

When The Work's All Done This Fall

G C
A group of jolly cowboys discussin' plans at ease,
D
Says one, "I'll tell you somethin' boys,
G
if you will listen please.
C
I am an old cow-puncher and here I'm dressed in rags,
D G
But I used to be a wild one and to go on great big jags.
C
Now I have a home boys, a good one, you all know,
D G
Though I have not seen it since long, long ago,
I'm goin' home to see my mother,
C
once more to see them all,
D
I'm a- goin' to see my mother, boys,
G
when the work's done this fall."

Refrain:

"After the round-up's over, after the shipping's done,
I am going right straight home, boys,
ere all my money's gone.
I have changed my ways, boys, no more will I fall;
And I am going home boys,
when the work's all done this fall."

That very night this cowboy
went out to stand his guard,
Well, the night was dark and stormy
and rainin' very hard,
Them cattle got excited, they rushed in wild stampede,
And the cowboy tried to head them,
runnin' at full speed.
Ridin' through the darkness so loudly did he shout,
Doin' his best to head them and turn the herd about,
His saddle horse did stumble and down on him did fall,
And he won't see his mother
when the work's all done this fall.

His body was so mangled, we boys all thought him dead,
Till he opened wide his blue eyes
and this is what he said:
Said, "Cisco, take my saddle,"
he said, "Moe, you take my gun,
Jack, you take my horses after I am done,
Send mother my wages, the wages I have earned,
For I am afraid, boys, my last steer I have turned.
I'm going to a new range, I hear my master call,
And carve upon my tombstone, I won't be home this fall."