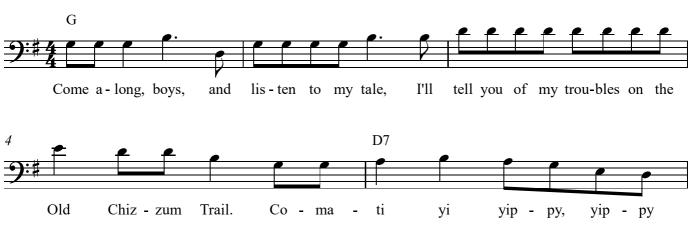
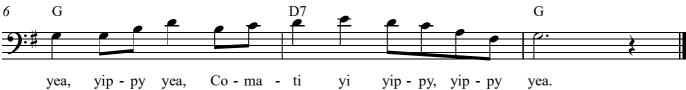
The Old Christholm Trail

www.franzdorfer.com





I was born in Texas in the year '89, I can ride anything this side the state line.

Went down to San Antone and went to workin' cattle, And here come t&e sheep men and we had a battle.

There ain't no better territory in the United States, But she shore is hotter than hell's own gates.

It's I an' Bill Jones was good old cronies, We was always together on our sore-backed ponies. We left Nelson Ranch on June twenty-third, With a drove of Texas cattle, two thousand in the herd.

We whooped them through Gonzales, night was drawin' nigh We bedded them down on a hill close by.

Foot in the stirrup, my seat in the saddle, Best little cowboy that ever rode a-straddle.

Slicker in the wagon and pouring down hail, Goin' round the herd with a dogie by the tail.

It's rainin' like hell and it's gittin' mighty cold, And the long-horned sons-a-guns are gittin' mighty hard to hold.

Saddle up boys, and saddle up well, For I think these cattle have scattered to hell.