

LYRICS TO THE TOP 100 WESTERN SONGS

As chosen by members of the Western Writers Association
and sung by various artists

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Foreword

Several years ago, the Western Writers of America surveyed its membership to choose the Top 100 Western Songs. The list was presented at the WWA's Annual Convention in Knoxville, Tennessee. It was reprinted on the website of American Cowboy magazine, where I happened to see it in July, 2014.

The list looked interesting, so I spent the Fourth of July weekend searching for the songs, their lyrics, and something about their background. By Monday evening I had made a pretty good start at tracking this information down, and I had become hooked on the music and its fascinating history.

I created a comprehensive website, with links to YouTube versions of all the songs, to the lyrics as sung in the YouTubes, and to information on the backgrounds of the songs. You can see it at www.western100.com

This document is a reprint of the lyrics as they appear on the website, presented alphabetically by title. It also includes a list of the songs by their original rank. The lyrics on the website have been meticulously transcribed from the YouTube versions referenced there. Those presented here are a close match to those on the website, but do not include every update and correction made there. Nevertheless, they are very close to the lyrics as sung in one important recording of the song.

Please note that there can be many variations in the lyrics of a song, due to varying interpretations by historians, arrangers, and artists. Because of that, the lyrics here may not be the same as those that might be familiar to you.

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Songs by Rank

1. Ghost Riders in the Sky
2. El Paso
3. Cool Water
4. The Streets of Laredo (Cowboy's Lament)
5. Back in the Saddle Again
6. High Noon (Do Not Forsake Me)
7. Oh Shenandoah
8. Tumbling Tumbleweeds
9. Home on the Range
10. Red River Valley
11. Big Iron
12. Don't Fence Me In
13. Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie
14. Desperado
15. Wildfire
16. Cattle Call
17. Pancho and Lefty
18. Little Joe the Wrangler
19. They Call the Wind Maria
20. Coyotes
21. Along the Navajo Trail
22. Happy Trails
23. Rawhide
24. The Yellow Rose of Texas
25. Mammás, Don't Let your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys
26. The Ballad of Davy Crockett
27. The Wayward Wind
28. The Strawberry Roan
29. When the Work's All Done This Fall
30. Empty Saddles
31. The Ballad of the Alamo
32. Mule Train
33. My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys
34. Knockin' on Heaven's Door
35. Amarillo by Morning
36. The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance
37. The Last Comanche Moon
38. Oh My Darling Clementine
39. The Rebel - Johnny Yuma
40. The Ballad of Ira Hayes
41. North to Alaska
42. My Rifle, My Pony and Me
43. Don't Take Your Guns to Town
44. South of the Border (Down Mexico Way)
45. Desperados Waiting for a Train
46. Git Along Little Dogies
47. Buffalo Gals
48. I'm an Old Cowhand (From the Rio Grande)
49. San Antonio Rose
50. Gunfight at the O.K. Corral
51. Wild Montana Skies
52. The Last Cowboy Song
53. The Ballad of Paladin
54. Tonight We Ride
55. Oklahoma
56. I'd Like to Be in Texas for the Roundup in the Spring
57. Call You Cowboy
58. Bonanza
59. The Old Double Diamond
60. Lorena
61. The Hanging Tree
62. Dust Eatin' Cowboys
63. Cowpoke
64. Old Timer
65. Red Headed Stranger
66. The Last Wild White Buffalo
67. The Ballad of Jesse James
68. Faster Horses (The Cowboy and the Poet)
69. El Dorado
70. Goodbye Old Paint
71. Tom Dooley
72. I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart
73. Wayfaring Stranger
74. The Old Cantina
75. I Ride an Old Paint
76. Grandpa (Tell Me 'Bout the Good Old Days)
77. Someday Soon
78. Summer Wages
79. The Battle of New Orleans
80. (I've Got Spurs That) Jingle, Jangle, Jingle
81. Blue Shadows on the Trail
82. Oh Susanna
83. Sweet Betsy from Pike
84. The Colorado Trail
85. When Roy Rogers Was Around
86. Navajo Rug
87. Remember the Alamo
88. Billy the Kid
89. Life's Railway to Heaven
90. The Old Chisholm Trail
91. Whatever Happened to Randolph Scott
92. Desert Pete
93. Rocky Mountain High
94. Theme from The Searchers
95. Wagon Wheels
96. Vaya con Dios (May God Be with You)
97. Ridin' Down the Canyon
98. Shifting Whispering Sands
99. Oklahoma Hills
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Along The Navajo Trail

Every day along about evenin'
Whenever the sunlight's beginnin' to fail
I ride through the slumberin' shadows
Along the Navajo Trail

Whenever it's night and the crickets are callin'
And then the coyotes are makin' a wail
I dream by a smoulderin' fire
Along the Navajo Trail

I love the lie and listen to the music
When the wind is strummin' a sagebrush guitar
When over yonder hill the moon is climbin'
It always finds me wishin' on a star

Well what do you know it's mornin' already
And there is the dawnin' so silver and pale
It's time to climb into my saddle
And ride the Navajo Trail
And ride the Navajo Trail

[Humming]

The Navajo Trail

Amarillo by Morning

Amarillo by mornin' up from San Antone
Everything that I got is just what I've got on
When that sun is high in that Texas sky
I'll be buckin' at the county fair

Amarillo by mornin' Amarillo I'll be there

They took my saddle in Houston, broke my leg in Santa Fe
Lost my wife and a girlfriend somewhere along the way
Well I'll be looking for eight when they pull that gate
And I hope that judge ain't blind

Amarillo by mornin' Amarillo's on my mind

Amarillo by mornin', up from San Antone
Everything that I got is just what I've got on
I ain't got a dime, but what I got is mine
And I ain't rich but Lord I'm free

Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's where I'll be
Amarillo by mornin', Amarillo's where I'll be

[Instrumental]

Back in the Saddle Again

I'm back in the saddle again
Out where a friend is a friend
Where the longhorn cattle feed
On the lowly jimson weed
I'm back in the saddle again

Ridin' the range once more
Totin' my old .44
Where you sleep out every night
And the only law is right
Back in the saddle again

Whoopi-ty-aye-oh
Rockin' to and fro
Back in the saddle again

Whoopi-ty-aye-yay
I go my way
Back in the saddle again

[Instrumental]

I'm back in the saddle again
Out where a friend is a friend
Where the longhorn cattle feed
On the lowly jimson weed
I'm back in the saddle again

Ridin' the range once more
Totin' my old .44
Where you sleep out every night
And the only law is right
Back in the saddle again

Whoopi-ty-aye-oh
Rockin' to and fro
Back in the saddle again

Whoopi-ty-aye-yay
I go my way
Back in the saddle again

Big Iron

To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day
Hardly spoke to folks around him didn't have too much to say
No one dared to ask his business no one dared to make a slip
For the stranger there among them had a big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

It was early in the mornin' when he rode into the town
He came riding from the south side slowly lookin' all around
He's an outlaw loose and runnin' came the whisper from each lip
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead
He was vicious and a killer though a youth of twenty four
And the notches on his pistol numbered one an nineteen more

One and nineteen more

Now the stranger started talkin' made it plain to folks around
Was an Arizona Ranger wouldn't be too long in town
He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead
And he said it didn't matter he was after Texas Red

After Texas Red

Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red
But the outlaw didn't worry men that tried before were dead
Twenty men had tried to take him twenty men had made a slip
Twenty one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

The morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet
It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street
Folks were watchin' from the windows every-body held their breath
They knew this handsome Ranger was about to meet his death

About to meet his death

There was forty feet between 'em when they stopped to make their play
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about today
Texas Red had not cleared leather fore a bullet fairly ripped
And the Ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

- continued -

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered 'round
There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground
Oh he might have went on living but he made one fatal slip
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip

Big iron Big iron

When he tried to match the Ranger with the big iron on his hip

Big iron on his hip...

Billy the Kid

I'll sing you a true song of Billy the Kid
I'll sing of some desperate deeds that he did
Way out in New Mexico long long ago
When a man's only chance was his own forty-four.

When Billy the Kid was a very young lad
In old Silver City he went to the bad
Way out in the West with a gun in his hand
At the age of twelve years he did kill his first man.

There's Mexican maidens play guitars and sing
Songs about Billy, their boy bandit king
'Ere his young manhood had reached his sad end
With a notch an his pistol for twenty one men!

Was on a sad night when poor Billy died
He said to his friend, "I'm not satisfied
There's twenty one men I have put bullets through
Sheriff Pat Garrett must make twenty two!"

I'll sing you how Billy the Kid met his fate
The bright moon was shinin', the hour was late
Shot down by Pat Garrett who once was his friend
The young outlaw's life is now come to an end.

There's many a man with a face fine and fair
Who start out in life with a chance to be square
Just like poor Billy they wandered astray
They'll lose their lives in the very same way!

Blue Shadows on the Trail

Shades of night are falling
As the wind begins to sigh
And the world's silhouetted 'gainst the sky

Blue shadows on the trail
Blue moon shinin' through the trees
And a plaintive wail from the distance
Comes a driftin' on the evenin' breeze

Move along, blue shadows, move along
Soon the dawn will come and you'll be on your way
Until the darkness sheds its veil
There'll be blue shadows on the trail

[Whistling]

Move along, blue shadows, move along
Soon the dawn will come and you'll be on your way
Until the darkness sheds its veil
There'll be blue shadows on the trail

Shadows on the trail

Bonanza!

The claim we hold is as good as gold, bonanza
Hand in hand we built this land, the Ponderosa Ranch
Our birthright is this Cartwright bonanza
We here belong, and standin' strong, wrong ain't got a chance

Day by day, work or play, ready side by side
Hello friend, come on in, the gate is open wide
Bound to be a fightin' free bonanza
Singin' pines of boundary lines for the Ponderosa Ranch

[Instrumental]

Every tree and flower is part of our bonanza
The stars at night, the mornin' light, water in the branch
We ride along four men strong together
Every plain and ridge is our heritage Ponderosa Ranch

Day by day, work or play, ready side by side
Hello friend, come on in, the gate is open wide
Bound to be a fightin' free bonanza
Singin' pines of boundary lines for the Ponderosa Ranch

Buffalo Gals

As I was walkin' down the street
Down the street, down the street
A pretty little girl I chanced to meet
And we danced by the light of the moon

Buffalo gal won't you come out tonight
Come out tonight come out tonight
Buffalo gal won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon

[Banjo]

I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'
And her heel kept a-knockin' and her toe kept a'rockin'
I danced with a gal with a hole in her stockin'
And we danced by the light of the moon

Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight
Come out tonight come out tonight
Buffalo gal won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon

[Banjo]

Oh Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight
Come out tonight come out tonight
Buffalo gal won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon

Oh Buffalo gal won't you come out tonight
Come out tonight come out tonight
Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon

Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie

"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

"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the coyotes howl and the wind blows free
In a narrow grave just six by three
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

Yes we buried him there on the lone prairie

Call You Cowboy

God saved some lucky men to be cowboys
No ordinary man can wear the name
Hearts of gold and hands of leather
That restless spirit no one will ever tame

Branded by the land
Befriended by the wind
You may never pass this way again
It's just somethin' in the wind sayin' your time is now, boy

Your daddy calls you a drifter
And I call you cowboy

That voice of freedom is callin' you down the line
You don't know where you're goin', you know what you leave behind
So you're saddlin' up now to chase your dreams
To show yourself and the world what freedom really means

Branded by the land
Befriended by the wind
You may never pass this way again
It's just somethin' in the wind sayin' your time is now, boy

Your daddy calls you a drifter
And I call you cowboy

[Guitar]

She's got eyes as blue as the sky
Whoever said cowboys don't cry
It's just somethin' in the wind sayin' your time is now, boy

Your daddy calls you a drifter
And I call you cowboy

Yeah, your daddy calls you a drifter
I call you friend
I call you cowboy

And I call you cowboy

Cattle Call

[Yodels]

When the cattle are prowlin'
The coyotes are howlin'
Out where the dogies bawl
Where the spurs are a jinglin'
The cowboy is singin'
The lonesome cattle call

[Yodels]

I ride in the sun
'Til my day's work is done,
Roundin' up cattle each fall

[Yodels]

Singin' my cattle call

[Instrumental]

For hours I will ride
On the range far and wide
When night winds blows up a squall
I don't care what the weather
My heart is light as a feather
Singin' my cattle call

[Yodels]

I'm brown as a berry
From ridin' the prairie
And I sing with an old western drawl

[Yodels]

Singin' my cattle call

[Yodels]

Cool Water

[Instrumental]

All day I face the barren waste without the taste of water
Cool water
Ole Dan and I with throats burned dry and souls that cry for water
Cool clear water

Keep a-movin' Dan don't you listen to him Dan he's a devil not a man
And he spreads the burning sand with water
Dan can you see that big green tree where the water's runnin' free
And it's waitin' there for me and you

The shadows sway and seem to say tonight we pray for water
Cool water
And way up there He'll hear our prayer and show us where there's water
Cool clear water

Keep a-movin' Dan don't you listen to him Dan he's a devil not a man
But he spreads the burning sand with water
Dan can you see that big green tree where the water's runnin' free
And it's waitin' there for me and you

[Instrumental]

Dan's feet are sore he's yearning for just one thing more than water
Cool water
Like me I guess he's like the rest where there's no quest for water
Cool clear water

Water.

Cowpoke

[Yodeling]

I'm lonesome but happy' rich but I'm broke
And the good Lord knows the reason I'm just a cowpoke

From Cheyenne to Douglas. all the ranges I know
Cause I drift with the wind, no one cares where I go

[Yodeling]

Well it's north in the spring if there ain't a big drouth
And as soon as it frosts I'll be headin' back south

But I ain't got a worry, 'cause I ain't got time
I'm too busy a-livin' this free life of mine.

[Yodeling]

Some evenin' in the springtime a filly I'll find
And I might spend all summer with her on my mind

But I'll never be branded and never be broke
I'm a carefree range ridin', driftin' cowpoke.

[Yodeling]

Coyotes

Was a cowboy I knew in south Texas
His face was burnt deep by the sun
Part history, part sage, part Mexican
He was there when Pancho Villa was young

And he'd tell you a tale of the old days
When the country was wild all around
Sit out under the stars of the Milky Way
And listen while the coyotes howl

And they go... poo yip poo yip poo
poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo
poo yip poo yip poo
poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo

Now the longhorns are gone
And the drovers are gone
The Comanches are gone
And the outlaws are gone

Geronimo's gone
And Sam Bass is gone
And the lion is gone
And the red wolf is gone

Well he cursed all the roads and the oil men
And he cursed the automobile
Said this is no place for an *hombre* like I am
In this new world of asphalt and steel

Then he'd look off some place in the distance
At something only he could see
He'd say all that's left now of the old days
Damned old coyotes and me

And they go poo yip poo yip poo
poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo
poo yip poo yip poo
poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo

Now the longhorns are gone
And the drovers are gone
The Comanches are gone
The outlaws are gone

Now Quantro's gone
Stand Watie is gone
And the lion is gone
And the red wolf is gone

One morning they searched his adobe
He disappeared without even a word
But that night as the moon crossed
the mountain
One more coyote was heard

And he'd go, poo yip poo yip poo
poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo
poo yip poo yip poo
poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo

poo yip poo yip poo
poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo
poo yip poo yip poo
poodi hoo di yip poo di yip poo

Desert Pete

I was travellin' west of Buckskin on my way to a cattle run
'Cross a little cactus desert under a hot blisterin' sun
I was thirsty down to my toenails, stopped to rest me on a stump
But I tell ya I just couldn't believe it when I saw that water pump

I took it to be a mirage at first, it'll fool a thirsty man
Then I saw a note stuck in a bakin' powder can
This pump is old, the note began, "But she works so give'r a try
"I put a new sucker washer in 'er, you may find the leather dry"

"You've got to prime the pump, you must have faith and believe"
"You've got to give of yourself 'fore you're worthy to receive"
"Drink all the water you can hold, wash your face, cool your feet"
"But leave the bottle full for others, thank you kindly, Desert Pete"

"Yeah, you'll have to prime the pump, work that handle like there's a fire"
"Under that rock you'll find some water I left in a bitters jar"
"Now there's just enough to prime it with so don't you go drinkin' first"
"You just pour it in and pump like mad, buddy, you'll quench your thirst"

"You've got to prime the pump, you must have faith and believe"
"You've got to give of yourself 'fore you're worthy to receive"
"Drink all the water you can hold, wash your face, cool your feet"
"But leave the bottle full for others, thank you kindly, Desert Pete"

Well I found that jar and I tell ya nothin' was ever prettier to my eye
And I was tempted strong to drink it, 'cuz that pump looked mighty dry
But the note went on "Have faith my friend, there's water down below
"You've got to give until you get, I'm the one who ought to know"

So, I poured in the jar and I started pumpin' and I heard a beautiful sound
Of water bubblin' and splashin' up outta that hole in the ground
I took off my shoes and I drunk my fill of that cool refreshing treat
I thank the Lord and thank the pump and I thank old Desert Pete

"You've got to prime the pump, you must have faith and believe"
"You've got to give of yourself 'fore you're worthy to receive"
"Drink all the water you can hold, wash your face, cool your feet"
"But leave the bottle full for others, thank you kindly, Desert Pete"

"Drink all the water you can hold, wash your face, cool your feet"
"But leave the bottle full for others, thank you kindly, Desert Pete"

Desperado

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?
You been out ridin' fences for so long now
Oh, you're a hard one

I know that you got your reasons
These things that are pleasin' you
Can hurt you somehow

Don't you draw the queen of diamonds, boy
She'll beat you if she's able
You know the queen of hearts is always your best bet

Now it seems to me, some fine things
Have been laid upon your table
But ya only want the ones that you can't get

Desperado, oh, you ain't gettin' no younger
Your pain and your hunger, they're drivin' you home
An' freedom, oh freedom well, that's just some people talkin'
Your prison is walkin' through this world all alone

Don't your feet get cold in the winter time?
The sky won't snow and the sun won't shine
It's hard to tell the night time from the day
You're losin' all your highs and lows
Ain't it funny how the feeling goes away?

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?
Come down from your fences, open the gate
It may be rainin', but there's a rainbow above you
You better let somebody love you, before it's too late

Desperados Waiting for a Train

I played the Red River Valley
And he'd sit out in the kitchen and cry
An' run his fingers through 70 years of livin'
An' wonder Lord, as ever, will that drill run
dry?
We were friends, me an this old man

Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train

He's a drifter, and a driller of oil wells
And an old-school man of the world
He let me drive his car when he's too drunk
to
And he'd wink, and give me money for the
girls
And our lives were like some old western
movie

Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train

From the time that I could walk, he'd take
me with him
To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe
And there were old men with beer-guts
and dominoes
Lying 'bout their lives while they'd play
And I was just a kid, they called his sidekick

Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train

One day I looked up, and he's pushin' 80
And there's brown tobacco stains all down
his chin
To me he's one of the heroes of this coun-
try
So why's he all dressed up like them old
men?

Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon 'n 42

Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train
The day before he died, I went to see him
I was grown, and he was almost gone

So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us
up a kitchen
And sang another verse to that old song

Come on Jack, that son-of-a-gun's a-
comin'.

Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train
Like desperados waiting for a train...

Don't Fence Me In

Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above
Don't fence me in
Let me ride through the wide open country that I love
Don't fence me in

Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze
And listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever but I ask you please
Don't fence me in

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise

I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences
And gaze at the moon till I lose my senses
And I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in

[Change of style]

Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies
Don't fence me in
Let me ride through the wide country that I love
Don't fence me in

Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze
And listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever but I ask you please
Don't fence me in

Just turn me loose, let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies
On my cayuse, let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise

I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences
And gaze at the moon till I lose my senses
And I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in

No boffo don't you fence me in

Don't Take Your Guns to Town

A young cowboy named Billy Joe grew restless on the farm
A boy filled with wanderlust who really meant no harm
He changed his clothes and shined his boots and combed his dark hair down
And his mother cried as he walked out

Don't take your guns to town son, leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town

He laughed and kissed his mom and said your Billy Joe's a man
I can shoot as quick and straight as anybody can
But I wouldn't shoot without a cause I'd gun nobody down
But she cried again as he rode away

Don't take your guns to town son, leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town

He sang a song as on he rode his guns hung at his hips
He rode into a cattle town a smile upon his lips
He stopped and walked into a bar and laid his money down
But his mother's words echoed again

Don't take your guns to town son, leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town

He drank his first strong liquor then to calm his shaking hand
And tried to tell himself at last he had become a man
A dusty cowpoke at his side began to laugh him down
And he heard again his mother's words

Don't take your guns to town son, leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town

Filled with rage then Billy Joe reached for his gun to draw
But the stranger drew his gun and fired before he even saw
As Billy Joe fell to the floor the crowd all gathered 'round
And wondered at his final words

Don't take your guns to town son, leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town.

Dust Eatin' Cowboys

I laid in some wages and went on a spree
But whiskey and women got the better of me
Boys, you might as well shoot for the man in the moon
As to shoot for the girls at the Red Dog Saloon

They're too hard to handle and too cold to touch
And their two dollar kiss is a little too much
Handsome young dandies are always preferred
To the dust eatin' cowboys at the rear of the herd

There's lots of them hungry old rounders around
Who'd give a month's pay for a weekend in town
For an armful of gingham and a glass full of foam
Now they're hustlin' for train fare to take them back home

But they sold off the prairie for a fist full of change
Now there's barbed wire fences all over the range
Before they did business, they should have conferred
With the dust eatin' cowboys at the rear of the herd

[Instrumental]

Some folks think everyone wants to do right
But some people out there ain't tryin' tonight
I'd give my right arm and the other one too
If I could do better, like I never do

And I can't help recallin' the chapel bell chimes
That Peter himself denied Jesus three times
If you talk to heaven, put in a good word
For the dust eatin' cowboys at the rear of the herd
For the dust eatin' cowboys at the rear of the herd

El Dorado

In sunshine and shadow, from darkness till noon
Over mountains that reach from the sky to the moon
A man with a dream that will never let go
Keeps searchin' to find El Dorado

So ride, boldly ride, to the end of the rainbow
Ride, boldly ride, till you find El Dorado
The winds become bitter, the sky turns to grey
His body grows weary, he can't find his way

But he'll never turn back, though he's lost in the snow
For he has to find El Dorado
So ride, boldly ride, to the end of the rainbow
Ride, boldly ride, till you find El Dorado

My Daddy once told me what a man oughta be
There's much more to life than the things we can see
And the godliest mortal you ever will know
Is the one with the dream of El Dorado

So ride, boldly ride, to the end of the rainbow
Ride, boldly ride, till you find El Dorado

El Paso

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso
I fell in love with a Mexican girl
Nighttime would find me in Rosa's cantina
Music would play and Felina would whirl

Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina
Wicked and evil while casting a spell
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden
I was in love but in vain, I could tell

One night a wild young cowboy came in
Wild as the West Texas wind
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing
With wicked Felina, the girl that I loved

So in anger I challenged his right for the
love of this maiden
Down went his hand for the gun that he
wore
My challenge was answered in less than a
heartbeat
The handsome young stranger lay dead on
the floor

Just for a moment I stood there in silence
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done
Many thoughts raced through my mind as
I stood there
I had but one chance and that was to run

Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran
Out where the horses were tied
I caught a good one, it looked like it could
run
Up on its back and away I did ride

Just as fast as I
Could from the West Texas town of El
Paso

Out to the badlands of New Mexico

Back in El Paso my life would be worthless
Everything's gone in life; nothing is left
It's been so long since I've seen the young
maiden
My love is stronger than my fear of death

I saddled up and away I did go
Riding alone in the dark
Maybe tomorrow, a bullet may find me
Tonight nothin's worse than this pain in
my heart

And at last here I
Am on the hill overlooking El Paso
I can see Rosa's cantina below
My love is strong and it pushes me on-
ward

Down off the hill to Felina I go
Off to my right I see five mounted cow-
boys
Off to my left ride a dozen or more
Shouting and shooting, I can't let them
catch me

I have to make it to Rosa's back door

Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel
A deep burning pain in my side
Though I am tryin' to stay in the saddle
I'm getting weary, unable to ride

But my love for
Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen
Though I am weary I can't stop to rest
I see the white puff of smoke from the ri-
fle

I feel the bullet go deep in my chest

From out of nowhere Felina has found me
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side
Cradled by two lovin' arms that I'll die for
One little kiss and Felina, goodbye

Empty Saddles

There's something strange in the old corral
There's a breeze, though the wind has died
Though I'm alone in the old corral
Seems there is someone by my side

Empty saddles in the old corral
Where do you ride tonight?
Are ya roundin' up the dogies
The strays of long ago
Are you on the trail of buffalo?

Empty saddles in the old corral
Where do you ride tonight?
Are there rustlers on the border
Or a band of Navajo
Are ya headin' for the Alamo?

Empty guns covered with rust
Where do you talk tonight?
Empty boots covered with dust
Where do you walk tonight?

Empty saddles in the old corral,
My tears would be dry tonight
If you'll only say I'm lonely,
As you carry my old pal
Empty saddles in the old corral

Empty guns covered with rust
Where do you talk tonight?
Empty boots covered with rust
Where do you walk tonight?

Empty saddles in the old corral,
My tears would be dry tonight
If you'll only say I'm lonely,
As you carry my old pal
Empty saddles in the old corral

Faster Horses

He was an old time cowboy don't you understand
His eyes were sharp as razor blades his face was leather tanned
His toes were pointed inward from a hangin' on a horse
He was an old philosopher of course

He was so thin I swear you could have used him for a whip
He had to drink a beer to keep his breeches on his hips
I knew I had to ask him about the mysteries of life
He spit between his boots and he replied

"It's faster horses, younger women
"Older whiskey, more money"
He smiled and all his teeth were covered with tobacco stains
He said, "It don't do men no good to pray for peace and rain."

"Peace and rain is just a way to say prosperity
And buffalo chips is all it means to me."
I told him I was a poet I was lookin' for the truth
I do not care for horses, whiskey, women or the loot

I said I was a writer my soul was all on fire
He looked at me and he said "You are a liar."
"Son, it's faster horses, younger women
"Older whiskey, and more money"

Well, I was disillusioned If I say the least
I grabbed him by the collar and I jerked him to his feet
There was somethin' cold and shiny laying by my head
So I started to believe the things he said

Well, my poet days are over and I'm back to bein' me
As I enjoy the peace and comfort of reality
If my boy ever asks me what it is that I have learned
I think that I will readily affirm

"Son, it's faster horses, younger women
"Older whiskey more money"
Faster horses, younger women
Older whiskey, more money

Faster horses, younger women
Older whiskey, more money
It's faster horses, younger women
Older whiskey, more money...

Ghost Riders in the Sky

Yippie aye ayy, yippie aye ohh
Ghost riders in the sky

An old cowpoke went ridin' out one dark and windy day
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way
When all at once a mighty bunch of red-eyed cows he saw
Plowin' through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw

Yippie aye ayy, yippie aye ohh
Ghost riders in the sky

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
He saw the riders comin' hard and he heard their mournful cry

Yippie aye ayy, yippie aye ohh
Ghost riders in the sky

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred their shirts all soaked with sweat
They're ridin' hard to catch that herd but they ain't caught 'em yet
'Cause ya gotta ride forever on that range up in the sky
On horses snortin' fire as they ride on hear their cry

Yippie aye ayy, yippie aye ohh
Ghost riders in the sky

As the riders went on by him he heard one call his name
"If you wanna save your soul from ever ridin' on our range
Then cowboy change your way today or with us you will ride
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd across the endless skies."

Yippie aye ayy, yippie aye ohh
Ghost riders in the sky

Ghost riders in the sky

Git Along Little Dogies

As I was a-walkin' one mornin' for pleasure
I spied a cowpuncher all ridin' alone
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a-jinglin'
And as he approached he was singing 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
You know that Wyomin' will be your new home

It's early in the spring that we round up the dogies
We mark 'em and brand them and bob off their tails
Round up the horses, load up the chuck wagon
Then throw the dogies out on the north trail

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
You know that Wyomin' will be your new home

Your mother was raised away down in Texas
Where the jimson weed and the sand burrs grow
We'll fill you up on prickly pear and cholla
Until you are ready for Idaho

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
You know that Wyomin' will be your new home...

Good bye, Old Paint

There's an old paint pony with his head hangin' low
His rider's gone where the green grasses grow
The Master has called from the big ranch up above
Goodbye, Old Paint and the range that he loved

Goodbye Old Paint, I'm leavin' Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm off to Montan
My foot's in the stirrup, my pony won't stand
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm leavin' Cheyenne

And when we're together, Old Paint, you and I
We'll build another campfire up yonder in the sky
Where we'll never have to work or chase another stray
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' today

Goodbye Old Paint, I'm leavin' Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm off to Montan
My foot's in the stirrup, my pony won't stand
Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a-leavin' Cheyenne.

Grandpa (Tell Me 'Bout the Good Ol' Days)

Grandpa

Tell me 'bout the good old days.
Sometimes it feels like
This world's gone crazy.
Grandpa, take me back to yesterday,
Where the line between right and wrong
Didn't seem so hazy.

Did lovers really fall in love to stay
Stand beside each other come what may
(Was) a promise really something people kept,
Not just something they would say
(Did) families really bow their heads to pray
Did daddies really never go away
Whoa oh Grandpa,
Tell me 'bout the good old days.

[Instrumental]

Grandpa

Everything is changing fast.
We call it progress,
But I just don't know.
And Grandpa, wander back into the past,
Then paint me a picture of long ago.

(Did) lovers really fall in love to stay
Stand beside each other come what may
(Was a) promise really something people kept
Not just something they would say and then forget
(Did) families really bow their heads to pray
(Did) daddies really never go away
Whoa oh Grandpa,
Tell me 'bout the good old days.

Whoa oh Grandpa,
Tell me 'bout the good old days.

[Instrumental and Humming]

(Did) families really bow their heads to pray
(Did) daddies really never go away...

Gunfight at the O.K. Corral

O. K. Corral, O. K. Corral
There the outlaw band make their final stand
O. K. Corral
Oh, my dearest one must die
Lay down my gun or take the chance
Of losing you forever
Duty calls
My back's against the wall
Have you no kind word to say
Before I ride away, away?

Your love, your love
I need your love
Keep the flame let it burn
Until I return
From the gunfight at
O. K. Corral
If the Lord is my friend
We'll meet at the end
Of the gunfight at O. K. Corral
Gunfight at O. K. Corral

Boot Hill, Boot Hill
So cold, so still
There they lay side by side
The killers that died
In the gunfight at
O. K. Corral
O. K. Corral
Gunfight at O. K. Corral

Happy Trails

Happy trails to you
Until we meet again
Happy trails to you
Keep smilin' until then

Who cares about the clouds when we're together
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather
Happy trails to you
'Til we meet again

[Whistling and Instrumental]

Happy trails to you
Until we meet again
Happy trails to you
Keep smilin' until then

Who cares about the clouds when we're together
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather
Happy trails to you
'Til we meet again

Who cares about the clouds when we're together
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather
Happy trails to you
'Til we meet again...

High Noon (Do Not Forsake Me)

Do not forsake me oh my darlin' on this our wedding day
Do not forsake me oh my darlin' wait wait along
I do not know what fate awaits me I only know I must be brave
For I must face a man who hates me

Or lie a coward a craven coward or lie a coward in my grave
Oh to be torn 'twixt love and duty supposin' I lose my fairh aired beauty
Look at that big hand move along nearing high noon
He made a vow while in state prison vowed it would be my life or his'n

I'm not afraid of death but oh what shall I do if you leave me
Do not forsake me oh my darlin' you made that promise as a bride
Do not forsake me oh my darlin' although you're grievin' don't think of
leavin'
Now that I need you by my side

Wait along wait along wait along wait along
Wait along wait along wait along wait along

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

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

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, 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...

I Ride an Old Paint

I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan
Goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan

Feed them in the coulees and water in the draw
Their tails are all matted and their backs are all raw
Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
For the fiery and snuffy are rarin' to go

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son
Son went to college and his daughter went wrong

His wife got killed in a free-for-all fight
Still he keeps singin' from mornin' till night
Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
For the fiery and snuffy are raring to go

When I die, take my saddle from the wall
Put it on to my pony, lead him out of his stall

Tie my bones on his back and turn our faces to the West
We'll ride the prairie that we love the best
Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
For the fiery and snuffy are raring to go

I've worked in a town and I've worked in the farm
All I've got to show's just this muscle in muh arm
Blisters on muh feet callus on muh hand
And I'm goin' to Montana to throw the hoolihan

Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
For the fiery and snuffy are raring to go
Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
For the fiery and snuffy are raring to go

I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart

I wanna be a cowboy's sweetheart
I wanna learn to rope and ride
I wanna ride o'er the plains and the desert
Out west of the Great Divide

I wanna hear the coyotes howlin'
While the sun sets in the west
I wanna be a cowboy's sweetheart
The life I love the best

[Yodeling]

I wanna ride Old Paint
Goin' on the run
I wanna feel the wind in my face
A thousand miles from all the city lights

Goin' a cowhand's pace
I want to pillow my head
Near the sleepin' herd
While the moon shines down from above

I wanna strum my guitar a-ro-del-le-hee-hee
Oh that's the life I love

[Musical Interlude]

I wanna be a cowboy's sweetheart
I wanna learn to rope and ride
I wanna ride o'er the plains and the desert
Out west of the Great Divide

I wanna hear the coyotes howlin'
While the sun sets in the west
I wanna be a cowboy's sweetheart
The life I love the best

[Yodeling]

I'd Like to Be in Texas for the Roundup in the Spring

In the lobby of a big hotel in New York town one day
Sat a bunch of fellers tellin' yarns, to pass the time away
They told of places where they'd been and different things they'd seen
Some preferred Chicago town, while others New Orleans

In the corner in an old armchair sat a man whose hair was gray
He sat and listened eagerly to what they had to say
They axed him where he'd like to be, his clear old voice did ring
I'd like to be in Texas when they roundup in the spring

I see the cattle grazin' o'er the hills at early morn
I see the campfires smokin' at the breaking of the dawn
I hear the bronco's neighin', I can hear the cowboys sing
I'd like to be in Texas when they roundup in the spring

Now they sat and listened carefully to what he had to say
They knew the old man sittin' there, had been a top hand in his day
So they axed him for a story of his life out on the plain
Slowly he removed his hat, quietly began

Why I've seen them stompede o'er the hills till you think they'd never stop
I have seen them run for miles and miles until their leaders dropped
I was foreman of a cow ranch, oh the callin' of a king
I'd like to be in Texas when they roundup in the spring

Now there's a place in sunny Texas where Molly Deming sleeps
Beneath a grove of mossy live oaks a constant vigil keeps
And in my heart a recollection of a long, long bygone day
When we rode the range together like truant kids astray

Now her gentle spirit calls me in the watches of the night
And I hear her laughter fresh'ning the dew of early light
'Cause I was foreman of a cow ranch, oh the callin' of a king
I'd like to be in Texas when they roundup in the spring

I'd like to sleep my last long sleep with mother earth for bed
And my saddle for a pillow, and the bright stars overhead
Then I could hear the last stampedes, the songs the rivers sing
Way back down in Texas when they roundup in the spring

I'm An Old Cowhand (From the Rio Grande)

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tanned
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow
Never roped a steer cause I don't know how
And I sure ain't fixin' to start in now
Yippie yi yo kay ay, Yippie yi yo kay ay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I come to town just to hear the band
I know all the songs that the cowboys know
'Bout the big corral where the dogies go
'Cause I learned them all on the radio
Yippie yi yo kay ay, Yippie yi yo kay ay

Step aside you ornery tenderfeet
Let a big bad buckaroo pass
I'm the toughest hombre you'll ever meet
Though I may be the last
Yessiree, we're a vanishin' race
Nosiree, can't last long

Step aside you ornery tenderfeet
While I sing my song
I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
Where the old time West is a modern land

[Instrumental]

Yippie yi yo kay ay, Yippie yi yo kay ay
Da da da da, Da da da da
Da da da da, Da da da da

Where the buffalo roam and the coyotes too
And the place they roam is a great big zoo
And the Indians all sing poo boo ba doo
Yippie yi yo kay ay, Yippie yi yo kay ay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
From the Rio Grande I'm an old cowhand
I'm sure by now you will understand
This song is about an old cowhand
An old cowhand from the Rio Grande
Yippie yi yo kay ay, Yippie yi yo kay ay

(I've Got Spurs That) Jingle Jangle Jingle

Yippee yay, there'll be no weddin' bells for today...

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh aint you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.

Oh, Lily Bell, oh, Lily Bell,
Though I may have done some foolin, this is why I never fell

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh aint you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.

[Instrumental]

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh aint you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.

Oh, Sally Jane, oh, Sally Jane
Though I'd love to stay forever this is why I can't remain

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh aint you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh aint you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.

Oh, Mary Ann, oh, Mary Ann
Though we've done some moonlight walkin' this is why I up and ran

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle
As I go ridin' merrily along
And they sing, "Oh aint you glad you're single?"
And that song ain't so very far from wrong.

And that song ain't so very far from wrong
So I'll jingle, jangle, jingle all along.

Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Mama, take this badge off me
I can't use it any more
It's gettin' dark, too dark to see
It's like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, put these guns in the ground
I can't shoot them any more
That long black cloud is comin' down
It's like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

[Instrumental]

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

[Instrumental]

Life's Railway to Heaven

Life is like a mountain railroad
With an engineer that's brave
We must make the run successful
From the cradle to the grave

Watch the curves the hills and tunnels
Never falter never fail
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the rail

Blessed Savior, Thou will guide us
Till we reach that blissful shore
Where the angels wait to join us
In that great forevermore

Blessed Savior, Thou will guide us
Till we reach that blissful shore
Where the angels wait to join us
In that great forevermore

Little Joe the Wrangler

Little Joe, the wrangler, will never wrangle more
His days of the *remuda* they are done
'Twas a year ago last April that he joined the outfit here
A little Texas stray and all alone

Said he'd try and do the best he could if we'd only give him work
Though he didn't know straight up about a cow
So the boss cut him out a mount and kinder put him on
For he sorta liked that little stray somehow

We'd driven to Red River and the weather had been fine
We were camped down on the south side in a bend
When a norther come in blowin' and we doubled up our guards
For it took all hands to hold the cattle then

Little Joe the wrangler was called up with the rest
And scarcely had the kid got to the herd
When the cattle they stampeded like a hail storm long they flew
And all of us were ridin' for the lead

'Tween streaks of lightnin' we could see a horse out far ahead
'Twas little Joe the wrangler in the lead
He was ridin' old Blue Rocket with his slicker above his head
Tryin' to check the leaders in their speed

At last we got them milling and kinda quieted down
And the extra guard back to the camp did go
One of them was missin' and we all knew at a glance
'Twas our little Texas stray poor wrangler Joe

(Spoken)

Next morning just at sunup we found where Rocket fell
Down in a washout twenty feet below
Beneath his horse smashed to a pulp his spurs has rung the knell
For our little Texas stray poor wrangler Joe

Our little Texas stray poor wrangler Joe

Lorena

Well the years creep slowly by, Lorena
Th' snow is on the grass again
And the sun's low down in the sky, Lorena
The frost gleams where the flowers have been

But the heart beats on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh
The sun could never dip so low
A-down affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena
Since last I held your hand in mine
And I felt your pulse beat fast, Lorena
Though mine beat faster far than thine

A hundred months since flowery May
When up the hilly slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bell chime.

[Instrumental]

We loved each other then, Lorena
More than we'd ever dare to tell
And what we might have been, Lorena
Had but our lovin's prospered well

But then, 'tis past, the years are gone
I'll not call up their shadowed forms
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms."

It matters little now, Lorena
The past is in the eternal past
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast

There is a future, oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod
Up there, up there, 'tis heart to heart.

Up there, up there, 'tis heart to heart...

Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis
And each night begins a new day
If you don't understand him, an' he don't die young
He'll prob'ly just ride away

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
'Cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love

Cowboys like smoky old pool rooms and clear mountain mornin's
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do
Sometimes won't know how to take him
He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him
Do things to make you think he's right

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love

Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys...

Mule Train

Mule train, hyeah, hyeah
Mule train
Clippetty-cloppin' over hill and plain
Seems as how they'll never stop
Clippetty-clop, clippetty-clop, clippetty, clippetty,
clippetty, clippetty, clippetty-cloppin' along

There's a plug of chaw tobaccy for a rancher in Corolla
A guitar for a cowboy way out in Arizona
A dress of calico for a pretty Navajo
Get along mule, get along

Mule train, hyeah, hyeah
Mule train
Clippetty-cloppin' on the mountain chain
Soon they're gonna reach the top
Clippetty-clop, clippetty-clop, clippetty, clippetty,
clippetty, clippetty, clippetty-cloppin' along

There's some cotton thread and needles for the folks away out yonder
A shovel for a miner who left his home to wander
Some rheum'tism pills for the settlers in the hills
Get along mule, get along

Mule train, hyeah, hyeah
Mule train clippetty-cloppin' through the wind and rain
They'll keep goin' till they drop
Clippetty-clop, clippetty-clop, clippetty, clippetty,
clippetty, clippetty, clippetty-cloppin' along

There's a letter full of sadness and it's black around the border
A pair 'a boots for someone who had them made to order
A Bible in the pack for the Reverend Mr. Black
Get along mule, get along
Get along mule, get along (mule train)

Get along, get along, get along

My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys

Grew up a-dreamin' of bein' a cowboy
And lovin' the cowboy ways
Pursuin' the life of my high-ridin' heroes
I burned up my childhood days.

I learned all the rules of the modern-day drifter
Don't you hold on to nothin' too long
Just take what you need from the ladies, then leave them
With the words of a sad country song.

My heroes have always been cowboys
And they still are, it seems
Sadly in search of, but one step in back of
Themselves and their slow-movin' dreams.

Cowboys are special with their own brand of misery
From being alone too long
You could die from the cold in the arms of a nightman
Knowin' well that your best days are gone.

Pickin' up hookers instead of my pen
I let the words of my youth fade away
Old worn-out saddles, an' old worn-out memories
With no one and no place to stay.

My heroes have always been cowboys
And they still are it seems
Sadly in search of, and one step in back of
Themselves and their slow-movin' dreams.

Sadly in search of, and one step in back of
Themselves and their slow-movin' dreams.

My Rifle, My Pony and Me

The sun is sinking in the west
The cattle go down to the stream
The redwing settles in the nest
It's time for a cowboy to dream

Purple light in the canyons
That's where I long to be
With my three good companions
Just my rifle, pony and me

Gonna hang (gonna hang) my sombrero (my sombrero)
On the limb (on the limb) of a tree (of a tree)
Comin' home (comin' home) sweetheart darlin' (sweetheart darlin')
Just my rifle, pony and me
Just my rifle, my pony and me

Whippoorwill in the willow
Sings a sweet melody
Riding to Amarillo
Just my rifle, pony and me
No more cows (no more cows) to be ropin' (to be ropin')
No more strays will I see (will I see)
Round the bend (round the bend) she'll be waitin' (she'll be waitin')
For my rifle, pony and me
For my rifle, my pony and me

Navajo Rug

Two eggs up on whiskey toast¹
Home fries on the side
Wash it down with that roadhouse coffee
Canyon, Colorado diner
And a waitress I did love
We sat in the back 'neath an old stuffed
bear
A worn out Navajo rug

Oh Jack the boss, he left at six
It was, 'Katie, bar the door'
She'd pull down the Navajo rug
Spread it across the floor

Hey, I saw lightning frame the sacred
mountains
And the dance of the turtle doves
Lying next to Katie
On that old Navajo rug

Aye, aye, aye, Katie
Shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and
you?

Katie, shades of red and blue

Well, I saw old Jack about a year ago
Said the place burned to the ground
All he saved was that old bear tooth
And Katie she left town

Ah, but Katie, she got her souvenir too
Jack spat a tobacco plug
Should have seen her coming through the
smoke
Draggin' that Navajo rug

Aye, aye, aye, Katie
Shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and
you?

Every time I cross the sacred mountains
And the lightning breaks the fog
Always takes me back in time
To the long lost Katie love
But everything keeps on moving
And everybody's on the go
And you don't find things that last any
more
Like a double-woven Navajo

Aye, aye, aye, Katie
Shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and
you

Katie, shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and
you

Katie, shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie
Whatever became of the Navajo rug and
you

Katie, shades of red and blue
Aye, aye, aye, Katie

¹ Diner lingo: rye toast

North to Alaska

Way up North (North to Alaska)
Way up North (North to Alaska)

North to Alaska
Go north, the rush is on

North to Alaska
Go north, the rush is on

Big Sam left Seattle
In the year of ninety-two
With George Pratt, his partner
And brother Billy, too

They crossed the Yukon River
And found the bonanza gold
Below that old white mountain,
Just a little southeast of Nome

Sam crossed the majestic mountains
To the valleys far below
He talked to his team of huskies
As he mushed on through the snow

With the northern lights a runnin' wild
In the land of the midnight sun
Yes Sam McCord was a mighty man
In the year of nineteen-one

Where the river is windin'
Big nuggets they're findin'
North to Alaska
Go north, the rush is on

Way up North (North to Alaska)
Way up North (North to Alaska)

North to Alaska
Go north, the rush is on

North to Alaska
Go north, the rush is on

George turned to Sam
With his gold in his hand
Said, "Sam, you're a-lookin'
At a lonely, lonely man

I'd trade all the gold
That's buried in this land
For one small band of gold
To place on sweet little Jenny's hand

'Cause a man needs a woman
To love him all the time
Remember Sam, a true love
Is so hard to find

I'd build for my Jenny
A honeymoon home
Below that old white mountain
Just a little south of Nome."

Where the river is windin'
Big nuggets they're findin'
North to Alaska
Go north, the rush is on

North to Alaska
Go north, the rush is on

Way up North (North to Alaska)
Way up North (North to Alaska)
Way up North (North to Alaska)
Way up North (North to Alaska)...

Oh My Darling Clementine

Oh my darlin' oh my darlin' oh my darlin' Clementine
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorrow Clementine

In the cavern, in the canyon,
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine

Yes I loved her, how I loved her
Though her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Oh my darlin' oh my darlin' oh my darlin' Clementine
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorrow Clementine

[Instrumental]

Drove the horses to the water
Ev'ry morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles, soft and fine,
But, alas, I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Oh my darlin' oh my darlin' oh my darlin' Clementine
You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorrow Clementine

You are lost and gone forever, dreadful sorrow Clementine

Oh Shenandoah

Oh, Shen'doah I hear you calling
Hi-oh, you rollin' river
O Shenandoah I long to hear you
Hi-oh, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri

Missouri, she's a mighty river
Hi-oh, you rolling river
When she rolls down her topsail shivers
Hi-oh, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri

Farewell my dearest I'm bound to leave you
Hi-oh, you rollin' river
Oh Shenandoah I'll not deceive you
Hi-oh, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh! Susanna

Oh I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee,
I'm a gwine to Louisiana, my true love for to see.
Oh it rained so hard the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, don't you cry for me,
I'm a come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

Oh I had a dream the other night, when everything was still;
I thought I saw Susanna dear, a coming down the hill.
De buckwheat cake was in her mouth, the tear was in her eye,
Says I, I'm coming from the South, Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susanna, don't you cry for me,
I'm a come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.
Oh! Susanna, don't you cry for me,
I'm a come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee.

Oklahoma

They couldn't pick a better time to start in life
It ain't too early and it aint too late!
Starting as a farmer with a brand new wife
Soon be livin' in a brand new state!
Brand new state gonna treat you great!

Gonna give you barley, carrots and potatos,
Pasture for the cattle, spinach and tomaters,
Flowers on the prarie where the June bugs zoom,
Plenty of air and plenty a room,
Plenty of room to swing a rope!
Plenty of heart and plenty of hope.

OOOOk-lahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain,
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet,
When the wind comes right behind the rain
OOOOk-lahoma, ev'ry night my honey lamb and I,
sit alone and talk and watch a hawk makin' lazy circles in the sky.
We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say
Yeeow! Aye-yip-aye-yo-ee-ay!
We're only sayin'
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma O.K.!

Oook-lahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain (Okla-
homa)
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain.
Oklahoma, Ev'ry night my honey lamb and I (every night we)
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say
Yeeow! Ayipioeeay!
We're only sayin'
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma O.K.

- continued -

Okla-homa-Okla-homa-Okla-homa
Okla-homa-Okla-homa-Okla-homa

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say
Yeeow! Aye-yip-aye-yo-ee-ay!
We're only sayin'
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!

Oklahoma
O - K - L - A - H - O - M - A
OKLAHOMA!
Yeeow!

Oook-lahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain
Oklahoma
And the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain.
Oklahoma, Ev'ry night my honey lamb and I (every night we)
Sit alone and talk and watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

Okla-homa-Okla-homa-Okla-homa
Okla-homa-Okla-homa-Okla-homa

We know we belong to the land
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say
Yeeow! Aye-yip-aye-yo-ee-ay!
We're only sayin'
You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!

O - K - L - A - H - O - M - A
OKLAHOMA!
Yeeow!

Oklahoma Hills

Many months have come and gone
Since I wandered from my home
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born
Many a page of life has turned
Many a lesson I have learned
Yet I feel like in those hills I still belong.

Away down yonder in the Indian nation
I rode my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Away down yonder in the Indian nation
The cowboy's life is my occupation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.

But as I sit here today many miles I am away
From the place I rode my pony through the draw
Where the oak and blackjack trees
Kiss the playful prairie breeze
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born.

Away down yonder in the Indian nation
I rode my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
Away down yonder in the Indian nation
The cowboy's life was my occupation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.

[Instrumental]

Now as I turn life a page
To the land of the great osage
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born
Where the black oil rolls and flows
And the snow white cotton grows
In those Oklahoma hills where I was born.

Away down yonder in the Indian nation
I rode my pony on the reservation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
A way down yonder in the Indian nation
The cowboy's life was my occupation
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born
In the Oklahoma hills where I was born.

Old Timer

I grew up in Wyoming
In and around Jackson's Hole
In the shadow of the Tetons
Where summers are hot
And winters unbearably cold
But the spring and the fall
Are always as good as it gets
For over 70 years now
I've watch the sun rise and set

I've been a cowboy
Working the roundups in spring
I've lived in the mountains
Hunted the grizzly
Trapping the rivers and streams
Always the loner
I've treasured my freedom the most
And though I never married
As a young man I might have come close

From somewhere back East
She came to the valley
With a man who did her no good
He was fast with the ladies
A tin horn gambler
And a cheat whenever he could
She had no friends or family
And most of the time he was gone
He died in a card game
And she found herself all alone

Alone and afraid and left unprotected
'Cause he was all that she had
Maybe I should have
But I never told her
So she never knew he was bad
But I'll always remember
Standing and watching her cry
There was no one to help her
But I was determined to try

I mended her fences and
Fixed up her cabin
Had everything lookin' good
I laid by her food
And wood for the winter
Helping wherever I could
The more I was around her
The more I wanted to be
There was something about her
That brought out a good side of me

I went into town, brought a new outfit
I got me a haircut and shave
I'd trek through the snow
For no good reason
Just to go by her cabin each day
I don't know about love
But I was quite taken in by it all
Till her brother came in the spring
And he took her back to St. Paul.

I don't go down to Jackson
Ain't nothing there but motels and bars
Too damn many tourists
No place to hide
They'll find you wherever you are
They like to call me old timer
I am gettin' older I guess
But i don't like the changes
'Cause I've seen it all at its best

When my life is over
I don't want to be left in town
But up in the mountains
There is a place
I've marked off my own piece of ground
High in the Tetons
Above and away from it all
From the top of old Grand
I bet on a clear day
You can see all the way to St. Paul

Pancho and Lefty

Livin' on the road my friend, is gonna keep you free and clean
Now you wear your skin like iron
An' your breath is hard as kerosene
Weren't your mamma's only boy, but her favorite one it seems
She began to cry when you said goodbye
Sank into your dreams

Pancho was a bandit boy, his horse was fast as polished steel
He wore his gun outside his pants
For all the honest world to feel
Pancho met his match you know on the deserts down in Mexico
Nobody heard his dyin' word, ah but that's the way it goes

All the Federales say, they could've had him any day
They only let him slip away, out of kindness I suppose

Lefty he can't sing the blues all night long like he used to
The dust that Pancho bit down south ended up in Lefty's mouth
Th' day they laid poor Pancho low, Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go, there ain't nobody knows

All the Federales say, they could've had him any day
We only let him slip away out of kindness I suppose

[Instrumental]

The boys tell how Pancho fell, and Lefty's livin' in cheap hotels
The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold
And so the story ends we're told
Pancho needs your prayers it's true, but save a few for Lefty too
He only did what he had to do, and now he's growing old

All the Federales say, they could've had him any day
Only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose

A few gray Federales say, could've had him any day
We only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose

Rawhide

Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin'
Rawhide!

Yah! [whip crack]

Yah! [whip crack]

Keep rollin', rollin', rollin'
Though the streams are swollen
Keep them dogies rollin'
Rawhide

Rain and wind and weather
Hell bent for leather
Wishin' my gal was by my side

All the things I'm missin'
Good vittles, love and kissin'
Are waiting at the end of my ride

Move 'em on, head 'em up
Head em' up, move 'em on
Move 'em on, head 'em up
Rawhide

[whip crack]

Let 'em out, ride 'em in
Ride 'em in, let em' out
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in
Rawhide

Yah! [whip crack]

Yah! [whip crack]

Keep movin', movin', movin'
Though they're disapprovin'
Keep them dogies movin'
Rawhide

Don't try to understand them
Just rope and throw and brand 'em
Soon we'll be livin' high and wide

My heart's calculatin'
My true love will be waitin'
Be waiting at the end of my ride

Move 'em on, head 'em up
Head em' up, move 'em on
Move 'em on, head 'em up
Rawhide

[whip crack]

Let 'em out, ride 'em in
Ride 'em in, let em' out
Cut 'em out, ride 'em in
Rawhide

Yah! [whip crack]

Yah! [whip crack]

Rawhide

Rawhide

Red Headed Stranger

The red-headed stranger from Blue Rock,
Montana,
Rode into town one day.
And under his knees was a ragin' black stallion,
And walkin' behind was a bay.

The red-headed stranger had eyes like the
thunder,
His lips, they were sad and tight.
His little lost love lay asleep on the hillside,
And his heart was heavy as night.

Don't cross him, don't boss him.
He's wild in his sorrow:
He's ridin' an' hidin his pain.
Don't fight him, don't spite him;
Wait till tomorrow,
Maybe he'll ride on again.

A yellow-haired lady leaned out of her
window,
Watched as he passed her way.
She drew back in fear at the sight of the
stallion,
But cast greedy eyes on the bay.

But how could she know that this dancin'
bay pony,
Meant more to him than life.
For this was the horse that his little lost
darlin',
Had ridden when she was his wife.

Don't cross him, don't boss him.
He's wild in his sorrow:
He's ridin' an' hidin his pain.
Don't fight him, don't spite him;
Wait till tomorrow,
Maybe he'll ride on again.

The yellow-haired lady came down to the tavern,
Looked up the stranger there.
He bought her a drink, he gave her some money,
He just didn't seem to care.

She followed him out as he saddled his stallion,
An' laughed as she grabbed at the bay.
He shot her so quick, they had no time to warn her,
She never heard anyone say:

"Don't cross him, don't boss him.
"He's wild in his sorrow:
"He's ridin' an' hidin' his pain.
"Don't fight him, don't spite him;
"Wait till tomorrow,
"Maybe he'll ride on again."

The yellow-haired lady was buried at sunset;
Stranger went free, of course.
For you can't hang a man for killin' a woman,
Who's tryin' to steal your horse.

This is the tale of the red headed stranger,
And if he should pass your way,
Stay out of the path of the ragin' black stallion,
And don't lay a hand on the bay.

Don't cross him, don't boss him.
He's wild in his sorrow:
He's ridin' an' hidin his pain.
Don't fight him, don't spite him;
Wait till tomorrow,
Maybe he'll ride on again.

Red River Valley

From this valley they say you are leaving
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our pathway a while

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the one who has loved you so true

For a long time my darlin, I've waited
For the sweet word you never would say
Now alas all my fond hopes are vanished
For they say that you're going away

[Instrumental]

Do you think of the valley you're leaving,
Oh how lonely how drear it will be,
Do you think of the kind hearts you're breakin'
And the pain that you're causin' to me

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the one who has loved you so true

[Instrumental]

As you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged mid the flowers

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
Just remember the Red River Valley
And the one who has loved you so true

Just remember the Red River Valley
And the one who has loved you so true
So stinkin' true

Remember the Alamo

One hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die
By the line that he drew with his gun when the battle was nigh
Any man that would fight to the death cross over
But him that would live better fly
And over the line went a hundred and seventy-nine

Hey Santy Anna, we're killin' your soldiers below
That men wherever they go
Will remember the Alamo

Bowie lay dying, but his powder was ready and dry
Flat on his back Bowie killed him a few in reply
And young David Crockett was singin' and laughin'
With gallantry fierce in his eye
For God and for freedom a man more than willin' to die

Hey Santy Anna, we're killin' your soldiers below
That men wherever they go
Will remember the Alamo

Then they sent a young scout from the battlements bloody and loud
With words of farewell from a garrison valiant and proud
Grieve not little darlin' my dyin'
If Texas is sovereign and free
We'll never surrender, and ever with liberty be

Hey Santy Anna, we're killin' your soldiers below
That men wherever they go
Will remember the Alamo

Ridin' Down the Canyon

When evening chores are over in our ranch house on the plains
'n all I have to do is lay around
I saddle up my pony and go ridin' down the trail
'n watch the evenin' sun go down

Ridin' down the canyon to watch the sun go down
A picture that no artist e'er could paint
White faced cattle lowin' on the mountainside
I hear a coyote whinin' for its mate

Cactus plants are bloomin' sagebrush everywhere
Granite spires standing all around
I tell you folks it's heaven to be ridin' down the trail
When the desert sun goes down

[Violin and Guitar]

Cactus plants are bloomin' sagebrush everywhere
Granite spires are standing all around
I tell you folks it's heaven to be ridin' down the trail
When the desert sun goes down

Rocky Mountain High

He was born in the summer of his twenty-seventh year,
Coming home to a place he'd never been before.
He left yesterday behind him, you might say he was born again,
You might say he found a key for every door.

When he first came to the mountains, his life was far away
On the road and hanging by a song.
But the string's already broken and he doesn't really care,
It keeps changing fast, and it don't last for long.

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high,
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.
The shadows from the starlight are softer than a lullaby.
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high, Colorado.

He climbed cathedral mountains, he saw silver clouds below,
He saw everything as far as you can see.
And they say that he got crazy once and he tried to touch the sun,
And he lost a friend, but kept the memory.

Now he walks in quiet solitude, the forest and the streams,
Seeking grace in every step he takes.
His sight is turned inside himself, to try and understand
The serenity of a clear blue mountain lake.

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high,
I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.
Talk to God and listen to the casual reply.
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high, Colorado.

Now his life is full of wonder, but his heart still knows some fears,
Of a simple thing he can not comprehend.
Why they try to tear the mountains down to bring in a couple more,
More people, more scars upon the land.

And the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin' fire in the sky.
I know he'd be a poorer man if he never saw an eagle fly,
Rocky Mountain high, the Colorado Rocky Mountain high, I've seen it rainin'
fire in the sky.

Friends around the campfire and everybody's high

Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high, Colorado.
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high, Colorado.
Rocky Mountain high, Colorado. Rocky Mountain high, Colorado.

San Antonio Rose

Deep within my heart
Lies a melody
A song of old San Antone,
Where in dreams I live
With a memory
Beneath the stars all alone.

Well it was there I found
Beside the Alamo
Enchantment strange as the
Blue up above
For that moonlit pass
That only he would know
Still hears my broken song of love.

Moon in all your splendor
Known only to my heart
Call back my rose
Rose of San Antone!
Lips so sweet and tender
Like petals fallin' apart
Speak once again of my love, my own
Broken song
Empty words I know
Still live in my heart all alone
For that moonlit pass by the Alamo
And rose my rose of San Antone!

[Instrumental]

Broken song
Empty words I know
Still live in my heart all alone
For that moonlit pass by the Alamo
And rose my rose of San Antone!

And rose my rose of San Antone!
And rose my rose of San Antone!

Shifting Whispering Sands

Listen to the age old story of the
Shifting, whispering sands

Yes it always whispers to me
Of the days of long ago
When the settlers and the miners
Fought the crafty Navajo

How the cattle roamed the valley
Happy people worked the land
And now everything is covered
By the shifting, whispering sands

How the miner left his buckboard
Went to work his claim that day
And the burros broke their halters
When they thought he'd gone to stay

How they found the aged miner
Lying dead upon the sand
After months they could but wonder
If he died by human hands

So they dug his grave and laid him
On his back and crossed his hands
And his secret still is hidden
By the shifting, whispering sands

This is what they whispered to me
On that quiet desert air
Of the people and the cattle
And the miner lying there

If you want to learn their secret
Wander through this quiet land
And I'm sure you'll hear the story
Of the shifting, whispering sands

Shifting, whispering sands...

Someday Soon

There's a young man that I know whose age is twenty-one
Comes from down in southern Colorado
Just out of the service, he's lookin' for his fun
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon

My parents cannot stand him 'cause he rides the rodeo
My father says that he will leave me cryin'
I would follow him right down the roughest road I know
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon

But when he comes to call, my Pa ain't got a good word to say
Guess it's 'cause he's just as wild in his younger days

So blow you old blue norther, blow my love to me
Ridin' in tonight from California
He loves his damned old rodeo as much as he loves me
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon

[Guitar]

When he comes to call, my Pa ain't got a word to say
Guess it's 'cause he's just as wild in his younger days

So blow you old blue norther, blow my love to me
Ridin' in tonight from California
He loves his damned old rodeo as much as he loves me
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.

South of the Border (Down Mexico Way)

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay

South of the border, down Mexico way.
That's where I fell in love when the stars above, came out to play.
And now as I wander, my thoughts ever stray.
South of the border, down Mexico way.

She was a picture, in old Spanish lace
And for a tender while I kissed the smile upon her face.
For it was fiesta and we were so gay
South of the border, down Mexico way.

Then she sighed as she whispered mañana
Never dreaming that we were parting.
And I lied as I whispered mañana
For our tomorrow never came.

South of the border, I rode back one day.
There in a veil of white by candlelight, she knelt to pray.
The mission bells told me that I mustn't stay.
South of the border, down Mexico way.

[Instrumental]

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay (Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay)

Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay...

Summer Wages

Never hit seventeen
When you play against the dealer
For you know that the odds
Won't ride with you.

Never leave your woman alone
When your friends are out to steal her
Years are gambled and gone
Like summer wages.

And we'll keep rolling on
'Til we get to Vancouver
And the woman that I love
Who's living there.

It's been six long months
And more since I've seen her
Made a gamble and gone
Like summer wages.

In all the beer parlors
All down along Main Street
The dreams of the seasons
Are all spilled out on the floor.

Of the big stands of timber
Just waiting for fallin'
And the hookers standing watchfully
Waiting by the door.

So I'll work on the towboats
With my slippery city shoes
Which I swore I would never do again

Through the gray fog-bound straits.
Where the cedars stand watchin'
I'll be far off and gone
Like summer wages.

In all the beer parlors
All down along Main Street
The dreams of the seasons
Are all spilled out on the floor.

Of the big stands of timber
Just waiting for fallin'
And the hookers standing watchfully
Waiting by the door.

Never hit seventeen
When you play against the dealer
For you know that the odds
Won't ride with you.

And never leave your woman alone
When your friends are out to steal her
Years are gambled and lost
Like summer wages.

Years are gambled and lost
Like summer wages...

Sweet Betsy from Pike

[Harmonica]

Now don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike
That crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike
Two yoke of oxen, a big yeller dog
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog.

One evenin' quite early they camped on the Platte
Down by the road on a green shady flat
Where Betsy got tired and lay down to repose
And Ike he just gazed on his Pike County rose

[Guitar]

Well they soon reached the desert where Betsy gave out
Down in the sand she lay rolling about
While Ike in great tears looked on in surprise
Said Betsy git up you'll get sand in your eyes.

Well the Shanghai ran off and the cattle all died
The last piece of bacon that mornin' was fried
Ike he got discouraged and Betsy got mad
The dog wagged his tail and looked wondruf'ly sad

[Guitar and Harmonica]

Well, a miner said Betsy will you dance with me
I will now old hoss if you want make too free
But don't dance me hard do you want to know why
Doggone you I'm chocked full of strong alkalai

Ike and sweet Betsy got married of course
But Ike gettin' jealous obtained a divorce
Betsy well satisfied said with a shout
Goodbye you big lummoX I'm glad you backed out.

[Harmonica]

The Ballad of Davy Crockett

Borned on a mountaintop in Tennessee,
Greenest state in the land of the free
Raised in the woods so's he knew ev'ry tree,
Kilt him a b'ar when he was only three
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier

Fought single-handed through the Injun War,
Till the Creeks was whipped an' the peace was in store
While he was handlin' this risky chore,
Made hisself a legend for evermore
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier

Well he give his word an' he give his hand,
That his Injun friends could keep their land
The rest of his life he took the stand,
That justice was due every redskin band
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier

He went off to Congress an' served a spell,
Fixin' up the government an' laws as well
Took over Washin'ton so we heered tell,
An' patched up the crack in the Liberty Bell
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier

When he come home his politickin' done,
The western march had just begun
So he packed his gear an' his trusty gun,
An' lit out grinnin' to follow the sun
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier

His land is biggest an' his land is best,
From grassy plains to the mountain crest
He's ahead of us all meetin' the test,
Followin' his legend into the West
Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier

King of the wild frontier

The Ballad of Ira Hayes

Ira Hayes,
Ira Hayes

Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer any more
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian
Nor the Marine that went to war

Gather round me people there's a story I
would tell
'Bout a brave young Indian you should
remember well
From the land of the Pima Indian
A proud and noble band
Who farmed the Phoenix valley in Arizona
land

Down the ditches a thousand years
The water grew Ira's peoples' crops
'Till the white man stole the water rights
And the sparklin' water stopped

Now Ira's folks were hungry
And their land grew crops of weeds
When war came, Ira volunteered
And forgot the white man's greed

Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian
Nor the Marine that went to war

There they battled up Iwo Jima hill,
Two hundred and fifty men
But only twenty-seven lived to walk back
down again

And when the fight was over
And Old Glory raised
Among the men who held it high
Was the Indian, Ira Hayes

Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian
Nor the Marine that went to war

Ira Hayes returned a hero
Celebrated through the land
He was wined and speeched and honored
Everybody shook his hand

But he was just a Pima Indian
No water, no home, no chance
At home nobody cared what Ira'd done
And when did the Indians dance

Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian
Nor the Marine that went to war

Then Ira started drinkin' hard;
Jail was often his home
They'd let him raise the flag and lower it
like you'd throw a dog a bone

He died drunk early one mornin'
Alone in the land he fought to save
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch
Was a grave for Ira Hayes

Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian
Nor the Marine that went to war

Yeah, call him drunken Ira Hayes
But his land is just as dry
And his ghost is lyin' thirsty
In the ditch where Ira died

The Ballad of Jesse James

Jesse James was a lad who killed many men
He robbed the Glendale train
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor
He had hand and a heart and a brain

Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life
Three children they were so brave
Robert Ford caught his eye and shot him on the sly
And they laid Jesse James in his grave

It was on a Wednesday night when the moon was shinin' bright
They robbed the Glendale train
And the folk from all about they all said without a doubt
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James

Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life
Three children they were so brave
Robert Ford caught his eye and shot him on the sly
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave

[Instrumental]

It was on a Friday night when Jesse was at home
A-talkin' with his family brave
When along came Robert Ford like a thief in the night
And laid poor Jesse in his grave

Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life
Three children they were so brave
Robert Ford caught his eye then shot him on the sly
And they laid Jesse James in his grave

[Instrumental]

Well the people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's
death
And they wondered just how he came to die
It was little Robert Ford one of Jesse's men
Who shot Jesse James on the sly

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

The Ballad of Paladin

Paladin Paladin where do you roam?
Paladin Paladin far far from home

Have gun will travel reads the card of a man
A knight without armor in a savage land
His fast gun for hire heeds the calling wind
A soldier of fortune is the man called Paladin

Paladin Paladin where do you roam?
Paladin Paladin far far from home

He travels on to wherever he must
A chess knight of silver is his badge of trust
There are campfire legends that the plainsmen spin
Of the man with the gun of the man called Paladin

Paladin Paladin where do you roam?
Paladin Paladin far far from home

Far from home
Far from home

The Ballad of the Alamo

In the southern part of Texas in the town of San Antone
There's a fortress all in ruins that the weeds have overgrown
You may look in vain for crosses and you'll never see a one
But sometimes between the setting and the rising of the sun

You can hear a ghostly bugle as the men go marchin' by
You can hear them as they answer to that roll call in the sky.
Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett, and a hundred eighty more
Captain Dickinson, Jim Bowie, present and accounted for.

Back in 1836, Houston said to Travis
"Get some volunteers and go fortify the Alamo."
Well the men came from Texas and from old Tennessee
And they joined up with Travis just to fight for the right to be free.

Indian scouts with squirrel guns men with muzzle-loaders
Stood together, heel and toe to defend the Alamo.
"You may ne'er see your loved ones," Travis told them that day
"Those who want to can leave now those who fight to the death let 'em stay."

In the sand he drew the line with his army sabre
Out of a hundred eighty five not a soldier crossed the line
With his banners a-dancin' in the dawn's golden light
Santa Anna came prancin' on a horse that was black as the night.

Sent an officer to tell Travis to surrender
Travis answered with a shell and a rousin' rebel yell
Santa Anna turned scarlet "Play *degüello!*" he roared
"I will show them no quarter every one will be put to the sword!"

One hundred and eighty five holdin' back five thousand
Five days, six days, eight days, ten, Travis held and held again
Then he sent for replacements for his wounded and lame
But the troops that were comin' never came, never came, never came

Twice he charged then blew recall, on the fatal third time
Santa Anna breached the wall and he killed them, one and all
Now the bugles are silent and there's rust on each sword
And the small band of soldiers... lie asleep in the arms of the Lord...

- continued -

In the southern part of Texas near the town of San Antone
Like a statue on his pinto rides a cowboy all alone
And he sees the cattle grazin' where a century before
Santa Anna's guns were blazin' and the cannons used to roar

And his eyes turn sorta misty and his heart begins to glow
And he takes his hat off slowly...

To the men of Alamo...

To the thirteen days of glory at the siege of Alamo...

The Battle of New Orleans

In 1814 we took a little trip,
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip.
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,
And they caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans.

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin',
There wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We looked down the river and we seen the British come.
And there must have been a hundred of 'em beatin' on the drum.
They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring.
We stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing.

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin',
There wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise,
If we didn't fire our muskets till we looked 'em in the eyes.
We held our fire till we seed their faces well,
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and gave 'em a little...well...we...

...fired our guns and the British kept a comin',
There wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Yeah they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles,
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down,
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round.
We filled his head with cannonballs and powdered his behind,
And when we touched the powder off, the gator lost his mind.

- continued -

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin',
There wasn't nigh as many as there was awhile ago.
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Yeah they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles,
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

The Colorado Trail

Stars fading in the night
Days gone away
Sun will be risin' soon
Everything will lay

Weep all ye little rains
Wail winds wail
All along along along
The Colorado trail

Eyes like the morning star
Cheeks like a rose
Laura was a pretty girl
God Almighty knows

Weep all ye little rains
Wail winds wail
All along along along
The Colorado trail

[Violin and Guitar]

Ride all the lonely night
Ride through the day
Keep the herd a movin' on
Movin' on its way

Weep all ye little rains
Wail winds wail
All along along along
The Colorado trail

All along along along
The Colorado trail

The Hanging Tree

I came to town to search for gold
And I brought with me a memory
And I seem to hear the night wind cry,
"Go hang your dreams on the hangin' tree
Your dreams of love that could never be (could never be)
Hang your faded dreams on the hangin' tree!" (the hangin' tree)

I searched for gold and I found my gold
And I found a girl who loved just me
And I wished that I could love her too
But I'd left my heart on the hangin' tree
I'd left my heart with a memory (a memory)
And a faded dream on the hangin' tree. (the hangin' tree)

Now there were men who craved my gold
And meant to take my gold from me
When a man is gone he needs no gold
So they carried me to the hangin' tree
To join my dreams and a memory (a memory)
Yes they carried me to the hangin' tree. (the hangin' tree)

To really live you must almost die
And it happened just that way with me
They took the gold and set me free
And I walked away from the hangin' tree
I walked away from the hangin' tree (the hangin' tree)
And my own true love, she walked with me!

That's when I knew that the hangin' tree
Was a tree of life, new life for me
A tree of hope, new hope for me
A tree of love, new love for me
The hangin' tree, (the hangin' tree)
The hangin' tree, (the hangin' tree)

The hangin' tree!

The Last Comanche Moon

The last Comanche moon was shinin' on me
Bright as day my true love walked the trail from Hell's Midnight
I rode the Milky Way I raced the Wolf the night The Broken Arrow fell
I staked my life and lost my fortune for to save the Mission Belle
Hey-y oh

I was a cowboy once down on the Rio Grande
I rode the ranges for the Broken Arrow brand
I was on guard that fateful night in early June
I saw the risin' of the last Comanche moon
I saw the warriors ride around the river bend
I give a shout the boys their home ranch to defend
They kept us pinned down with a hundred arrows flung
They come for all our horses, and they left us with just one
I'd locked him with a trace chain to a live oak tree that day
My racin' blue roan stallion I called the Milky Way
Hey-y oh

His daddy was a Mustang and a famous fightin' stud
His mamma was a thoroughbred of pure Kentucky blood
He was worth a fortune of a thousand, maybe more
His winnin's numbered hundreds and his winters numbered four
They raised a cheer back at the Broken Arrow Ranch
When I rode the Milky Way into the moonlighted Comanch
I shot my way out through a hundred painted braves
And struck the trail that led to town my true love for to save
My true love was a barmaid and she worked at Gambler's Hell
Her name was Julie Anne but she was called the Mission Belle
Hey-y oh

Julie Anne lived in the ruins of the ancient mission church
That stood a mile from town out where the braves were sure to search
She always walked the trail alone from Hell's Midnight Saloon
And I was bound to save her from the last Comanche moon
Halfway to town and I was crossin' Devil Branch,
I run onto another raidin' party of Comanch
I recognized a warrior on a blood bay mare
I knew his name was Wolf they said he'd lifted lots of hair
We had hoss raced at the fort he admired my blue roan stud
He come on through the moonlight like a lobo trailin' blood
The last Comanche moon was shinin' on me bright as day
My true love walked the trail from Hell's Midnight I rode the Milky Way

- continued -

I raced the Wolf the night the Broken Arrow fell
I staked my life lost my fortune for to save the Mission Belle

Hey-y oh

I shot my pistol dry and dropped it on the road
With my saddle bag and cartridge belt to lighten up the load
But an arrow found old Milky Way and his wound began to bleed
And the Wolf was on his war horse a fleet Comanche steed
There in the moonlight rose the ancient mission wall
The Wolf was right behind me when I heard my true love call
I rode the racehorse of a lifetime to the ground
I swear it died a runnin' and his likes have not been found
I landed on my shadow and I lay just where I fell
The screams of Julie Ann met with the Wolf's Comanche yell

Hey-y oh

I've been called a liar and I've been called a fool
'N I've been told Comanches grant no mercy as a rule
But old Wolf he seen me helpless and he seen his chance I know
But he only rode right by me, and he struck me with his bow
He could have killed me but he only counted coup
He turned and touched the Milky Way before the ghost had flew
He give a war yell like a wolf burned with a brand
Then wheeled and ducked the pistol shot by Julie Ann
She helped me right up from the hard spot where I fell
The last Comanche moon, the Milky Way, the Mission Belle

Hey-y oh

Well it's been sixty years now since I made that fateful ride
It's been twenty winters since I heard the Wolf had died
It's been seven moons now since I lost my Julie Ann
I'm goin' for to join her boys, my time is near at hand
Don't mind my passin' boys, it's time the old man died
The Wolf he waits to guide me up the trail o'er the divide
The moon is risin' like it did so long ago
An' I see the warriors waitin' on the ridge now, all aglow
Farewell world of trouble here comes Julie Ann
She rides the Milky Way to take me to the promised land
The last Comanche moon was shinin' on me
Bright as day my true love walked the trail from Hell's Midnight
I rode the Milky Way I raced the Wolf the night the Broken Arrow fell
I staked my life lost my fortune for to save the Mission Belle

Hey-y oh... hey-y oh... hey-y oh...

The Last Cowboy Song

This is the last cowboy song
The end of a hundred year waltz
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along
Another piece of America's lost

He rides a feed lot, and clerks in market
On weekends sellin' tobacco and beer
And his dream's of tomorrow surrounded by fences
But he'll dream tonight of when fences weren't here

He blazed the trail with Lewis and Clark
And eyeball to eyeball, old Wyatt backed down
He stood shoulder to shoulder with Travis in Texas
And rode with the Seventh when Custer went down

This is the last cowboy song
The end of a hundred year waltz
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along
Another piece of America's lost

Remington showed us how he looked on canvas
And Louis Lamour has told us his tale
And Willie and Waylon and me sing about him
And wish to God we could have ridden his trail

Spoken:

*The old Chisholm Trail is covered in concrete now
And they truck 'em to market in fifty foot rigs
They blow by his marker never slowin' to read
Like livin' and dyin' was all he ever did*

This is the last cowboy song
The end of a hundred year waltz
Voices sound sad as they're singin' along
Another piece of America's lost

This is the last cowboy song
The end of a hundred year waltz
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along
Another piece of America's lost

[Instrumental]

- continued -

This is the last cowboy song
The end of a hundred year waltz
The voices sound sad as they're singin' along
Another piece of America's lost

This is the last cowboy song

The Last Wild White Buffalo

I fled that Mason-Dixon feud with everything
that I'd accrued and wandered
I'd been told of Denver gold and my soul I sold
for passage way out yonder
Ah, but I was never meant for pannin' dust and threw
my trust into a band of jolly hunters
bound for buffalo or bust
We killed the meat to feed the hungry miners
for the wages that we'd squander.

I learned to hold a skinnin' knife just like I'd held one
my whole life and then some
And I'll admit I smelled a bit like blood and guts
and sweat each time I skinned one
But then the market changed from meat to hides and
we went down to Texas where the wild Comanches and
the Kiowa abide. And I saved my bucks and bought a
Sharps Big Fifty and I hired two men to skin some.

Oh now the rumble of the buffalo is bound to go to make
way for the longhorn the field corn and the town born
For many years I've laid 'em low and braved the bow
and arrow of the Indian

Finally here I am —

Holdin' my Sharps Big Fifty tight, I see him in my sights,
I've got him dead to rights, I've dreamed of this at night,
He's the last livin' free runnin' wild white buffalo.

And it was northward to the Northern Herd some
hunters up here spread the word of fortune
We fought the Blackfeet and the Sioux and of buffalo
we slew more than our portion
Then just this mornin' I awoke before the dawn and
rowed my boat and saddled up old Three Socks rode
and staked him in the rimrocks, and I crawled out
on the ledge to find the rarest of the breed, the pure white bison.

Yeah, I had heard the stories of the few who won
the glories when they shot one
That albino hide's so rare it's only fair you'd pay
a thousand if you bought one
That white hide tanned by Indian's hand is sacred
but to white men it's a trophy, nothin' more,
and I can feel my legend soar, for of fame and riches
I have none, but I believe it's high time that I got some.

- continued -

Oh now the rumble of the buffalo is bound to go to make
way for the longhorn the field corn and the town born
For many years I've laid 'em low and braved the bow
and arrow of the Indian
Finally here I am —
Holdin' my Sharps Big Fifty tight, I see him in my sights,
I've got him dead to rights, I've dreamed of this at night,
He's the last livin' free runnin' wild white buffalo.

Now the hair is standin' on my neck and I feel as if
some reckoning has found me.
Is that white bull really real or just the ghost of evil deals
come back to hound me?
For I have fought the red men and deprived them of the
meat I let spoil now I hear voices as my trigger finger
coils, and I hesitate to fire 'cause I feel the Indian spirits
all around me.

So I ease up on the trigger and I wait for someone bigger
to decide.
And I hear the Great Creator whisper
"Wait before you kill him just for pride."
So I wait. Then I see the Sioux come chargin' down the hill
to kill that sacred buffalo with arrow straight and
true, and I know now if I had fired it would have been
their knives skinnin' me of my own white hide.

Oh now the rumble of the buffalo is bound to go to
make way for the longhorns field corn the town born.
For many years I've laid 'em low and braved the bow
and arrow of the Indians
Finally here I am —
Holdin' my Sharps Big Fifty tight, I saw him in my sights,
I had him dead to rights, I've dreamed of it at night,
He was the last livin' free runnin' wild white buffalo.

So I leave the Indians sayin' prayers and thanks to
stayin' mighty low I'm hidin'
I slip back up the rimrock, cinch up old Three Socks
and steady now I'm ridin'
And I know down in my heart now all my huntin' days
are past, I may have killed more than my share, but
I will not kill the last, and I beg the Lord's sweet mercy
for the breath of life still in my lungs abidin'.

- continued -

As I ride off on my sorrel it ain't hard to find the moral
of my story —
Yeah a man who takes what's sacred from another
ain't no brother bound for glory
And a man who kills for thrill or just for money in the till
had better heed the Spirit voices on his downhill trail
to hell, and I must repent for years I spent addin' to the
hideyard inventory

Oh now the rumble of the buffalo is bound to go to make
way for the greenhorn the sweet corn and the tin horns
For many years I've laid 'em low and braved the bow
and arrow of the Indians
Finally here I am —
Holdin' my Sharps Big Fifty tight, I saw him in my sights,
I had him dead to rights, I'll dream of it tonight,
He was the last livin' free runnin' wild white buffalo.

Holdin' my Sharps Big Fifty tight, I had him in my sights,
I had him dead to rights, and I'll dream of it tonight
He was the last livin' free runnin' wild white buffalo
Oh, the last livin' ever lovin' wild white buffalo...

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance

When Liberty Valance rode to town, the womenfolk would hide, they'd hide
When Liberty Valance walked around, the men would step aside
'A-cause the point of a gun was the only law that Liberty understood
When it came to shootin' straight and fast, a-he was mighty good

From out of the East a stranger came, a law book in his hand, a man
The kind of a man the West would need to tame a troubled land
'Cause the point of a gun was the only law that Liberty understood
When it came to shootin' straight and fast, a-he was mighty good

Many a man would face his gun, and many a man would fall
The man who shot Liberty Valance
He shot Liberty Valance
He was the bravest of them all

The love of a girl can make a man stay on when he should go, stay on
Just tryin' to build a peaceful life where love is free to grow
But the point of a gun was the only law that Liberty understood
When the final showdown came at last, a law book was no good

Alone and afraid, she prayed that he'd return that fateful night, aw, that night
When nothin' she said could keep her man from goin' out to fight
From the moment a girl gets to be full-grown, the very first thing she learns
When two men go out to face each other, only one returns

Everyone heard two shots ring out, one shot made Liberty fall
The man who shot Liberty Valance
He shot Liberty Valance
He was the bravest of them all

The man who shot Liberty Valance
He shot Liberty Valance
He was the bravest of them all

The Master's Call

When I was but a young man I was wild and full of fire
A youth within my teens, but full of challenge and desire
I ran away from home and left my mother and my dad
I know it grieved them so to think their only boy was bad.

I fell in with an outlaw band, their names were known quite well
How many times we robbed and plundered, I could never tell
This kind of sinful livin' leads only to a fall
I learned that much and more the night I heard my Master call.

One night we rustled cattle, a thousand head or so
And started them out on the trail that leads to Mexico
But a norther started blowin' and lightning flashed about
I thought someone was callin' me, I thought I heard a shout.

Then at that moment lightning struck not twenty yards from me
And left there was a giant cross where once there was a tree
And this time I knew I heard a voice, a voice so sweet and strange
A voice that came from everywhere, a voice that called my name.

So frightened I was thinking of sinful deeds I'd done
I failed to see the thousand head of cattle start to run
The cattle they stampeded, were running all around
My pony ran but stumbled and it threw me to the ground.

I felt the end was near, that death would be the price
When a mighty bolt of lightning showed the face of Jesus Christ
And I cried oh Lord forgive me, don't let it happen now
I want to live for you alone, Oh God these words I vow.

My wicked past unfolded, I thought of wasted years
When another bolt of lightning killed a hundred head of steers
And the others rushed on by me and I was left to live
The Master had a reason, life is his to take or give.

A miracle preformed that night, I wasn't meant to die
The dead ones formed a barricade least six or seven high
And right behind it there was I, afraid but safe and sound
I cried and begged for mercy kneeling there upon the ground.

A pardon I was granted, my sinful soul set free
No more to fear the angry waves upon life's stormy sea
Forgiven by the love of God, a love that will remain
I gave my life and soul the night the Savior called my name...

The Old Cantina

Just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*
I can hear the music play, all alone in my room
While I'm dreamin' of a *señorita*
I live just a stone's throw away from the old *cantina*

Mi hermano owned *la casa*, but he moved back to Oaxaca
And he gave-a me this *poca cabina*
And he said I wouldn't like it,
'Cause they make a *grande racket*

Cada noche at the old *cantina*
And I don't get mucho *sueño*, but I think it's *muy bueno*
'Cause I like to chase the *señoritas*
In *la lengua de los gringos*,

I live just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*
Just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*
Don't ask me how I know it
I'll pick up a rock and throw it and you'll see

Just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*
Estoy viviendo, only just a stone's throw
From the old *cantina*
Well, I don't buy any drinks, I wash the dishes in the sink

And I sack up every day's *basura*
And I like the *cocinera*, she's a very good *mujer*
Because she always gives me free *chalupas*
Yo no soy un trabajador, necesito no dinero

I laugh and drink the free *tequila*
And maybe some *añejo*, 'cause
I live just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*
Just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*

Don't ask me how I know it
I'll pick up a rock and throw it and you'll see
It's just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*
Estoy viviendo, only just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*

[Instrumental]

- continued -

One night I got too *macho* and I got too much *borracho*
I tried to kiss the *señorita*
She ran me out *la puerta, p'alla a la izquierda*
All the way back to my own *cabina*

Then she threw a big *piedra*, hit me right in *mi cabeza*
And I fell right down on *mis rodillas*
And that's the way that I know
That I live just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*

Just a stone's throw from the old *cantina*
Don't ask her how she knows it
She picks up a rock and throws it and you'll see
It's a stone's throw from the old *cantina*

Estoy viviendo, only just a stone's throw
From the old *cantina*
Estoy a viviendo solo just a stone's throw
From the old *cantina...!*

The Old Chisholm Trail

Well come along boys and listen to my tale
I'll tell you 'bout my troubles on the old Chisholm Trail
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

I started up the trail October twenty-third
Started up the trail with a U-2 herd
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

On a ten dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle
Started out punchin' them longhorn cattle
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

With my seat in the saddle and my hand on the horn
I'm the best danged cowboy that was ever born
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

[Fiddle]

It's cloudy in the west, and looking like rain
And my danged old slicker's in the wagon again
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

The wind began to blow and the rain began to fall
And it looked like we were gonna lose 'em all
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

No chaps, no slippers, and it's pourin' down rain
I swear I'll never night herd again
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

I trip on my horse and I don't know how
Ropin' these longhorn U-2 cows
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

[Fiddle]

- continued -

Well, I went to the boss to draw my roll
And the boss had me figured nine dollars in the hole
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

Well me and the boss, we had a little spat
So I hit him in the face with my ten-gallon hat
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

The boss said to me, "Well I'll fire you
"Not only you, but the whole dang crew!"
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

I'll sell my horse, I'll sell my saddle
And you can drive all of your own horn cattle
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

[Fiddle]

Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay

The Old Double Diamond

Now the ol' Double Diamond lay out east of Dubois in the land of the buffalo
And the auctioneer's gavel how it rapped and it rattled
As I watched the ol' Double Diamond go
Won't you listen to the wind mother nature's violin

When I first hired on the ol' Double Diamond
I was a damn poor excuse for a man
Never learned how to aim when the spirt was tame
Couldn't see all the cards in my hand

And the wind whipped the granite above me
Blew the tumbleweeds clean through my soul
Well I fought her winters and I busted her horses
And I took more than I thought I could stand

But the battles with the mountains and cattle
Seem to bring out the best in a man
I guess a sailor he needs an ocean and a mama her babies to hold
But I need the hills of Wyomin' in the land of the buffalo

[Instrumental]

Now she's sellin' out I'm movin' on
But I'm leaving with more than I came
'Cause I've got this saddle and it ain't for sale and I've got this song to sing
I'll find a new range to ride, new knots to tie

In a country where cowboys are king
I turned my tails to the wind and the ol' Double Diamond
Disappeared into the sage

The Rebel – Johnny Yuma

Away, away, away rode the rebel Johnny Yuma

Johnny Yuma was a rebel
He roamed through the West
Did Johnny Yuma, the rebel
He wandered alone

He got fightin' mad this rebel lad
He packed no star as he wandered far
Where the only law was a hook and a draw
The rebel, Johnny Yuma

Away, away, away rode the rebel Johnny Yuma

Johnny Yuma was a rebel
He roamed through the West
Did Johnny Yuma, the rebel
He wandered alone

He searched the land this restless lad
He was panther quick and leather tough
If he figured that he'd been pushed enough
The rebel, Johnny Yuma

Away, away, away rode the rebel Johnny Yuma, Johnny Yuma

Johnny Yuma was a rebel
He roamed through the West
Did Johnny Yuma, the rebel
He wandered alone

Fightin' mad this rebel lad
With a dream he'd hold 'til his dyin' breath
He'd search his soul and gamble with death
The rebel, Johnny Yuma

Away, away, away rode the rebel Johnny Yuma

Johnny Yuma

The Strawberry Roan

I was hangin' 'round town, just spendin'
muh time
Out of a job, not earnin' a dime
A feller steps up and he said, "I suppose
You're a bronc fighter from looks of your
clothes."
"You figures me right, I'm a good one," I
claim
"Do you happen to have any bad ones to
tame?"
He said he's got one, a bad one to buck
At throwin' good riders, he's had lots of
luck.
I gets all het up¹ and I ask what he pays
To ride this old nag for a couple of days
He offered me ten; I said, "I'm your man,
"A bronc never lived that I couldn't fan."²
He said: "Get your saddle, I'll give you a
chance"
In his buckboard we hops and he drives to
the ranch
I stayed 'ntil mornin' and right after chuck³
I stepped out to see if this outlaw can
buck.
Down in the horse corral standin' alone
Is an old *caballo*⁴, a strawberry roan
His legs are all spavined, he's got pigeon
toes⁵
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose;
Little pin ears that touched at the tip⁶
A Big 44 brand was on his left hip
Ewe-neck and old, with a long lower jaw
I could see with one eye, he's a regular
outlaw.⁷

I gets the blinds⁸ on 'im and it sure is a
fright
Next comes the saddle and I screws it
down tight
Then I steps on 'im and I raises the blind
Get out the way boys, he's gonna unwind.
He sure is a frog-walker⁹, he heaves a big
sigh
He only lacks wings, for to be on the fly
He turns his old belly right up to the sun
He sure is a sun-fishin'¹⁰ son-of-a-gun.
He's about the worst bucker I've seen on
the range
He'll turn on a nickel and give you some
change
He hits on all fours and goes up on high
Leaves me a spinnin' up there in the sky.
I turns over twice and I comes back to
earth
I lights in to cussin' the day of his birth
I know there are ponies that I cannot ride
There's some of them left, they haven't all
died.
I'll bet all my money, the man ain't alive
That'll stay with Old Strawberry
When he makes his high dive.

¹ Heated up; agitated; emotional

² Calming a bucking horse by fanning it with one's hat

³ A meal. Chuck is food

⁴ Spanish: any male horse

⁵ Toes that turn inward

⁶ Pinning the ears back is a sign of aggression in horses

⁷ A horse that is particularly vicious and untamable

⁸ A blindfold put over the head of a difficult horse while it is being handled

⁹ A horse that "crow hops"; it bucks and hops with an arched back and stiff knees

¹⁰ Bucking where the horse forms its body into a crescent and swings it from side to side while in the air.

The Streets of Laredo (Cowboy's Lament)

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo
As I walked out in Laredo one day
I spied a young cowboy wrapped all in white linen
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay

Oh beat the drum slowly and play the pipe lowly
Sing the Dead March as you carry me along
Take me to the valley there lay the sod o'er me
I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong

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

Go fetch me some water a cool cup of water
To cool my parched lips then the poor cowboy said
Before I returned his spirit had left him
Had gone to his maker the cowboy was dead

Oh beat the drum slowly and play the pipe lowly
Sing the Dead March as you carry me along
Take me to the valley there lay the sod o'er me
I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong

The Wayward Wind

The wayward wind is a restless wind
A restless wind that yearns to wander
And he was born the next of kin
The next of kin to the wayward wind

In a lonely shack by a railroad track
He spent his younger days
And I guess the sound of the outward bound
Made him a slave to his wand'rin' ways

And the wayward wind is a restless wind
A restless wind that yearns to wander
And he was born the next of kin
The next of kin to the wayward wind

Oh, I met him there in a border town
He vowed we'd never part
Though he tried his best to settle down
Now I'm alone with a broken heart

And the wayward wind is a restless wind
A restless wind that yearns to wander
And he was born the next of kin
The next of kin to the wayward wind

The next of kin to the wayward wind...

The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Texas, I'm goin' there to see,
No other cowboy knows her, nobody only me.
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart
And if we ever meet again, we never more shall part.

She's the sweetest rose of color a cowboy ever knew,
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your dearest maids and sing of Rosalee,
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

Where the Rio Grande is flowin' and the stars are shinin' bright,
We walked along the river on a quiet summer night
She said if you remember, we parted long ago
You promised to come back again, and never let me go.

She's the sweetest rose of color a cowboy ever knew
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your dearest maids and sing of Rosalee
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee

[Instrumental]

I'm goin' back to find her, my heart is full of woe
We'll sing the songs together we sang so long ago
I'll pick the banjo gaily and sing the song of yore
And the Yellow Rose of Texas she'll be mine forevermore

She's the sweetest rose of color a cowboy ever knew
Her eyes are bright as diamonds they sparkle like the dew
You may talk about your dearest maids and sing of Rosalee
But the Yellow Rose of Texas beats the belles of Tennessee.

Theme from The Searchers

What makes a man to wander
What makes a man to roam?
What makes a man leave bed and board
And turn his back on home?

Ride away, ride away, ride away

[Instrumental]

Some men, they search for Injuns
Or humpback buffalo
And even when they've found them
They move on lonesome slow.

Ride away, ride away, ride away

The snow is deep and oh, so white
The winds they howl and moan
Fire cooks a man his buffalo meat
But his lonely heart won't warm

Ride away, ride away, ride away

A man will search his heart and soul
Go searchin' way out there
His peace of mind he knows he'll find
But where, oh Lord, Lord where?

Ride away, ride away, ride away

They Call the Wind Maria

Maria, Maria
They call the wind Maria

A way out here they got a name
For rain and wind and fire
The rain is Tess, the fire's Joe
And they call the wind Maria

Maria blows the stars around
And sends the clouds a-flyin'
Maria makes the mountain sound
Like folks were up there dyin'

Maria, Maria
They call the wind Maria

Before I knew Maria's name
And heard her wail and whinin'
I had a girl and she had me
And the sun was always shinin'

But then one day I left my girl
I left her far behind me
And now I'm lost so gol dern lost
Not even God can find me

Maria, Maria
They call the wind Maria

Out here they got a name for rain
For wind and fire only
But when you're lost and all alone
There ain't no word but lonely

I'm a lost and lonely man
Without a star to guide me
Maria blow my love to me
I need my girl beside me

Maria, Maria
They call the wind Maria

Maria, Maria
Blow my love to me

Tom Dooley

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

I met her on the mountain
There I took her life
Met her on the mountain
Stabbed her with my knife

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Hadn't a-been for Grayson
I'd a-been in Tennessee

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

This time tomorrow
Reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley
Hangin' from a white oak tree

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

Poor boy, you're bound to die
Poor boy, you're bound to die
Poor boy, you're bound to die...

Tonight We Ride

Pancho Villa crossed the border in the year of ought sixteen
The people of Columbus still hear him riding through their dreams
He killed seventeen civilians you could hear the women scream
Black Jack Pershing on a dancing horse was waitin' in the wings

Tonight we ride, tonight we ride
We'll skin ol' Pancho Villa, make chaps out of his hide
Shoot his horse, *Siete Leguas*, and his twenty-seven brides
Tonight we ride, tonight we ride

We rode for three long years till Black Jack Pershing called it quits
When Jackie wasn't lookin' I stole his fine spade bit
It was tied upon his stallion, so I rode away on it
To the wild Chihuahuan Desert, so dry you couldn't spit

Tonight we ride, you bastards dare
We'll kill the wild Apache for the bounty on his hair
Then we'll ride into Durango, climb up the whorehouse stairs
Tonight we ride, tonight we ride

[Instrumental]

When I'm too damn old to sit a horse, I'll steal the warden's car
Break my ass out of this prison leave my teeth there in a jar
You don't need no teeth for kissin' gals or smokin' cheap cigars
I'll sleep with one eye open, 'neath God's celestial stars

Tonight we rock, tonight we roll
We'll rob the [Juarez](#) liquor store for the Reposado Gold
And if we drink ourselves to death ain't that the cowboy way to go?
Tonight we ride, tonight we ride

Tonight we fly we're headin' west
Toward the mountains and the ocean where the eagle makes his nest
If our bones bleach on the desert, we'll consider we are blessed
Tonight we ride, tonight we ride

[Guitar]

Tonight we ride, tonight we ride.

Tumbling Tumbleweeds

See them tumbling down
Pledging their love to the ground
Lonely but free I'll be found
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds

Cares of the past are behind
Nowhere to go but I'll find
Just where the trail will wind
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds

I know when night has gone
That a new world's born at dawn

I'll keep rolling along
Deep in my heart is a song
Here on the range I belong
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds

[Instrumental with Whistling]

I know when night has gone
That a new world's born at dawn

I'll keep rolling along
Deep in my heart is a song
Here on the range I belong
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds...

Vaya Con Dios (May God Be with You)

Now the hacienda's dark, the town is sleeping,
Now the time has come to part, the time for weeping,
Vaya Con Dios, my darling,
Vaya Con Dios, my love.

Now the village mission bells are softly ringing,
If you listen with your heart, you'll hear them singing.
Vaya Con Dios, my darling,
Vaya Con Dios, my love.

Wherever you may be, I'll be beside you,
Although you're many million dreams away.
Each night I'll say a prayer, a prayer to guide you,
To hasten every lonely hour of every lonely day.

Now the dawn is breaking through a gray tomorrow,
But the memories we share are there to borrow.
Vaya Con Dios, my darling,
Vaya Con Dios, my love.

[Guitars]

Vaya Con Dios, my darling,
Vaya Con Dios, my love.

Wagon Wheels

Wagon wheels (rollin' rollin' rollin') wagon wheels
Keep on a-turnin' (turnin') wagon wheels
Roll along (rollin' rollin' rollin') sing your song
Carry me over the hill (carry me over the hill)

Roll on mule there's a steamer at the landin'
Waitin' for this cotton to load
Roll on mule the boss is understandin'
There's a pasture at the end of each road

Wagon wheels (rollin' rollin' rollin') wagon wheels
Keep on a-turnin' (turnin') wagon wheels
Roll along sing your song
Wagon wheels carry me ho-o-o-o-ome

Wagon wheels carry me home
(Wagon wheels carry me home)

Wayfaring Stranger

I'm just a poor wayfarin' stranger,
Travelin' through this world below.
There is no sickness, no toil, nor danger,
In that bright land to which I go.

I'm goin' there to see my Father.
And all my loved ones who've gone on.
I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' over home.

[Instrumental]

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,
I know my way is hard and steep.
But beauteous fields arise before me,
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep.

I'm goin' there to see my Mother.
She said she'd meet me when I come.
So I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' over home

I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' over home.

Whatever Happened to Randolph Scott

Everybody knows when you go to the show
You can't take the kids along
You've gotta read the paper and know the
code
G, PG and R and X

You gotta know what the movie's about
Before you even go
Tex Ritter's gone and Disney's dead
The screen is filled with sex

Whatever happened to Randolph Scott
Ridin' the trail alone
Whatever happened to Gene and Tex
And Roy and Rex, the Durango Kid

Oh whatever happened to Randolph Scott
His horse, plain as could be
Whatever happened to Randolph Scott
Has happened to the best of me

[Instrumental]

Everybody's tryin' to make a comment
About our doubts and fears
True Grit's the only movie
I've really understood in years

You gotta take your analyst along
To see if it's fit to see
Whatever happened to Randolph Scott
Has happened to the best of me

Whatever happened to Randolph Scott
Ridin' the trail alone
Whatever happened to Gene and Tex
And Roy and Rex, the Durango Kid

Oh whatever happened to Randolph Scott
His horse, plain as could be
Whatever happened to Randolph Scott
Has happened to the best of me

Whatever happened to Johnny Mack Brown
And Alan Rocky Lane
Whatever happened to Lash Larue
I'd love to see them again

Whatever happened to Smiley Burnett
Tim Holt and Gene Autry
Whatever happened to all of these
Has happened to the best of me

Whatever happened to Randolph Scott
Has happened to the industry

When Roy Rogers Was Around

I paid my dime, took my seat
Watched him ride across the silver screen
Catchin' the bad guys... savin' the town
Life was a whole lot better when Roy Rogers was around.

Lord it was a different time back then
Life was good and men were men
Never had no worries... never saw a frown
Life was a whole lot better when Roy Rogers was around.

Roy never gave up, he never gave in
Never backed down, he'd always win
Never compromised with the bad guys nobody... pushed him around
Life was a whole lot better when Roy Rogers was around.

[Guitar]

Now life was a whole lot sweeter then
Skies seemed bluer and the grass was greener
Nothin' bad ever lasted long... nothin' much got you down
Life was a whole lot better when Roy Rogers was around.

I still see Roy a-ridin' in my dreams
Trigger and Dale still look the same
Got me through some hard times... saw me safe and sound
Life was a whole lot better when Roy Rogers was around.

Roy never gave up, never gave in
Never backed down, he'd always win
Never compromised with the bad guys nobody... pushed him around
Life was a whole lot better, life was a whole lot better
Life was a whole lot better when Roy Rogers was around.

[Guitar]

When the Work's All Done This Fall

A group of jolly cowboys discussing plans at ease
Said one I'll tell you somethin', boys, if you will listen, please
I'm an old cow puncher and here I'm dressed in rags
I used to be a tough one and go on great big jags

I have got a home, boys, and a good one you all know
Although I haven't seen it since long long ago
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all
I'm goin' home to mother when the work's all done this fall

That night this very cowboy went out to stand his guard
The night was dark and stormy, was rainin' very hard
The cattle they got frightened and they rushed in wild stampede
The cowboy tried to turn them while ridin' at full speed

While ridin' in the darkness loudly he did shout
Tryin' his best to stop them or turn the herd about
His saddle horse did stumble and upon him it did fall
Poor boy won't see his Mother when the work's all done this fall

Fred, you take my saddle, Jim, you take my bed
Johnny, take my pistol after I am dead
Think about me kindly as you look upon them all
'Cause I'll not see my Mother when the work's all done this fall

They buried Charlie at daybreak no tombstone at his head
Nothin' but a little board, and this is what it said
"Charlie died at daybreak he died from a fall
Poor boy won't see his Mother when the work's all done this fall."

Wild Montana Skies

He was born in the Bitterroot Valley in the early morning rain.
Wild geese over the water, heading north and home again.
Bringin' a warm wind from the south, bringin' the first taste of the spring.
His mother took him to her breast, and softly she did sing:

Oh Montana, give this child a home.
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own.
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes,
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies.

His mother died that summer and he never learned to cry.
He never knew his father and he never did ask why.
And he never knew the answers that would make an easy way,
But he learned to know the wilderness and to be a man that way.

His mother's brother took him in to his family and his home,
Gave him a hand that he could lean on and a strength to call his own.
And he learned to be a farmer, and he learned to love the land,
And he learned to read the seasons and he learned to make a stand.

Oh Montana, give this child a home.
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own.
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes,
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies.

On the eve of his 21st birthday, he set out on his own.
He was 30 years and runnin' when he found his way back home.
Ridin' a storm across the mountains and an achin' in his heart,
Said he came to turn the pages and to make a brand new start.

Now he never told a story of the time that he was gone.
Some say he was a lawyer, some say he was a John.
There was somethin' in the city that he said he couldn't breathe,
Somethin' in the country that he said he couldn't leave.

Oh Montana, give this child a home.
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own.
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes,
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies.

[Instrumental]

- continued -

Now some say he was crazy, some are glad he's gone.
Some of us will miss him we'll try to carry on,
Giving a voice to the forest, giving a voice to the dawn.
Giving a voice to the wilderness and the land that he lived on.

Oh Montana, give this child a home.
Give him the love of a good family and a woman of his own.
Give him a fire in his heart, give him a light in his eyes,
Give him the wild wind for a brother and the wild Montana skies.

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Wildfire

[Instrumental]

She comes down from Yellow Mountain
On a dark, flat land she rides
On a pony she named Wildfire
A whirlwind by her side
On a cold Nebraska night

Oh, they say she died one winter
When there came a killin' frost
And the pony she named Wildfire
Busted down its stall
In a blizzard she was lost

She ran callin' Wildfire
Callin' Wildfire
Callin' Wildfire

So by the dark of the moon, I planted
But there came an early snow
Been a hoot owl howling by my window now
'Bout six nights in a row
She's coming for me, I know
And on Wildfire, we're both gonna go

We'll be ridin' Wildfire
Ridin' Wildfire
Ridin' Wildfire

On Wildfire, we're gonna ride
Gonna leave sodbustin' behind
Get the hard times right on out of our minds
Ridin' Wildfire

[Instrumental]