

# Little Joe the Wrangler's Sister Nell

Don Edwards

She rode up to the wagon as the sun was going down  
A slender little figure dressed in gray  
We's ask her to get down a while and pull up to the fire  
And red hot chuck would soon be on the way

An old slouch hat with a hole on top was perched upon her head  
Wore a pair of bull hide chaps well greased and worn  
An old twin rig all scratched and scarred from working in the bush  
And a slick maguey rope-tied to her saddle horn

She said she'd rode from Lyano, four hundred miles away  
Her pony was so tired he wouldn't go  
She asked if she could stay awhile and kind of rest him up  
Then maybe she could find her brother, Joe

We could see that she'd been crying, her little face was sad  
When she talked her upper lip it trembled so  
She was the living image, we all saw it at a glance  
Of our little lost horse herder, Wrangler Joe

We'd asked where Joe was riding, if she knew the outfit's brand  
Yes, his letter said it was the circle bar  
It was mailed from Amarillo about three months ago  
From a trail herd headed north to Cinnabar

I looks at Jim, he looks at Tom, and Tom looks back at me  
There were something in our hearts we couldn't speak  
She said that she'd got worried when she never heard no more  
And things at home got tougher every week

"You see my mother died," she said, "when Joe and I was born  
And Joe and I was twins," her story ran  
"Then Dad he ups and marries, and gets another wife  
And then it was our troubles all began

"She beat us and she abused us, and starved us most the time  
'Cause she never had no children of her own  
Nothing Joe or I could do would ever be just right  
Then Joe pulls out and leaves me all alone"

I give the kid my bedroll, and I's bunks in with Jim  
We planned and schemed and talked the whole night through  
As to which of us would tell her the way that Joe was killed  
And break the news as gently as we could

"I'll wrangle in the morning, boys," she said as she turns in  
"I'll have the horses at the wagon 'fore day"  
As the morning star was rising I saw the kid roll out  
Saddle up the gray night horse and ride away

Soon we heard the horses coming heading into camp  
It weren't daylight but we plainly heard the bell  
And then someone a-crying a-coming on behind  
It was little Joe the wrangler's sister Nell

We couldn't quite console her; she'd seen the horses' brands  
As she drove them from the river bank below  
From the looks upon our faces she seemed to realize  
That she never again would see her brother Joe

Lyrics Submitted by Tristan Clark

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