

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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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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