# Bald Butte

## Colter Wall

Bald Butte, Bald Butte so lofty and so high
Carry me to Bald Butte
Where the plains wrap round the sky
You can dig a hole on Bald Butte when I dieHenry was born on Bald Butte
A paint horse he did ride
Well he roped him in Alberta
Broke him on the Montana line
Tore him a trail through the northwest countrysideHenry took to stealing
Robbing on the CP Rail
He got the devil on his shoulders
And the law man on his tail
You better ride, Henry ride
You ain't got no friends to go your bail
Well he rode across the Grey Back camp
Up in Cypress Hills
They said they left the US nation
On the day that Richmond fell
They whistled Dixie and set him up for stillHenry woke the next morn
Like a corpse from the grave
Half blind and twice as haggard
He took a cast iron to the brain
They stole his horse and the rifle that shared his nameAnd he tracked them former Johnny Rebs
Through the prairie and the trees
Up old Castle Mountain
Cross the river wide PT
Low and behold, what do you think he sees
I see my paint
I see my rifle that shares my name
I see them men that done me wrong
Lord, I'm gonna do them just the same
Henry grabbed his rifle
Up off of the ground
He kissed the ever-loving barrel
And he shot them old boys down
They hit the dirt, he revelled in the soumdNow he's back up in the saddle
Back up on the top
When he felt that southern slug
Chew a hole right through his gut
He thought he killed them all

But he had notThat paint took off a running
Through the water and the mud
No earthly force in this whole world
Could stop that 'Berta stud
Henry sat there laughing up his bloodAnd he was singing
Bald Butte, Bald Butte so lofty and so high
Carry me to Bald Butte
Where the plains wrap round the the sky
You can dig a hole on Bald Butte when I die
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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