

# 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 die  
Henry 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 countryside  
Henry 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 still  
Henry 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 name  
And 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 sound  
Now 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 not That 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 blood And 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.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>