

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Old Chisholm Trail'. It consists of two staves of music in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody starts on a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. A chord 'F' is written above the first measure. The second staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The melody starts on a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. Chords Bb, C7, F, C, F, C7, F, Bb, C7, and F are written above the staff. The lyrics are: '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 ...