

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

As I Was Out Riding

As I Was Out Riding

cho: Hi Ho, My baby rest easy,
Hi Ho, My baby don't moan.
Here I sit resting and rocking the cradle,
And minding a baby that's none of my own.

As I was out riding one morning for pleasure,
I spied a young lady a walking alone.
A smile on her lips and a swinging each measure,
A pleasant "How are you?", that's chilling my bones.

'Twas quick I dismounted in search of a visit,
I left my cowpony to walk alongside.
I says to her, "Ma'am can I touch it or kiss it?"
Says she, "You're not crippled nor handcuffed or tied.

Her face and her figure, no art could improve them,
We went to the ranch-house, laid down on the floor.
Her drawers were so tight, I could not remove them.
Says she, "There's scissors right there by the door."

Well the scissors were sharp, her drawers split asunder,
She spread her legs and got ready for fun.
When in walked the boss with a voice just like thunder,
Saying, "Get along, boy, the roundups begun."

Well I jumped on my horse and rode off broken-hearted,
I just couldn't work and returned on the sly.
Back at the ranch-house, I found them together,
The boss, with a grin, was just closing his fly.

'Twas nine months thereafter, she had her baby,
Made off with a salesman and left it behind.
Says I, "It's the boss's", they laughed and said maybe.
And so I was given the baby to mind.

From The Dirty Song Book, Silverman
KS

apr96