

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

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