Sam Bass

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    G                              D7              G
Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was his native home,
    C              G                C             G
And at the age of seventeen, young Sam began to roam,
    D7                 G         C6             D6
Sam first came out to Texas, a cowboy for to be—
  G       C       G           D7           G
A kinder-hearted fellow you seldom ever see.
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Sam used to deal in race stock, one called the Denton mare;
He matched her in scrub races and took her to the fair.
Sam used to coin the money, and spent it just as free;
He always drank good whiskey wherever he might be.

Sam left the Collins ranch, in the merry month of May,
With a herd of Texas cattle the Black Hills for to see;
Sold out in Custer City, and then got on a spree—
A harder set of cowboys you seldom ever see.

On their way back to Texas they robbed the U.P. train,
And then split up in couples and started out again;
Joe Collins and his partner were overtaken soon,
With all their hard-earned money they had
to meet their doom.

Sam made it back to Texas, all right up with care,
Rode into the town of Denton with all his friends to share.
Sam's life was short in Texas, three robberies did he do;
He robbed all the passenger mail and express cars too.

Sam had four companions, four bold and daring lads,
They were Richardson, Jackson, Joe Collins and Old Dad;
Four more bold and daring cowboys
the Rangers never knew,
They whipped the Texas Rangers and ran the boys in blue.

Sam and another companion, called "Arkansas" for short,
Was shot by a Texas Ranger by the name of Thomas Floyd;
Oh, Tom is a big six-footer and thinks he's mighty fly,
But I can tell you his racket—he's a deadbeat on the sly.

Jim Murphy was arrested and then released on bail;
He jumped his bond at Tyler and then took the train
for Terrell;
But Mayor Jones had posted Jim and that was all a stall,
'Twas only a plan to capture Sam before the coming fall.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first,
They pierced poor Sam with rifle balls
and emptied out his purse.
Poor Sam he is a corpse and six foot under clay,
And Jackson in the bushes trying to get away.

Jim had borrowed Sam's good gold and didn't want to pay,
The only shot he saw was to give poor Sam away.
He sold out Sam and Barnes and left their friends
to mourn—
Oh, what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel
blows his horn.

And so he sold out Sam and Barnes
and left their friends to mourn—
Oh what a scorching Jim will get when Gabriel

blows his horn.
Perhaps he's got to heaven, there's none of us can say,
But if I am right in my surmise, he's gone the other way.