

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Juan Murray

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My name is Juan Murray, and sad for my fate,
I was born, raised in Texas, that good Lone Star State.
Been to many a round-up, have worked on the trail,
Have stood many a long guard through rain, sleet, and hail.

I am a jolly cowboy and have roamed all over the West
And among the bronco riders I rank among the best.
But when I left old Midland, with voice right then I spoke
"I never will see you again until the day I croak."

But since I left old Texas, so many sights I have saw
A-traveling from my native state way out to Mexico;
I am looking all around me and cannot help but smile
To see my nearest neighbors all in the Mexican style.

I left my home in Texas to dodge the ball and chain.
In the State of Sonora I will forever remain.
Farewell to my mother, my friends that are so dear,
I would like to see you all again, my lonesome heart to cheer.

I have a word to speak, boys, only another to say:
Don't never be a cow-thief, don't never ride a stray;
Be careful of your line, boys, and keep it on your tree
Just suit yourself about it, for it is nothing to me.

But if you start to rustling you will come to some sad fate,
You will have to go to prison and work for the state.
Don't think that I am lying and trying to tell a joke,
For the writer has experienced just every word he's spoke.

It is better to be honest and let others' stock alone
Than to leave your native country and seek a Mexican home.
For if you start to rustling you will surely come to see
The State of Sonora---be an outcast just like me.

From Cowboy Songs, Lomax. Collected from T.C. Thornton, Fort
Worth, TX