The Jolly Cowboy

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My lover, he is a cowboy, he's brave and kind and true,
He rides a Spanish pony, he throws a lasso, too;
And when he comes to see me our vows we do redeem,
He throws his arms around me and thus begins to sing:

cho: Ho, I'm a jolly cowboy, from Texas now I hail,
Give me my quirt and pony, I'm ready for the trail;
I love the rolling prairies, they're free from care and strife
Behind a herd of long-horns I'll journey all my life.

"When early dawn is breaking and we are far away,
We fall into our saddles, we round-up all the day;
We rope, we brand, we earmark --- I tell you we are smart;
And when the herd is ready, for Kansas then we start.

"Oh, I am a Texas cowboy, as brave as I can be,
On my little Spanish pony I roam the wide prairie.
My trusty little pony is my companion true,
O'er creeks and hills and rivers he's sure to pull me through.

When threatening clouds do gather and herded lightnings flash
And heavy rain drops splatter, and rolling thunders crash,
What keeps the herd from running, stampeding far and wide?
The cowboy's long, low whistle and singing by their side.

"When in Kansas City our boss he pays us up,
We loaf around the city and take a parting cup;
We bid farewell to city life, from noisy crowds we come,
Range back to dear old Texas, the cowboy's native home."

Oh, he is coming back to marry the only girl he loves,
He says I am his darling, I am his own true love;
Some day we two will marry and then no more he'll roam,
But settle down with Mary in a cozy cottage home.

"Ho, I'm a jolly cowboy, from Texas now I hail,
Give me my bond to Mary, I'll quit the Lone Star trail
I love the rolling prairies; They're free from care and strife
But I'll quit the herd of longhorns for the sake of my little wife.

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