

Little Joe The Wrangler

N. Howard Thorp / Tune: Little Old Log Cabin In The Lane

G C G
 It was Little Joe, the wrangler, he'll wrangle never more,
 D7
 His days with the cavvy they are done.
 G C G
 Twas a year ago last summer, he rode up to the herd,
 D7 G
 Just a little Texas stray and all alone.
 C
 Well it's long late in the evening
 G
 when he rode up to the herd
 D7
 On a little brown pony he called Chaw.
 G C G
 With his broken shoes and overalls, a tougher lookin' kid,
 D7 G
 Well, I never in my life had seen before.

 His saddle was a Southern kack built many years ago
 And an O.K. spur from one foot idly hung,
 While the hot roll in the cotton sack
 was loosely tied behind
 And a canteen from the saddle horn was slung.

 He left his home in Texas, his ma had married twice,
 And his old man beat him every day or two,
 So he saddled up old Chaw one night
 and lit a chuck this way,
 Thought he'd try and paddle now his own canoe.

 Well, he was looking for a job
 But he didn't know straight up about no cow,
 But the boss kind of liked the kid and
 cuts him out a mount,
 'Cause he sort-a liked that little stray somehow.

 Taught him how to herd the horses
 and to know them all by name
 And to get 'em in by daylight if he could,
 And to load the chuck wagon
 and to always hitch the team
 And to help the old cookie rustle wood.

 We was camped down in Red River
 and the weather she was fine,
 We was settin' on the south side in a bend,
 When a norther commenced blowin'
 and we all doubles up our guard
 'Cause it took all hands to hold them cattle then.

 Well, little Joe the wrangler
 was called out with the rest
 And hardly had that kid got to that herd
 When them devils they stampeded
 like a hail storm long they flew
 And all of us was ridin' for the lead.

 'Tween the streak of lightnin'

we could see that horse there out ahead,
It was little Joe the wrangler in the lead,
He was ridin' old Blue Rocket
with his slicker for a blind,
A-tryin' to check them lead cows in their speed.

Well, he got them kind a-millin'
and sort-a quieted down
And the extra guard back to the camp did go,
But one of them was missin' and we all saw at a glance
'Twas our little lost horse herder, wrangler Joe.

Next mornin' just at sun-up we found where Rocket fell,
Down in a washout forty feet below,
Beneath his horse smashed to a pulp,
his spurs had rung the knell
For our little lost horse herder, wrangler Joe.