## Old Chisholm Trail traditional

Well, come along boys and listen to my tale

D
A7

D
A7

I'll tell you all my troubles on the ol' Chisholm Trail

D
A7

Come a-ti yi youpy, youpy yea, youpy yea

D
A7

Come a-ti yi youpy, youpy yea.

I started up the trail October twenty-third
Started up the trail with the U-2 herd
On a ten dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle
Started out punchin' them long horn cattle

I woke up one morning on the old Chisholm trail,
Rope in my hand and cow by the tail.
Stray in the herd and the boss said to kill it,
So I shot him in the rump with the handle of the skillet.

My hoss throwed me off at the creek called Mud,
My hoss throwed me off round the 2-U herd.

Last tome I saw him he was going 'cross the level,
A-kicking up his heels and a-running like the devil.

With my seat in the saddle and my hand on the horn I'm the best dang cowboy that was ever born It's cloudy in the west and lookin' like rain And my danged old slicker's in the wagon again

The wind began to blow and the rain began to fall
And it looked like we were gonna lose 'em all
I jumped in the saddle, grabbed holt of the horn,
Best damned cowpuncher ever was born.

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,
I hung and rattled with them goddamn cattle.
I don't give a damn if they never do stop,
I'll ride as long as an eight-day clock.

No chaps, no slickers and it's pouring rain I swear I'll never night herd again I cripple on my horse and I don't know how Roping these long horn U-2 cows

Well, I went to the boss to draw my roll

And the boss had me fugured nine dollars in the hole

Well, me and the boss we had a little spat

So I hit him in the face with my ten gallon hat

The boss said to me, "Well, I'll fire you
Not only you but the whole darn crew."
I'll sell my horse, I'll sell my saddle
And you can drive all your long horn cattle

With my hand on the horn and my seat in the sky, I'll quit herding cows in the sweet by-and-by.

Come a-ti yi youpy, youpy yea, youpy yea

Come a-ti yi youpy, youpy yea...