

COWBOY POETRY & SONGBOOK

revised 2008



Laugh kills lonesome- C. Russell

**GRANT-KOHR'S RANCH National Historic Site
Deer Lodge, Montana**

Table of contents:

From the real open range era-1880

When the Work's Done this Fall

Red River Valley

Home on the Range

From the Lomaxs' collection-1900's

A Cowboy's Prayer

Dogie's Lament

I Ride an Old Paint

Strawberry Roan

From the Dude Ranching era-1925

My Home's In Montana

From the Cowboy Movies-1950's

Cool Water

Tumbling Tumbleweeds

I Want to be a Cowboy Sweetheart

Cattle Call

Don't Fence Me In

From the current Cowboy Renaissance era -1975

Nightrider's Lament

Goodnight-Loving Trail

Reincarnation

The Lion

After the Roundup (When The Work's Done This Fall)

D. J. O'Malley

A group of jolly cowboys discussed their plans at ease,
Said one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you please --
See, I'm a puncher, dressed most in rags;
I used to be a wild one and took on big jags.
I have a home, boys, a good one you know,
But I haven't seen it since long, long ago.
But I'm going back home, boys, once more to see then all;
Yes, I'll go back home, boys, when work's all done this fall.

After roundup's over, after shipping's done,
I'm going straight back home, boys, ere all my money's
gone.
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me, that's all;
But with God's help I'll see her when the work is done this
fall.

When I left my home, boys, for me she cried,
Begged me to stay, boys, for me she would have died. I
haven't used her right, boys, my hard-earned cash I've
spent,
When I should have saved it and to my mother sent.
But I've changed my course, boys, I'll be a better man
And help my poor old mother, I'm sure that I can.
I'll walk in the straight path; no more will I fall;
And I'll see my mother when the work's done this fall."

That very night this cowboy went on guard;
The night it was dark and 'twas storming very hard.
Riding in the darkness loud he did shout,
Doing his utmost to turn the herd around

The cattle got frightened and rushed in mad stampede,
He tried hard to check them, riding at full speed;

His saddle horse stumbled and on him did fall;
He'll not see his mother when the work's done this fall.

They picked him up gently and laid him on a bed;
The poor boy was mangled, they thought he was dead.
He opened up his blue eyes and gazed all around;
Then motioned his comrades to sit near him on the ground:

"Send her the wages I have earned.
Boys, I'm afraid that my last steer I've turned.
I'm going to a new range, I hear the Master call.
I'll not see my mother when the work's done this fall.

Bill, take my saddle; George, take my bed;
Fred, take my pistol after I am dead.
Think of me kindly when on them you look--"
His voice then grew fainter, with anguish he shook.
His friends gathered closer and on them he gazed.
His breath coming fainter, his eyes growing glazed.
He uttered a few words, heard by them all:
"I'll see my mother when the work's all done this fall."

*D. J. O' Malley cowboyed in Montana at the height
of the open range era, from 1882-1891, on the N Bar N
Ranch in eastern Montana, on lands Kohrs
eventually acquired. This poem, penned in 1893, is
one of his most famous. It lives on as a popular and
classic song in contemporary cowboy culture,
underscoring that cowboying was indeed dangerous*

Red River Valley

It's a long time, you know, I've been waiting
For the words that you never did say,
Now alas! all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they say you are going away.

From this valley they say you are going.
I shall miss your blue eyes and sweet smile,
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has brightened my pathway a while.

So consider a while ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the half-breed who loved you so true.

So remember the valley you're leaving,
How lonely, how dreary it will be;
Remember the heart you are breaking,
And be true to your promise to me.

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged in its bowers.

There are Red Rivers in Texas, North Dakota, Minnesota, Montana and Canada, to name a few. Everyone claims this one, though folklorist Edith Fowke attributes it to Canadian sources. She notes it is a song from Manitoba, sung during the military occupation by Canadian troops sent to put down the Metis rebellion in the late 1860's, sung from the viewpoint of a Metis woman losing her soldier. Metis means 'mixed blood' and referred to the children from the voyageur/first nation marriages. From there it was adopted across the west as a standard, with the obvious change in wording from 'half breed' to 'cowboy' and the voice from

female to male. Interestingly, Johnny Grant was Metis and returned to the Red River area after selling the ranch to Kohrs in 1866.

Home on the range

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

2. Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all the cities so bright.
3. The red man was pressed from this part of the West,
He's likely no more to return
To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever
Their flickering campfires burn.
4. How often at night when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars,
Have I stood here amazed and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.
5. Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours;
The curlew I love to hear scream;
And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks
That graze on the mountain-tops green.

6. Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.
7. Then I would not exchange my home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Attributed to Dr. Brewster Higley and Dan Kelley, of Smith County, Kansas, 1873, after an extensive lawsuit in 1934 to establish its origins. Collected in 1910 in Lomax's anthology of Cowboy Songs, it was revived in 1932 and again in 1955 by Gene Autry. It is the state song of Kansas and considered the "cowboy

A Cowboy's Prayer

(Written for Mother)

Charles Badger Clark

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it
good.

I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.

Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm In town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!

Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hawse between my knees,

Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.

Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim, trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great
Divide.

Badger Clark, Poet Laureate, South Dakota, 1883-1944, one of his first poems and best loved. It was published in Sun and Saddle Leather, 1915, though written in 1893 when he cowboied in the Dakotas and Montana.

Dogies Lament

As I was a-walkin' one morning for pleasure
I spied a young cowboy a-ridin' along
Well his hat was shoved back and his spurs was a-
jinglin'
And as he was ridin' he was singin' this song

Chorus: Whoopee-ti-yi-yo git along little dogies
It's your misfortune and none of my own
Whoopee-ti yi yo git along little dogies
You know that Wyoming will be your new home

It's early in the springtime we round up the dogies
We mark 'em and brand 'em and bob off their tails
Round up the horses, load up the chuck wagon
And then throw the dogies out on the north trail

In the morning we throw off the bed ground
Aiming to graze them an hour or two
When they are full, you think you can drive them
On the trail, but damned if you do.

Some fellows go on the trail for pleasure,
But they have got this thing down wrong;
If it hadn't been for these troublesome dogies,
I never would thought of writing this song

Your mother was raised way down in Texas
Where the jimson weed and the chollas grow
But we'll fill you up on those prickly-pear briars
Until you are ready for Idaho

In 1927, Oscar Julius Fox composed music to this poem from the 1910 Lomax Anthology, as well as composing music for Old Paint. He was the son of a Texas rancher who studied music in Zurich, Switzerland. By one Internet count, over 34 major artists have recorded this song from Woody Guthrie to Don Edwards.

I Ride an Old Paint

1. I ride an old paint and I lead an old Dan,
Goin' to Montana to throw the houlihan.
Feed 'em in the coulees, and water in the draw,
Their tails are all matted and their backs are all raw.

Ride around, little dogies, ride around them slow,
For the fiery and snuffy are a-rarin' to go.

2. Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son,
Son went to college, and his daughter went wrong.
His wife got killed in a free-for-all fight,
Still he keeps singin' from mornin' 'till night.

3. When I die, take my saddle from the wall,
Put it onto my pony, lead him out of his stall.
Tie my bones on his back, an' turn our faces to the west,
We'll ride the prairies that we loved the best.

4. I've worked in the town and I've worked in the farm,
All I got to show's just this muscle in my arm,
Blisters on my feet, callous on my hand,
And I'm a-goin' to Montana to throw the houlihan.

** Ride around old paint, I'm a leaving Cheyenne
Ride around old paint, I'm a leaving Cheyenne
Leaving Cheyenne, bound for Montana
Ride around old paint, I'm a leaving Cheyenne

Originally collected by John and Alan Lomax in their 1910 Anthology of Cowboy Song, it was made popular by female folksinger Margaret Larkin. Revived by the Almanac Singers-Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, Millard Campbell, in 1922, and sung extensively in the current cowboy culture.

The Strawberry Roan

I was laying round town just spending my time
Out of a job and not makin' a dime
When up steps a feller and he says, "I suppose
That you're a bronc rider by the looks of your clothes?"

2. He guesses me right. "And a good one I'll claim
Do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"
He says he's got one that's a good one to buck
And at throwing good riders he's had lots of luck.

3. He says this old pony has never been rode
And the man that gets on him is bound to be throwed
I gets all excited and I ask what he pays
To ride this old pony a couple of days.

4. He says, "Ten dollars." I says, "I'm your man
The bronc never lived that I cannot fan
The bronc never tried nor never drew breath
That I cannot ride till he starves plumb to death."

5. He says, "Get your saddle. I'll give you a chance."
We got in the buggy and went to the ranch
We waited till morning, right after chuck
I went out to see if that outlaw could buck.

6. Down in the corral, a-standin' alone
Was this little old caballo, a strawberry roan
He had little pin ears that touched at the tip
And a big forty-four brand was on his left hip.

7. He was spavined all round and he had pigeon toes
Little pig eyes and a big Roman nose
He was U-necked and old with a long lower jaw
You could tell at a glance he was a regular outlaw.

8. I buckled on my spurs, I was feeling plumb fine
I pulled down my hat and I curls up my twine

I threw the loop at him, right well I knew then
Before I had rode him I'd sure earn my ten.

9. I got the blind on him with a terrible fight
Cinched on the saddle and girdled it tight
Then I steps up on him and pulled down the blind
And sat there in the saddle to see him unwind.

10. He bowed his old neck and I'll say he unwound
He seemed to quit living down there on the ground
He went up to the east and came down to the west
With me in the saddle, a-doing my best

11. He sure was frog-walkin', I heaved a big sigh
He only lacked wings for to be on the fly
He turned his old belly right up to the sun
For he was a sun-fishin' son of a gun.

12. He was the worst bronco I've seen on the range
He could turn on a nickel and leave you some change
While he was buckin' he squalled like a shoat
I tell you that outlaw, he sure got my goat.

13. I tell all the people that pony could step
And I was still on him a-buildin' a rep
He came down on all fours and turned up on his side
I don't see how he kept from losing his hide.

14. I lost my stirrups, I lost my hat,
I was pullin' a leather as blind as a bat
With a phenomenal jump he made a high dive
And set me a-winding up there through the sky

15. I turned forty flips and came down to the earth
And sit there a-cussing the day of his birth.
I know there's some ponies that I cannot ride
Some of them living, they haven't all died.

But I bet all money there's no man alive
That can ride Old Strawberry when he makes that high dive

CHORUS

Oh that Strawberry Roan, Oh that strawberry Roan
He goes up in the east and comes down in the west, a high riding
demon that no one will best
Oh, that Strawberry Roan.

Strawberry Roan illustrates the nature of a marathon song. Numerous verses exist, some printable, some not, from cowboys having hours in the saddle or the bars, to embellish this one. It originates from a poem by Curley Fletcher, titled "The Outlaw Broncho" and was first printed in an Arizona newspaper in 1915 and later set to music by a person or persons unknown. By the early 1920s it was being sung all over the southwest and as far north as the Dakotas.

My Home's In Montana

My home's in Montana, I wear a bandana,
My spurs are of silver, my pony is gray.
While riding the ranges, my luck never changes,
With foot in the stirrup I gallop away!

I'm up with the sun there's work to be done
Out in the wild places is where I will be
Out here in the west is the life I love best
Montana is home for my doggie and me.

OR *these words by W. S. Williams*

My home's in Montana I left Indiana
to start a new life far away in the west

My skin's rough as leather, made tough by the weather
The wind and the sun of the land I love best.

I learned how to lasso way down in El Paso
I've followed the cattle wherever they roam
I'm weary of straying right here I'll be staying
I'll wander no more for Montana's my home

Cool Water *key of E*

All day I face the barren waste
With out the taste of water, cool water
Old Dan and I with throats burned dry
And souls that cry for water, cool, clear water.

CHORUS

Keep a-movin' Dan, don't ya listen to him Dan,
He's a devil of a man and he spreads the burning sand
with water
Dan can you see that big green tree
Where the water's running free
And it's waiting there for you and me?

2. The nights are cool and I'm a fool
Each star's a pool of water, cool water
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn
And carry on to water, cool, clear, water
3. The shadows sway and seem to say
Tonight we pray for water, cool, water
And way up there He'll hear our prayer
And show us where there's water, cool, clear, water
4. Dan's feet are sore he's yearning for
Just one thing more than water, cool, water
Like me I guess he'd like to rest
Where there's no quest for water, cool, clear, water

** Old Dan and I with throats burned dry
Look to the sky for water...cool water
The thunder rolls and water holes are filled, once more
With water.....cool, clear water
** by Lyndel Meikle

Tumbling Tumbleweeds

I'm a roaming cowboy riding all day long,
Tumbleweeds around me sing their lonely song.
Nights underneath the prairie moon,
I ride along and sing this tune.

(F) See them tumbling down,
(E) Pledging their love to the ground
(F) Lonely but free I'll be (C) found (C#dim),
(G7) drifting along with the tumbling (F) tumbleweeds.

Cares of the past are behind
No where to go but I'll find
Just where the trail will wind
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

I know when night has gone
That a new world's born at dawn.(G7)

I'll keep rolling along
Deep in my heart is a song
Here on the range I belong
Drifting along with the tumbling tumbleweeds.

The Sons of the Pioneers, a 1930-50's cowboy singing group, made these tunes well known around the world. The group was comprised of Roy Rogers, Bob Nolan, and Tim Spencer. They were known for composing and creating tight vocal harmonies in numerous movie

westerns. They continue to inspire new generations of cowboy groups like Riders in the Sky, Sons of the San Joachim, and the Bar J Wranglers.

I Want To Be A Cowboy Sweetheart

I wanna be a cowboy's sweetheart
I wanna learn to rope and ride
I wanna ride through the plains and the desert
Out west of The Great Divide
I wanna hear the coyotes singing
As the sun sets in the west
I wanna be a cowboy's sweetheart
That's the life I love the best.

I wanna ride old paint
Going at a gallop
I wanna feel the wind in my face
A thousand miles away from the city lights
Moving at a cowhand's pace
I wanna pillow my head
Beneath the open sky
As the sun sets in the west
I wanna strum my guitar and yodel-le-hee-ho
That's the life I love the best

Patsy Montana, (Ruby Blevins) wrote this in 1935 and instantly hit the charts with the first million selling song for a 'cowgirl' singer. It remains a standard for female yodelers.

The Cattle Call

Refrain

[D] Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de

[A] Woo - hoo - ooo - oop - i - de - de

[D] Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de

[A] Yod-el - od-el- lo - ti - [D] de.

[D] The cattle are prowlin' the [G] coyotes are howlin'
Way [A] out where the dogies [D] bawl
Where spurs are a-jinglin', a [G] cowboy is singin'
This [A] lonesome cattle [D] call.

He [G] rides in the sun 'til his [D] days work is done
And he [E] rounds up the cattle each [A] fall
[D] Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
[A] Singin' his cattle [D] call.

For hours he will ride on the range far and wide
When the night winds blow up a squall
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather
He sings his cattle call.

He's brown as a berry from ridin' the prairie
And he sings with an ol' western drawl
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
Singin' his cattle call.

*A favorite crooning, yodeling song, written by Tex Owens
and popularized by Eddy Arnold in the 1950's.*

Don't Fence Me In.

1. Wildcat Kelly was lookin' mighty pale
Standin by the sheriff's side
Now that sheriff said I'm taking you to jail
Wildcat raised his head and cried

Oh give me land lots of land under starry skies above
don't fence me in
Let me ride through the wide open spaces that I love
don't fence me in
I want to be by myself in the evening breeze
Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever but I ask you please
don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose and let me straddle my old saddle
underneath the western skies
On my cayuse let me wander over yonder
til I see the mountains rise
I want to ride to the ridge where the west commences
Gaze into the moon 'til I lose my senses
I don't like hobbles and I can't stand fences
don't fence me in

2. Wildcat Kelly back again in town
Was sitting by his sweetheart's side
and now his sweetheart's saying , it's time to settle
down,
Wildcat raised his head and cried

*Cole Porter released this in 1944, after writing the tune for words
penned in the 1930's, by Bob Fletcher, a state engineer in Helena,
Montana. It reflects the nation's love affair with the cowboy west
during the rise of dude ranching from 1925 through the 1950's .
Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Eddy Arnold all had hits with it.*

Night Riders Lament

One night while I was out a ridin'
The grave yard shift, midnight 'til dawn
The moon was bright as a readin' light
For a letter from an old friend back home

And he asked me
Why do you ride for your money
Tell me why do you rope for short pay
You ain't a' gettin' nowhere
And you're loosin' your share
Boy, you must have gone crazy out there

He said last night I ran into Jenny
They married and have a good life
Oh, you sure missed the track when you never came
back
She made the perfect professional's wife

CHRORUS and he asked me
why do you ride for your money
And tell me why do you rope for short pay
you ain't a' gettin' nowhere, and you're losin' your share
Boy you must've gone crazy out there
Ah but they've never seen the Northern Lights
They've never seen a hawk on the wing
They've never seen the spring hit the Great Divide
And they've never heard ole' camp cookie sing

Well I read up the last of my letter
And I tore off the stamp for black Jim
And when Billy rode up to relieve me
He just looked at my letter and grinned

He said now ,
Why do we ride for our money
Tell me why do we rope for short pay

We ain't a'gettin' nowhere
And we're loosin' our share
Boy, we must've gone crazy out there
Son, they all must be crazy out there

Michael Burton, a Canadian composer, wrote this in 1976. It has been released by Garth Brooks, Don Edwards, Ian Tyson, Chris LeDoux, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Nanci Griffith. A true modern folk song, you can start it up around any campfire and everyone seems to know it, the test of a true democratic song.

The Goodnight-Loving Trail

He's too old to wrangle too old to ride swing,
You beat the triangle and curse everything,
And if the dirt was a kingdom, you'd be the king;

Chorus: On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail,
Our old woman's lonesome tonight.
Your French harp blows like a lone bawling calf;
It's a wonder the wind, it don't tear off your skin,
Get in there and blow out the light.

With your snake oil and herbs and your liniment too,
You can do anything that a doctor can do
Except find a cure for your own damn stew; (Cho.)

The cookfire's out and the coffee's all gone,
The boys are up and we're raising the dawn;
You're still sitting there all lost in a song, (Cho.)

I know that someday I'll be just the same
Wearing an apron instead of a name,
And no one can change it and no one's to blame;
The desert's a book writ in lizards and sage,
It's easy to look like an old torn-out page,
All faded and cracked with the colors of age; (Cho.)

Written by Utah Phillips in 1973, this song commemorates life on a cattle drive, and the aging cowboy. The Goodnight-Loving Trail connected El Paso to Denver in the early days of the cattle trade, named for two well-respected, civil war veterans and cattlemen of the time, Charles Goodnight, who is credited with designing the first "chuck wagon", and Oliver Loving. The movie, *Lonesome Dove*, was based on this cattle-driving route

The Conrad Kohrs (CK) Ranch drove cattle south to railheads in Wyoming, every year from 1868-1883, when the rail came to them. They left Deer Lodge in June and returned after an October sale of from 10-35,000 head of longhorns, shorthorns and Hereford cattle in Chicago. Hands collected steers from seven locations and moved them centrally through Grass Range, Montana and to the railhead in Cheyenne, a total of 700 miles from the Sun River and Deer Lodge, Montana holdings. In its best year, the ranch netted \$500,000 from the sale, which translates to between \$6.3-7 million in today's money. The CK Ranch was the single largest operation north of Denver.

Classic songs that highlight trail drives include this modern tale and The Chisholm Trail, which can be summarized as an 1880's cowboy whine session. Every hardship that could befall a cowboy on a cattle drive, does, in the spirited verse of the old Texas original. This quieter trail song, its' waltz tempo, and the camp cookie, or "old woman" perspective is more unusual, yet still delightful.

Reincarnation

"What does Reincarnation mean?"
A cowpoke asked his friend.
His pal replied, "It happens when
Yer life has reached its end.
They comb yer hair, and wash yer neck,
And clean yer fingernails,
And lay you in a padded box
Away from life's travails."

"The box and you goes in a hole,
That's been dug into the ground.
Reincarnation starts in when
Yore planted 'neath a mound.
Them clods melt down, just like yer box,
And you who is inside.
And then yore just beginnin' on
Yer transformation ride."

"In a while, the grass'll grow
Upon yer rendered mound.
Till some day on yer moldered grave
A lonely flower is found.
And say a hoss should wander by
And graze upon this flower
That once wuz you, but now's become
Yer vegetative bower."

"The posy that the hoss done ate
Up, with his other feed,
Makes bone, and fat, and muscle
Essential to the steed,
But some is left that he can't use
And so it passes through,

And finally lays upon the ground
This thing, that once wuz you."

Then say, by chance, I wanders by
And sees this upon the ground,
And I ponders, and I wonders at,
This object that I found.
I thinks of reincarnation,
Of life and death, and such,
And come away concludin': 'Slim,
You ain't changed, all that much.'"

Wallace McCrea, a salty rancher in eastern Montana who manages a 30,000 acre cow-calf ranch in Forsyth, is frequently a featured performer at Elko and other poetry gatherings, and is the first Cowboy Poet to be awarded the National Heritage Award from the National Endowment for the Arts. He penned this in the 1970's and with it, unleashed a revolution in modern cowboy poetry. It was immediately heralded as brilliant, at the first National Cowboy Poetry gathering convened in Elko, Nevada in 1984, and remains one of the all time favorite modern cowboy poems. It can be found in Wally's first poetry collection, Cowboy Curmudgeon, released in 1992.

The Lion

She waits in the deep, dense forest
Lurking in the shadows where the sun is defied,
Lapping water from an ice-encrusted stream
She is stealth wrapped up in tawny hide.

She hears more by instinct than by listening
Her paws like radar upon the glistening shale
And she's keenly aware, when you are two miles away
Of your horse as he plods up the trail

She has ample time to consider her options
Whether scientists believe she can reason or not
She could stay where she's at, undetected
Or head back up the slope at a trot

Yet she crosses your path when you're almost upon her
Like a dancing sunbeam teasing a child
Leaving one track in the trail just to inform you
You've come that close to something wild.

Virginia Bennett, a celebrated contemporary cowboy poet works ranches with her husband Pete, in the Mountain West. She has been featured on the main stage at Elko for the last 8 years. This poem appears in her latest collection, In the Company of Horses, 2004. This poem shows the range of interests being expressed in the cowboy poetry culture today.

**Happy trails to you until we meet again.
Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then.
Who cares about the clouds when we're together?
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather.
Happy trails to you 'till we meet again.**

Written by Dale Evans in 1950, the successful TV star and partner of Roy Rogers.

**This collection assembled for your pleasure by
Laura Rotegard and Lyndel Meikle**