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The Bucking Bronco

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My love is a rider, wild horses he breaks,
But he promised to quit it all just for my sake;
He sold off his saddle, his spurs, and his rope,
And there'll be no more riding, and that's what I hope.

The first time I saw him was early last spring,
A-riding a bronco, a high-headed thing;
He laughed and he talked as they danced to and fro
He promised he'd not ride no other bronco.

My love has a gun that has gone to the bad,
Which makes all the ladies to feel very sad;
He give me some presents, among them a ring
But the return I gave him was a far better thing.

Now, all you young ladies that live on the Platte
Don't marry the cowboy who wears a white hat;
He'll pet you and court you and then he will go
And ride up the trail on another bronco.

From Ozark Folksongs, Randolph
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