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## He Was Singin' This Song

Carl Stanislaus

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## HE WAS SINGIN' THIS SONG

*by Carl Stanislaus*

I've seen bad herds, been bucked off bad bulls—  
been around doin' most everything,  
but the only thing I can't stomach  
is a worn-out cowhand tryin' to sing.

Some pick old boxes they call get-tars;  
“Whoopee-ti-yi-yo” an' make a fuss;  
even them cowboy poets and troubadours  
don't sing no better'n the rest of us!

What they call singin' is about their  
horse, some old plug or paint or bay;  
how a cowpoke leads a dumb, dreary life  
roundin' up strays all day.

Shoot—they can't sing worth a flip!  
I mean wranglers—not them fancy Dans,  
but what can you expect from kids  
tryin' their best to make some hands.

Not even a few think they're goin' to heaven,  
but they hafta sing about the by and by  
an' boy, that old “Red River Valley”  
is enough to make a grown man cry.

They strum about "Little Joe," empty bunks,  
empty saddles, an' the girl they left behind.  
The Chisholm, Stenson, an' Goodman-Loving:  
trail herdin'—work of the worstest kind!

They warble where they want'a be buried;  
what they're gonna do come fall;  
about Jesse James, Sam Bass, the Youngers  
an' old Red Eye, the best drink of all!

You know they gotta sing about Oklahoma  
an' the gunfights they never saw;  
about the famous old Colt Walkers  
an' their own near run-ins with the law.

The Cheyenne and Kiowa are  
long since on the reservation,  
but they still sing about Red Skin  
an' all the confound aggravation.

Well, punchin' never was no fun—  
chasin' dogies an' slappin' rawhide,  
but somewhere there's always a greenhorn  
screechin' about a bronco he couldn't ride!

The saloons, n' sportin' gals, n' card games—  
the fightin', 'n drinkin, 'n nearly dyin',  
the lyin'  
, 'n cheatin' an' dead man's hands;  
not to mention the widders' cryin'!

Well, I put up my fiddle an' what da ya know,  
I quit cussin' an' drinkin' Old Crow  
an' started bustin' my back on strawberry roans  
on a circuit out West with the ro-day-o..■