

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Old Chizzum (Chisholm) Trail

(alternate:)

Old Chizzum (Chisholm) Trail

Come along, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the Old Chizzum Trail.

Coma-ti yi yippy, yippy yea, yippy yea,
Coma-ti yi yippy, yippy yea.

I was born in Texas in the year '89,
I can ride anything this side the state line.

Went down to San Antone and went to workin' cattle,
And here come t&e sheep men and we had a battle.

There ain't no better territory in the United States,
But she shore is hotter than hell's own gates.

It's I an' Bill Jones was good old cronies,
We was always together on our sore-backed ponies.
We left Nelson Ranch on June twenty-third,
With a drove of Texas cattle, two thousand in the herd.

We whooped them through Gonzales, night was drawin' nigh
We bedded them down on a hill close by.

Foot in the stirrup, my seat in the saddle,
Best little cowboy that ever rode a-straddle.

Slicker in the wagon and pouring down hail,
Goin' round the herd with a dogie by the tail.

It's rainin' like hell and it's gittin' mighty cold,
And the long-horned sons-a-guns are gittin' mighty hard to hold.

Saddle up boys, and saddle up well,
For I think these cattle have scattered to hell.

Me and old Blue Dog arrived on the spot,
And we put them to milling like the boiling of a pot.

I'm on my best horse and I am goin' on a run,

I'm the quickest-shootin' cowboy that ever pulled a gun.

I flushed them left, couldn't get 'em to stop, .
I can run as long as an eight-day clock.

My seat in the saddle and I gave a little shout
The lead cattle broke an' the herd went about.

My quirt in my hand, my slicker on my saddle,
I hung and rattled with them goddam cattle.

Some of 'em we captured without half tryin',
They was so damned scared they didn't need hog-tyin'.

We strung 'em out next mornin', and the boss made a count
And he said, "Boys, we are just a few out."

"Make a circle, boys, and don't lose no time,
I am sure they will be easy to find."

It was over the hillside and over the draws,
And we soon brought in the old Two Bars

It's bacon and beans 'most every day
I'd as soon been eatin' prairie hay.

I hit my little pony and he give a little rack,
And damned big luck if we ever get back.

I hit my little pony and he give a little rack,
And damned big luck if we ever get back.

I'm headed south just whoopin' and a-yellin',
If I don't find a steer, I'll take a heifer yearling.

Jumped in the saddle and hit him with my quirt,
The hind cinch busted and the saddle hit the dirt.

With my blankets and my gun and a rawhide rope,
I'm a-slidin' down the trail in a long keen lope.

I'll chew my tobacco and I'll squirt my juice,
I'm goin' down to town to see the old Blue Goose.

I went to the bar and struck on a bell,
Here comes a bunch of niggers running like hell.

Pulled out my gun, brought it on the level,
And them damn niggers run like the devil.

And they got me by the foreleg and put me in jail,
And I couldn't find a damn soul to go my bail.

Boss come around with a whip in his hand
And he swore, by God, I wasn't worth a damn.

I sold my horse and I sold my saddle,
You can go to hell with your longhorn cattle.

I'm goin' back home, I'm not jokin' or lyin',
I'm goin' back home, just a-yellin' and a-flyin'.

I hunted up the boss to draw my roll,
He figgered me out eight dollars in the hole.

I'm goin' downtown to get a little dope
'Cause my back's all broke from the draggin' of the rope.

Jumped on the train and gave such a yell,
The goose-back broke and the train went to hell.

When I thought of my gal I nearly would cry,
I'll quit herding cows in the sweet by and by.

I hadn't been at home but some days two or three
When I put off my gal for to see.

"If you've made up your mind to quit the cowboy life,
I have fully decided to be your little wife."

Farewell, old paint, I wish you no harm,
I've done quit the business to go on the farm.

No more a cow-puncher to sleep at my ease,
'Mid the crawlin' of the lice and the bitin' of the fleas.

Woke up one mornin' on the old Chizzum Trail
With my pecker in my hand and a cow by the tail

(alt. cho:)

Come and tie my pecker to a tree, to a tree
Come and tie my pecker to a tree.

Stray in the herd, and the boss says "Kill it"
So I shot it in the ass with the handle of a skillet.

First time I seed her she was floatin' down stream
With her ass blowin' bubbles and her pussy flowin' cream

f***ed her standin' and I f***ed her lyin'
If she's had wings I'd of f***ed her flyin'.

Last time I seed her, and I ain't seed her since
She was jackin' off a bull through a barbed wire fence.

Jumped in the saddle, and the saddle wasn't there
So I sunk eight inches in the old gray mare.

My seat's in the saddle and my saddle's in the sky
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet by and by.

Note: A few representative verses, garnered from all over. RG
Alternate tune from American Ballads and Folk Songs, Lomax