win her affections,  
For I'm a young cowboy and they say I've done wrong.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,  
And tell them the story of this my sad fate;  
Tell one and the other before they go further  
To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late.

"Oh, muffle your drums, then play your fifes merrily;  
Play the Dead March as you go along.  
And fire your guns right over my coffin;  
There goes an unfortunate boy to his home.

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,  
It was once in the saddle I used to go gay;  
First to the dram-house, then to the card-house,  
Got shot in the breast, I am dying to-day.

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin;  
Get six pretty maidens to bear up my pall.  
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,  
Put roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

"Then swing your rope slowly and rattle your spurs lowly,  
And give a wild whoop as you carry me along;  
And in the grave throw me and roll the sod o'er me,  
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of cold water,  
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy said;  
Before I turned, the spirit had left him  
And gone to its Giver,—the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,  
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;  
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome,  
We all loved our comrade although he'd done wrong.

## LOVE IN DISGUISE

As William and Mary stood by the seashore  
Their last farewell to take,  
Returning no more, little Mary she said,  
"Why surely my heart will break."  
"Oh, don't be dismayed, little Mary," he said,  
As he pressed the dear girl to his side,  
"In my absence don't mourn, for when I return  
I'll make little Mary my bride."

Three years passed on without any news.  
One day as she stood by the door  
A beggar passed by with a patch on his eye,  
"I'm home, oh, do pity, my love;  
Have compassion on me, your friend I will be.  
Your fortune I'll tell besides.  
The lad you mourn will never return  
To make little Mary his bride."

She startled and trembled and then she did say,  
"All the fortune I have I freely give  
If what I ask you will tell unto me,—  
Say, does young William yet live?"  
"He lives and is true and poverty poor,  
And shipwreck has suffered beside;  
He'll return no more, because he is poor,  
To make little Mary his bride."

"No tongue can tell the joy I do feel  
Although his misfortune I mourn,  
And he's welcome to me though poverty poor,  
His jacket all tattered and torn.  
I love him so dear, so true and sincere,  
I'll have no other beside;  
Those with riches enrobed and covered with gold  
Can't make little Mary their bride."

The beggar then tore the patch from his eye,  
His crutches he laid by his side,  
Coat, jacket and bundle; cheeks red as a rose,  
'Twas William that stood by her side.  
"Then excuse me, dear maid," to her he said,  
"It was only your love I tried."  
So he hastened away at the close of the day  
To make little Mary his bride.

## MUSTANG GRAY

There once was a noble ranger,  
They called him Mustang Gray;  
He left his home when but a youth,  
Went ranging far away.

But he'll go no more a-ranging,  
The savage to affright;  
He has heard his last war-whoop,  
And fought his last fight.

He ne'er would sleep within a tent,  
No comforts would he know;  
But like a brave old Tex-i-an,  
A-ranging he would go.

When Texas was invaded  
By a mighty tyrant foe,  
He mounted his noble war-horse  
And a-ranging he did go.

Once he was taken prisoner,  
Bound in chains upon the way,  
He wore the yoke of bondage  
Through the streets of Monterey.

A senorita loved him,  
And followed by his side;  
She opened the gates and gave to him  
Her father's steed to ride.

God bless the senorita,  
The belle of Monterey,  
She opened wide the prison door  
And let him ride away.

And when this veteran's life was spent,  
It was his last command  
To bury him on Texas soil  
On the banks of the Rio Grande;

And there the lonely traveler,  
When passing by his grave,  
Will shed a farewell tear  
O'er the bravest of the brave.



And he'll go no more a-ranging,  
The savage to affright;  
He has heard his last war-whoop,  
And fought his last fight.

## YOUNG COMPANIONS

Come all you young companions  
And listen unto me,  
I'll tell you a story  
Of some bad company.

I was born in Pennsylvania  
Among the beautiful hills  
And the memory of my childhood  
Is warm within me still.

I did not like my fireside,  
I did not like my home;  
I had in view far rambling,  
So far away did roam.

I had a feeble mother,  
She oft would plead with me;  
And the last word she gave me  
Was to pray to God in need.

I had two loving sisters,  
As fair as fair could be,  
And oft beside me kneeling  
They oft would plead with me.

I bid adieu to loved ones,  
To my home I bid farewell,  
And I landed in Chicago  
In the very depth of hell.

It was there I took to drinking,  
I sinned both night and day,  
And there within my bosom  
A feeble voice would say:

"Then fare you well, my loved one,  
May God protect my boy,  
And blessings ever with him  
Throughout his manhood joy."

I courted a fair young maiden,  
Her name I will not tell,  
For I should ever disgrace her  
Since I am doomed for hell.

It was on one beautiful evening,  
The stars were shining bright,  
And with a fatal dagger  
I bid her spirit flight.

So justice overtook me,  
You all can plainly see,  
My soul is doomed forever  
Throughout eternity.

It's now I'm on the scaffold,  
My moments are not long;  
You may forget the singer  
But don't forget the song.

## LACKEY BILL

Come all you good old boys and listen to my rhymes,  
We are west of Eastern Texas and mostly men of crimes;  
Each with a hidden secret well smothered in his breast,  
Which brought us out to Mexico, way out here in the West.

My parents raised me tenderly, they had no child but me,  
Till I began to ramble and with them could never agree.  
My mind being bent on rambling did grieve their poor hearts sore,  
To leave my aged parents them to see no more.

I was borned and raised in Texas, though never come to fame,  
A cowboy by profession, C.W. King, by name.  
Oh, when the war was ended I did not like to work,  
My brothers were not happy, for I had learned to shirk.

In fact I was not able, my health was very bad,  
I had no constitution, I was nothing but a lad.  
I had no education, I would not go to school,  
And living off my parents I thought it rather cool.

So I set a resolution to travel to the West,  
My parents they objected, but still I thought it best.  
It was out on the Seven Rivers all out on the Pecos stream,  
It was there I saw a country I thought just suited me.

I thought I would be no stranger and lead a civil life,  
In order to be happy would choose myself a wife.  
On one Sabbath evening in the merry month of May  
To a little country singing I happened there to stray.

It was there I met a damsel I never shall forget,  
The impulse of that moment remains within me yet.  
We soon became acquainted, I thought she would fill the bill,  
She seemed to be good-natured, which helps to climb the hill.

She was a handsome figure though not so very tall;  
Her hair was red as blazes, I hate it worst of all.  
I saw her home one evening in the presence of her pap,  
I bid them both good evening with a note left in her lap.

And when I got an answer I read it with a rush,  
I found she had consented, my feelings was a hush.  
But now I have changed my mind, boys, I am sure I wish her well.  
Here's to that precious jewel, I'm sure I wish her well.

This girl was Miss Mollie Walker who fell in love with me,  
She was a lovely Western girl, as lovely as could be,  
She was so tall, so handsome, so charming and so fair,  
There is not a girl in this whole world with her I could compare.

She said my pockets would be lined with gold, hard work then I'd leave  
o'er  
If I'd consent to live with her and say I'd roam no more.  
My mind began to ramble and it grieved my poor heart sore,  
To leave my darling girl, her to see no more.

I asked if it made any difference if I crossed o'er the plains;  
She said it made no difference if I returned again.  
So we kissed, shook hands, and parted, I left that girl behind.  
She said she'd prove true to me till death proved her unkind.

I rode in the town of Vagus, all in the public square;  
The mail coach had arrived, the post boy met me there.  
He handed me a letter that gave me to understand  
That the girl I loved in Texas had married another man.

So I read a little farther and found those words were true.  
I turned myself all around, not knowing what to do.  
I'll sell my horse, saddle, and bridle, cow-driving I'll resign,  
I'll search this world from town to town for the girl I left behind.

Here the gold I find in plenty, the girls to me are kind,  
But my pillow is haunted with the girl I left behind.  
It's trouble and disappointment is all that I can see,  
For the dearest girl in all the world has gone square back on me.

## WHOOPEE TI YI YO, GIT ALONG LITTLE DOGIES

As I walked out one morning for pleasure,  
I spied a cow-puncher all riding alone;  
His hat was throwed back and his spurs was a jingling,  
As he approached me a-singin' this song,

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies,  
It's your misfortune, and none of my own.  
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along little dogies,  
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Early in the spring we round up the dogies,  
Mark and brand and bob off their tails;  
Round up our horses, load up the chuck-wagon,  
Then throw the dogies upon the trail.

It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies;  
Oh how I wish you would go on;  
It's whooping and punching and go on little dogies,  
For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Some boys goes up the trail for pleasure,  
But that's where you get it most awfully wrong;  
For you haven't any idea the trouble they give us  
While we go driving them all along.

When the night comes on and we hold them on the bedground,  
These little dogies that roll on so slow;  
Roll up the herd and cut out the strays,  
And roll the little dogies that never rolled before.

Your mother she was raised way down in Texas,  
Where the jimson weed and sand-burrs grow;  
Now we'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla  
Till you are ready for the trail to Idaho.

Oh, you'll be soup for Uncle Sam's Injuns;  
"It's beef, heap beef," I hear them cry.  
Git along, git along, git along little dogies  
You're going to be beef steers by and by.

## Whoopie Ti Yi Yo, Git Along Little Dogies

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

As I was a - walk - ing down - town for plea - sure,

I spied a cow - bunch - er all tid - ing a - lone.

His ear was pricked back and his eyes was a - jing - ling.

## THE U-S-U RANGE

O come cowboys and listen to my song,  
I'm in hopes I'll please you and not keep you long;  
I'll sing you of things you may think strange  
About West Texas and the U-S-U range.

You may go to Stamford and there see a man  
Who wears a white shirt and is asking for hands;  
You may ask him for work and he'll answer you short,



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