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**Wandering Cowboy**

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We was layin' on the prairie at French ranch one night  
Out heads was on our saddles an' our fires a-burnin' bright  
Some was tellin' stories and some was singin' songs  
An some was idly smokin' while the hours rolled along.

cho: It's a low an' painted cottage  
So far from it we roam  
I'd give my pony and saddle  
To be at home, sweet home.

The boy was young an' handsome, though his face wore a look of care  
His eyes was the color of heavenly blue an' he had wavy light hair  
We asked him why he left his home if it was so dear to him  
He looked at the ground for a moment, his eyes with tears was dim.

Then raisin' his head he brushed away a tear an' looked the rough  
crowd o'er  
He says, Well boys, I'll tell you why I left the Kansas shore.  
I fell in love with a neighbor girl. Her cheeks was soft and white.  
Another feller loved her too, so it ended in a fight.

But oh it makes me shudder for to think of that sad night  
When Tom an' me first quarreled an' I struck him with my knife.  
In dreams I still can hear Tom's voice when he fell to the ground  
and said  
Bob, old boy, you'll be sorry when you see me layin' here dead.

I fell to the ground beside him an' tried for to stop the blood  
Which was so fastly flowing from his side in a crimson flood  
So now you know the reason why I am compelled to roam  
A murderer of deepest dye so far away from home.

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