

Cowboy Songs

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I Ride An Old Paint

I ride an old paint, I'm leadin' old Dan
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the houlihan
They feed in the coulees, they water in the draw
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw

Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
For they're fiery and snuffy and rarin' to go

Old Bill Jones had two daughters and a song
One went to Denver and the other went wrong
His wife, she died in a poolroom fight
But still he keeps singing from morning 'til night

Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
For they're fiery and snuffy and rarin' to go

When I die take my saddle from the wall
Put it on my pony and lead him from his stall
Tie my bones to his back, point our faces to the west
And we'll ride the prairies that we love the best

Ride around little dogies, ride around them slow
For they're fiery and snuffy and rarin' to go

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Cool Water

All day I faced the barren waste without the taste of water – cool water
Old Dan and I with throats burned dry and souls that cry for water
Cool clear water

(chorus)

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

The nights are cool and I'm a fool
Each star's a pool of water - cool water
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn and carry on to water
Cool clear water

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

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

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The Range Of The Buffalo

It was in the town of Jacksboro in 1873
A man by the name of Krego came walking up to me
Saying "How do you do, young fellow, and how would you like to go
To spend the summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo"

Well being out of employment to this Krego I did say
"Whether or not I go with you depends upon the pay.
If you pay good wages, and transportation to and fro,
Most likely, sir, I'll go with you to the range of the buffalo"

"Well yes, I pay good wages, and transportation too,
If you're agreed to work for me until the season's through.
But if you get disillusioned and head back to Jacksboro
Most likely, sir, you'll starve to death on the range of the buffalo."

His manner being persuasive he soon filled his crew again
With some ten or twelve in number of able-bodied men
The trip it was a pleasant one as lengthy journeys go
Until we crossed Pease River on the range of the buffalo

It was there our pleasures ended and our troubles all begun
A lightening storm came over us and made the cattle run
We got full of the stickers that on the cactus grow
And the outlaws waited to pick us off on the range of the buffalo

Salt meat and buffalo hump to eat and hard old sourdough bread
Strong coffee and alkali water to drink and a cowhide for a bed
The work was hot and gruesome as any skinner well would know
And the mosquitoes found you soon enough on the range of the buffalo

The season being near over when Krego he did say
We had all been too extravagant and now he could not pay
We had squandered all the profits
He had nothing left to show
So we left Krego's bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo

Now we've crossed over Pease River and homeward we are bound
No more in that damned country shall ever we be found
Home to our wives and sweethearts
Tell others not to go to that God-forsaken place
The range of the buffalo
Such a God-forsaken place
The range of the buffalo

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Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie

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

He had wasted and pined ‘til o’er his brow
Death’s shades were slowly gathering now
He thought of home and loved ones nigh
As the cowboys gathered to see him die

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

“It matters not, so I’ve been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold
Yet grant, oh, grant this wish to me
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie”

“I’ve always wished to be laid when I died
In a little churchyard on a green hillside
By my father’s grave, there let me be
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie”

“I wish to lie where a mother’s prayer
And a sister’s tear will mingle there
Where friends can come and weep over me
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie”

“For there’s another whose tears will shed
For the one who lies in a prairie bed
It breaks my heart to think of her now
She has curled these locks, she has kissed this brow”

“Oh, bury me not” ... and his voice failed there
But they took no heed to his dying prayer
In a narrow grave just six by three
They buried him there on the lone prairie

And the cowboys now as they roam the plain,
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain,
Fling a handful of roses o’er his grave
With a prayer to God his soul to save

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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

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

Face like a prairie flower, laughing all the day
Laura was my darling girl, now she's gone away
Weep all ye little rains, wail winds wail
All along, along, along the Colorado trail

Ride through the stormy night, dark is the sky
I wish I'd stayed in Abilene, nice and warm and dry
Weep all ye little rains, wail winds wail
All along, along, along the Colorado trail

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Git Along Little Dogies

As I was walking one morning for pleasure
I spied a cowpuncher a-riding along
His hat was thrown back and his spurs were a-jingling
And as he approached he was singing this song

(chorus)

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 Wyoming will be your new home

Early in springtime we round up the dogies
Mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails
Round up the horses, load up the chuck wagon
Then throw the little dogies out on the long trail

Night comes on and we hold 'em on the bedground
The same little dogies that rolled on so slow
We roll up the herd and cut out the stray ones
Then roll the little dogies like never before

Some boys go up the long trail for pleasure
But that's where they get it most awfully wrong
For you'll never know the trouble they give us
As we go drivin' them dogies along

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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 – ki – yay

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande
And I learned to ride 'fore I learned to stand
I'm a ridin' fool who is up to date
I know every trail in the Lone Star State
'Cause I ride the range in a Ford V-8
Yippie – yi – yo – ki – yay

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
I learned them all on the radio
Yippie – yi – yo – ki – yay

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Red River Valley

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

(chorus)

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?
Oh, how lonely and sad it will be
Oh, think of the fond heart that you're breaking
And the grief you are causing to me

I've been thinking a long time, my darling
Of the sweet words you never would say
Now, alas, must my fond hopes all vanish
For they say you are going away

(chorus)

I have promised you darling that never
Will a word from my lips cause you pain
And my life it will be yours forever
If you only will love me again

(chorus)

They will bury me where you have wandered
Near the hills where the daffodils grow
When you're gone from the Red River valley
For I can't live without you I know

(chorus)

Remember the Red River valley
And the cowboy who loved you so true

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Home On The Range

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

(chorus)

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

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

(chorus)

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

(chorus)

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Streets Of Laredo

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

“I can see by your outfit that you are a cowboy”
These words he did say as I slowly walked by
“Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story.
I’m shot in the chest and today I must die.

Once in the saddle I used to go dashing.
Once in the saddle I would wander astray.
First down to Rosie’s, and then to the card house,
But I’m shot in the chest and I’m dying today.

So beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly.
Play the dead march as you carry me along.
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod o’er me,
For I’m a young cowboy and I know I’ve done wrong.

Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin.
Get six dance hall ladies to bear up my pall.
Throw bunches of roses all over my coffin –
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall.

Then write a nice letter to my grey-haired mother
And tell her the cowboy that she loved is gone.
But please, not a word of the man who has killed me –
Don’t mention his name and his name will pass on.

Then gather around you a group of young cowboys
And tell them the story of this my sad fate.
And be sure to tell them, before they go further,
To stop their wild roving before it’s too late.”

When thus he had spoken the hot sun was setting
The streets of Laredo grew cold as the clay
We took the young cowboy down to the green valley
And there stands his maker we made to this day

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly
We played the dead march as we carried him along
Down in the green valley we laid the sod o’er him
He was a young cowboy and he said he’d done wrong

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Little Cowboy

Little fella you're so tired you can hardly lift your head
But you want to hear a story before you go to bed
So if you'll be quiet and listen patiently
I'll sing you a song that my mother sang to me

Little cowboy, put your saddle in the barn
Tie your horse up tight so he'll know no harm
Put your hat and your gun beside you on the chair
Don't forget you've got to say a little prayer
Little cowboy, you'd better hit the sandman trail
Or you'll be late for roundup time you know
If you want to be a cowboy you'd better rest a while
Little cowboy, baby of the old corral
Little cowboy, baby of the old corral

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Ghost Riders In The Sky

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

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
For he saw the riders coming hard and he heard their mournful cry

Yippie - i - ay (Yippie - i - oh - i - ay)
Yippie - i - oh (Yippie - i - ay - i - oh)
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 they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky on horses snorting fire
As they ride on hear their cry

Yippie - i - ay (Yippie - i - oh - i - ay)
Yippie - i - oh (Yippie - i - ay - i - oh)
Ghost riders in the sky

As the riders loped on by him he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from Hell a-ridin' on our range
Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will ride
Tryin' to catch the devil's herd across these endless skies

Yippie - i - ay (Yippie - i - oh - i - ay)
Yippie - i - oh (Yippie - i - ay - i - oh)
Ghost riders in the sky

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