Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics
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Bill Pickett

Bill Pickett
(Mark Ross)

Old Bill Pickett's gone away, over the Great Divide
To the place where all the preachers say both saint and sinner abide
And if they check his brand, like I think they will
It's a running horse they'll give to Bill
And a herd of steers till he's had his fill
And a great big crowd to watch him ride

   Old Bill Pickett's a long time gone
   Left me here to sing this song
   Old Bill Pickett's a long time gone
   Left me here to sing this song

Now Old Bill Pickett was a mighty black man, and he rode for the 1-0-1
Way down in the Comanche land, 'round the time that the West was won
He'd grab a steer from a running ho'se; throw him down with a mighty toss
He worked for many but he had no boss, he's the last of the great cowhands

Now way down in the Mexican land, Bill took a terrific dare
To try and toss a fighting bull, just to see how he might fare
Bill grabbed old Toro by the horns, grabbed the bull's nose in his jaws
That crowd never seen such a sight before
For an hour and a half they cheered

With the great Will Rogers and wild Tom Mix, Bill rode in the rodeo
And for all who paid their fifty cents, they gave a terrific show
For all who paid to come and see, Bill'd wrestle steers -- with his teeth
We've never seen such amazing feats, because he left us long ago

It was way down on the Miller ranch in the year of 'Thirty-two
Bill Pickett roped a sorrel stud, just to see what he could do
That sorrel stud, he pitched and bucked
Stomped Bill's body in the dust
At seventy-three, Bill was out of luck
He took eleven days to die
There was nothing they could do

They laid Bill down in a six-by-three, beneath the land he knew
And at the head they placed a cross, said "of his kind we've seen few"
Then 'round the fire they drank some wine
And old Zack Miller wrote these lines
Left 'em there for me to find

To put to music and sing to you

JN