

# The Old Chisholm Trail

Moe Bandy

Come along boys and listen to my tale,  
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old Chisholm trail.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

Oh, a ten-dollar hoss and a forty-dollar saddle,  
And I'm goin' to punchin' Texas cattle.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

I wake in the mornin' afore daylight,  
And afore I sleep the moon shines bright.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

It's cloudy in the west, a-lookin' like rain,  
And my durned old slicker's in the wagon again.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

No chaps, no slicker, and it's pourin' down rain,  
And I swear, by gosh, I'll never night-herd again.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,  
I hung and rattled with them long-horn cattle.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

The wind commenced to blow, and the rain began to fall,  
Hit looked, by grab, like we was goin' to lose 'em all.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

I don't give a darn if they never do stop;  
I'll ride as long as an eight-day clock.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

We rounded 'em up and put 'em on the cars,  
And that was the last of the old Two Bars.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

Oh, it's bacon and beans most every day,  
I'd as soon be a-eatin' prairie hay.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

I went to the boss to draw my roll,  
He had it figgered out I was nine dollars in the hole.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

Goin' back to town to draw my money,  
Goin' back home to see my honey.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.

With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky,  
I'll quit punchin' cows in the sweet by and by.

Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea,  
Come a ti yi yippee, come a ti yi yea.