

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Forty a Month and Found

Forty a Month and Found
(George Fehr)

When the sun pops over the mesa's top
And bakes the plains below
And it's so damn hot that the cattle drop
And sweat and pant and blow
Then the cowhand rides the holes and creeks
Over the burning ground
With the sweat a-pourin' down his cheeks
For forty a month and found

When the snow blows down from the mesa's rim
And the barbed wire hums in the gale
And the cattle drift into every dip
And the storm wipes out their trail
Then the cowhand rides the draws and fence
And circles each drifted mound
Freezin', the fool ain't got no sense
For forty a month and found

When the guns flash out in a midnight raid
And the wild herd makes a run
And the cattle bawl in their mad parade
And the whole world comes undone
Then the cowhand rides with his knees clamped tight
Crazy and hellward bound
Fightin', the fool sure loves a fight
For forty a month and found

Now I wonder when all the work is through
And the last herd's bedded down
What a poor cowhand will find to do
While he waits for his harp and his crown
Will he herd the moon and the stars at night
Keepin' them heaven bound
And gathered so they'll keep shinin' bright
For forty a month and found

Words by George Fehr. Tune from another cowboy song - 'His Trademarks'.

Source: transcribed from Slim Critchlow 'Cowboy Songs: Crooked Trail to Holbrook' Arhoolie CD 479.

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