

The Dreary Black Hills

G
Kind friends, won't you listen to my pitiful tale,
D7
I'm an object of pity and looking quite stale,
C G D7 G
I gave up my job selling Aire's Patent Pills
C G D7 G
To prospect for gold in the Dreary Black Hills.

Chorus:

G
Don't travel away, stay at home if you can,
D7
Stay away from that city, they call it Cheyenne,
C G D7 G
Where the blue waters roll and Comanche Bill
C G D7 G
Will lift up your hair in the Dreary Black Hills.

The round house in Cheyenne is filled every night
With loafers and bummers of most every plight;
On their backs there's no clothes, in their pockets no bil
Each night they keep leaving for the Dreary Black Hills

I got to Cheyenne, no gold could I find,
And I thought of the maiden I'd left far behind;
The rain, hail and snow froze plumb to the gills,
They call me the orphan of the dreary Black Hills.

Kind friends, to conclude my advice I'll unfold,
Don't go to the Black Hills and search there for gold;
Railroad speculators their pockets you'll fill
By taking a trip to the Dreary Black Hills.