Dreary Black Hills

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Kind friends, you must pity my horrible tale,
An object of pity, l'm looking quite stale,
I gave up my trade selling Wright's Patent Pills
To go hunting gold in the dreary Black Hills.

Don't go away, stay at home if you can,
Stay away from that city, they call it Cheyenne,
For big Wallipee or Comanche Bill
They will lift up your hair on the dreary Black Hills

The roundhouse at Cheyenne is filled every night
With loafers and bummers of most every plight;
On their backs is no clothes, in their pockets no bills,
Each day they keep starting for the dreary Black Hills.

I got to Cheyenne, no gold could I find,
I thought of the lunch route l'd left far behind;
Through rain, hail, and snow, froze plumb to the gills,
They call me the orphan of the dreary Black Hills.

Oh, I wish the man who started this sell
Was a captive, and Crazy Horse had him in hell.
There's no use in groaning or swearing like pitch,
But the man who would stay here is a son of a bitch.

Kind friend to conclude my advice I'll unfold
Don't go to the Black Hills a hunter for gold
Railroad speculators their pockets you'll fill
By taking a trip to the dreary Black Hills

Don't go away, stay at home if you can,
Stay away from that city, they call it Cheyenne,
For old Sitting Bull or Comanche Bill
They will take off your scalp on the dreary Black Hills.

From Lomax, Cowboy Songs