

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Rojo

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(author unknown)

Fowler's the name, Stew Fowler! I'm a rooster. Fightin's my racket. Cock fightin

I came all the way from Texas across the burnin' sand
To wet my feathers in the Rio Grande.
I've hobbled for miles through Mexico,
I've come to kill a big rooster called Rojo.
(doin' it all for chicken feed)

For a country red, Rojo's wild.
His fame is spread for many a mile.
The hens all cackle when Rojo's around,
But Stew Fowler's here to put Big Red down.
(I'll give them chickens somethin' to cackle about!)

It's mid afternoon as I stand in the street
Of this Spanish town called Los Leghorn's Retreat.
At the end of the row a canteena stands
(ain't nothin' but a chicken coop)
It's plainly the haunt of an outlaw band.

The sign in the front reads,
La Grande de Nesto,
And it's there I know
I'll find my foe, the fabled Rojo.

I can hear fowl language
Comin' out of that honky tonk.
I've strut down the street, the cock of the walk.
I crow for Big Red to come out and talk.

Through the swingin' doors
Of the Grande de Nesto,
His head erect
And his tail feathers low, steps Rojo!
(I can tell he's a really bad egg)

His spurs are long and his eyes are green,
An uglier cock I've never seen.
He learned to be tough while he's in the pen,
But I know his weakness... hens and gin.

Then out of that honky tonk and up to Rojo's side
Steps the prettiest little dance hall cackler in the West, Bluestie Nuster,
The southern fried feather duster.
(Gosh she's pretty. I'd like to run my hands through that red comb of hers)

Rojo comes at me in a long lanky run.
Some people gathers round to watch the fun.
(You know, people are the strangest chickens)

Bird to bird and beak to beak
I face Rojo, and my heart gets weak.
I crow and strut and I jump about,
And then I take off and I run, cause I done chickened out.

I do not know who the author is, but Archie Campbell sang it and may have written it as well

BW
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