

# The Cowboy

Ed McCurdy

THE COWBOY  
sung by Ed McCurdy

1/ All day on the prairie in the saddle I ride  
Not even a dog, boys, to trot by my side  
My fire I must kindle with chips gathered â€™round  
And boil my own coffee without being ground  
I wash in a pool and I sleep on a sack  
I carry my wardrobe on my back

2/ For want of another night I cook bread in a pot  
And sleep on the ground for want of a cot  
My ceilingâ€™s the sky, my floor is the grass  
My music is the lowing of herds as they pass  
My books are the brooks, my sermons the stones  
My parson is a wolf on his pulpit of bones

3/ And then if my cookingâ€™s not very complete  
You canâ€™t blame me for wanting to eat  
But show me a man who sleeps more profound  
Than the big puncher-boy who snores on the ground  
My books teach me ever consistence to prize  
My sermons, that small things I should not despise

4/ My parson remarks from his pulpit of bones  
That fortune favours those who look out for their own  
Between me and love lies a gulf very wide  
Some lucky fellow may call her his bride  
My friends gently hint I am coming to grief  
But men must make money and women have beef

5/ Buy why it is, I can neâ€™er understand  
For each of the Patriarchs owned a big brand  
Abraham emigrated in search of a range  
When water was scarce he wanted a change  
Old Isaac owned cattle in charge of Esau  
And Jacob punched cows for his father-in-law

6/ He started in business way down at Bedrock  
And made quite a streak at handling stock

David, from night-herding, began using a sling  
And from scaring off lions became a great king  
The shepherds, while herding on Bethlehem Hill  
Got a message from Angels of Peace and Goodwill

7/ Real Peace and Goodwill, itâ€™s â€œPeace and Goodwillâ€•  
Got a message from Angels of Peace and Goodwill  
So, what keeps a herd from stampeding today,  
Stampeding for miles before break of day?  
Itâ€™s the Cowboyâ€™s whistle, so sweet and so low  
Plus he sings alongside â€œem, heck! .. why would they go?

Lyrics Submitted by Bob Sontrop ( .. from London, Ontario, Canada)

Lyrics provided by  
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