

Bucking Bronco

G **F#** **Bm**
My love is a rider, wild broncos he breaks,
G **F#** **Bm**
Though he's promised to quit it all, just for my sake.
A **Bm** **D**
He ties up one foot and the saddle puts on,
Bm **G** **F#** **Bm**
With a swing and a jump he is mounted and gone.

The first time I met him, 'twas early one spring
Riding a bronco a high headed thing
He tipped me a wink as he gaily did go
For he wished me to look at his bucking bronco.

The next time I saw him, 'twas late in the fall
Swinging the girls at Tomlinson's ball
He laughed and he talked, as we danced to and fro
Promised never to ride on another bronco.

He made me some presents, among them a ring
The return that I made him was a far better thing
'Twas a young maiden's heart, I'd have you all know
He'd won it by riding his bucking bronco.

Now all you young maidens, where'er you reside
Beware of the cowboy who swings the rawhide
He'll court you and pet you and leave you and go
In the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco.