

# When the Work's All Done This Fall

Marty Robbins

Combined versions from Norman Blake and Doc Watson  
A group of jolly cowboys discussing plans at ease  
Said one I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen, please  
I am an old cow puncher and here I'm dressed in rags  
I used to be a tough one and go on great big jags  
Once I had a home, boys, and a good one you all know  
Though I haven't seen it since long long years ago  
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see'em all  
Yes, I am going home, boys, when the work's all done this fall  
Now when I left my home, boys, my Mother for  
me cried  
She begged me not to go, boys, for me she would have died  
My Mother's heart is breaking  
I've broken it that's all  
But with God's help I'll see her when the work's all done this fall  
When the roundup days are over and the  
shipping all is done  
I'm going right straight home, boys, before my money's gone  
I have changed my way, boys, no more will I fall  
Yes, I am going home, boys, when the work's all done this fall  
That very night the cowboy went out to stand his  
guard  
The night was dark and cloudy and storming very hard  
The cattle they got frightened and rushed in wild stampede  
The cowboy tried to turn them while riding at full speed  
While riding in the darkness alone, he did shout  
He did his best to head them and turn the herd about  
His saddle horse did stumble and on him he did fall  
He'll not see his Mother when the work's all done this fall  
Boys, send my Mother my wages--the wages I have  
earned  
Cause I am afraid, boys, my last steer I have turned  
I'm going to a new range. I hear my Master's call  
Yes, I am going home, boys, when the work's all done this fall  
Fred, you take my saddle. Jim, you take my bed  
Johnny, take my pistol after I am dead  
Think about me kindly as you look upon them all  
I'll not see my Mother when the work's all done this fall  
Charlie was burried at sunrise. No toombstone at his  
head  
Nothing but a thin board, and this is what it said  
"poor Charlie died at daybreak. He died from a fall  
He'll not see his Mother when the work's all done this fall  
Submitted by Dennis Smith, Oak Ridge, NC

Songwriters

TRADITIONAL Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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