

# Cattle Call

[Don Edwards](#)

The cattle are prowling, the coyotes are howling  
Way out where the doggies roam  
Where spurs are a jingling, the cowboy is singing  
His lonesome cattle call  
He rides in the sun  
'Til his days work is done  
And he rounds up the cattle each fall  
Singing his cattle call

For hours he would ride on the range far and wide  
When the night wind blows up and slow  
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather  
He sings his cattle call  
He's browned as a berry  
From riding the prairie  
And he sings with an old western drawl  
Singing his cattle call

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