

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Buffalo Skinners

(alternate:)

The Buffalo Skinners

'Twas in the town of Jacksboro, in the spring of seventy-three
A man by the name of Crego came stepping up to me,
Saying "How do you do, young fellow, and how would you like to go
And spend one summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo?"

It's me being out of employment, this to Crego I did say,
"This going out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay.
But if you will pay good wages, and transportation to and fro
I think, Sir, I will go with you to the range of the buffalo."

"Yes I will pay good wages, give transportation too
Provided you will go with me and stay the summer through;
But if you should grow homesick, come back to Jacksboro
I won't pay transportation from the range of the buffalo."

It's now our outfit was complete, seven able-bodied men,
With navy six and needle gun, our troubles did begin;
Our way it was a pleasant one, the route we had to go
Until we crossed Pease River, on the range of the buffalo.

It's now we've crossed Pease River, our troubles have begun,
The first damned tail I went to rip, Christ! how I cut my thumb!
While skinning the damned old stinkers, our lives they had no show
For the Indians watched to pick us off while skinning the buffalo.

He fed us on such sorry chuck, I wished myself most dead
It was old jerked beef, croton coffee and sour bread.
Pease River's as salty as hell fire, the water I never could go
O God! I wished I had never come to the the range of the buffalo.

Our meat it was buffalo hump and iron wedge bread
And all we had to sleep on was a buffalo robe for a bed.
The fleas and gray-backs worked on us, O boys, it was not slow
I tell you there's no worse hell on earth than the the range of the buffalo.

Our hearts were cased with buffalo hocks, our souls were cased with steel,
And the hardships of that summer would nearly make us reel;
While skinning the damned old stinkers, our lives they had no show
For the Indians watched to pick us off on the hills of Mexico.

The season being near over, old Crego he did say
The crowd had been extravagant, was in debt to him that day;
We coaxed him and we begged him, and still it was no go,
So we left old Crego's bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo.

Oh, it's now we've crossed Pease River, and homeward we are bound,
No more in that hell-fired country shall ever we be found.
Go home to our wives and sweethearts, tell others not to go
For God's forsaken the buffalo range, and the damned old buffalo.

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