

Oh come a-long, boys, and lis-ten to my tale, I'll tell you all my trou-bles on the
ol' Chisholm trail. Come a- ti yi yi py you py yea yi py yay Come a- ti yi yi py yi py yay.

Oh come along, boys,
and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you all my troubles
on the ol' Chisholm trail.
Come a- ti yi yi py yi py yea yi py yay
Come a- ti yi yi py yi py yay.

I'm up in the morning before daylight,
And before I sleep
the moon shine bright.
It's bacon and beans most every day,
I'd just as soon be eating prairie hay.
Come a- ti ...

Oh, it's cloudy in the west,
and a lookin' like rain,
And my darned old slicker's
in the wagon again.
Oh the wind commenced to blow
and the rain began to fall,
And it looked by grab
that we was gonna lose 'em all.
Come a- ti ...

No chaps, no slicker,
and it's pouring down rain,
And I swear, by God,
I'll never night herd again.
I herded and I hollered,
and I done pretty well,
Till the boss said,
"Boys, just let 'em go to Hell."
Come a- ti ...

On a ten dollar horse
and a forty dollar saddle,
I was ridin',
and a punchin' Texas cattle.
We left ol' Texas October twenty-third
Drivin' up the trail with the U-2 herd.
Come a- ti ...

I woke up one morning
on the Chisholm trail,
With a rope in my hand
and a cow by the tail,
Last night on guard,
and the leader broke the ranks
I hit my horse down the shoulders
and spurred him in the flanks.
Come a- ti ...

I jumped in the saddle
an' I grabbed a-hold the horn,
The best damned cowpuncher
ever was born.
I was on my best horse,
and a going on the run,
The quickest shootin' cowboy
that ever pulled a gun.
Come a- ti ...

I'm going to the ranch
to draw my money,
Goin' into town
to see my honey.
I went to the boss
to get my roll,
He figured me out
nine dollars in the hole.
Come a- ti ...

So I'll sell my outfit
as fast as I can,
And I won't punch
cows for no damn man.
So I sold old baldy
and I hung up my saddle,
And I bid farewell
to the longhorn cattle.
Come a- ti ...