

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Cowboy's Faith (No Horses in Heaven)

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What's that, sir, no horses in heaven you say
Hold on, Mr. Preacher, don't talk that way
Don't call it a country of pleasures and rest
For us sun-dried punchers out here in the west
Unless there's some horses across the Divide
That we can lasso and pal with and ride

We don't want no wings, or a harp, don't you see
We want to live on in a land that is free
Where mesquite ain't thick and the fences are few
And all honest cowboys have something to do

We want just a blanket out under the sky
Where we can count stars and the clouds floating by
We want the night song of the cricket and owl
We want to get lonesome when coyotes howl

I'll pine there in Heaven, if Pinto ain't there
To leave him behind, sir, to me won't look square
Us two have been pardners for seven long years
A ridin' on circle and trailin' the steers

So when I checks in and lay down my rope
I ain't got much gospel, but this is my hope
I'll step through the darkness along trails that's strange
And find Pinto waiting up there on the range

This is from the collection of Stella Hendren of Kooskia,
Idaho, by way of Austin and Alta Fife's book, Heaven on
Horseback. There was no tune printed. JN

JN