

The Old Chisholm Trail

Peter Rowan

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

TRADITIONAL Oh come along, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you all my troubles on the ol' Chisholm trail.

(chorus)

Come a-ti yi youpy youpy yea youpy yea

Come a-ti yi youpy youpy yea

On a ten dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle,

I was ridin', and a punchin' Texas cattle.

We left ol' Texas October twenty-third

Drivin' up the trail with the U-2 herd.

I'm up in the morning before daylight,

And before I sleep the moon shine bright.

It's bacon and beans most every day,

I'd just as soon be eating prairie hay.

I woke up one morning on the Chisholm trail,

With a rope in my hand and a cow by the tail,

Last night on guard, and the leader broke the ranks,

I hit my horse down the shoulders and spurred him in the flanks.

Oh, it's cloudy in the west, and a lookin' like rain,

And my darned old slicker's in the wagon again.

Oh the wind commenced to blow and the rain began to fall,

And it looked by grab that we was gonna lose 'em all.

I jumped in the saddle an' I grabbed a-hold the horn,

The best damned cowpuncher ever was born.

I was on my best horse, and a going on the run,

The quickest shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.

No chaps, no slicker, and it's pouring down rain,

And I swear, by God, I'll never night herd again.

I herded and I hollered, and I done pretty well,

Till the boss said, "Boys, just let 'em go to Hell."

I'm going to the ranch to draw my money,

Goin' into town to see my honey.

I went to the boss to get my roll,

He figured me out nine dollars in the hole.

So I'll sell my outfit as fast as I can,

And I won't punch cows for no damn man.

So I sold old baldy and I hung up my saddle,

And I bid farewell to the longhorn cattle.

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