

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5329

RAY REED SINGS TRADITIONAL FRONTIER AND COWBOY SONGS

**RAY REED**

RECORDED AND ANNOTATED BY J. D. ROBB

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# Sings Traditional Frontier and Cowboy Songs

**Side 1**

- |                   |       |
|-------------------|-------|
| 1. Sioux Indians  | 3:55  |
| 2. California Joe | 13:50 |
| 3. Billy the Kid  | 3:40  |
| 4. Sod Shanty     | 3:20  |

**Side 2**

- |                       |      |
|-----------------------|------|
| 5. O Bury Me Not      | 3:55 |
| 6. Zebra Dun          | 3:50 |
| 7. Punchin' the Dough | 2:15 |
| 8. Powderhorn         | 3:55 |
| 9. Miss Aledo         | 2:45 |
| 10. Cattle Call       | 2:25 |

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## RAY REED Sings Traditional Frontier and Cowboy Songs

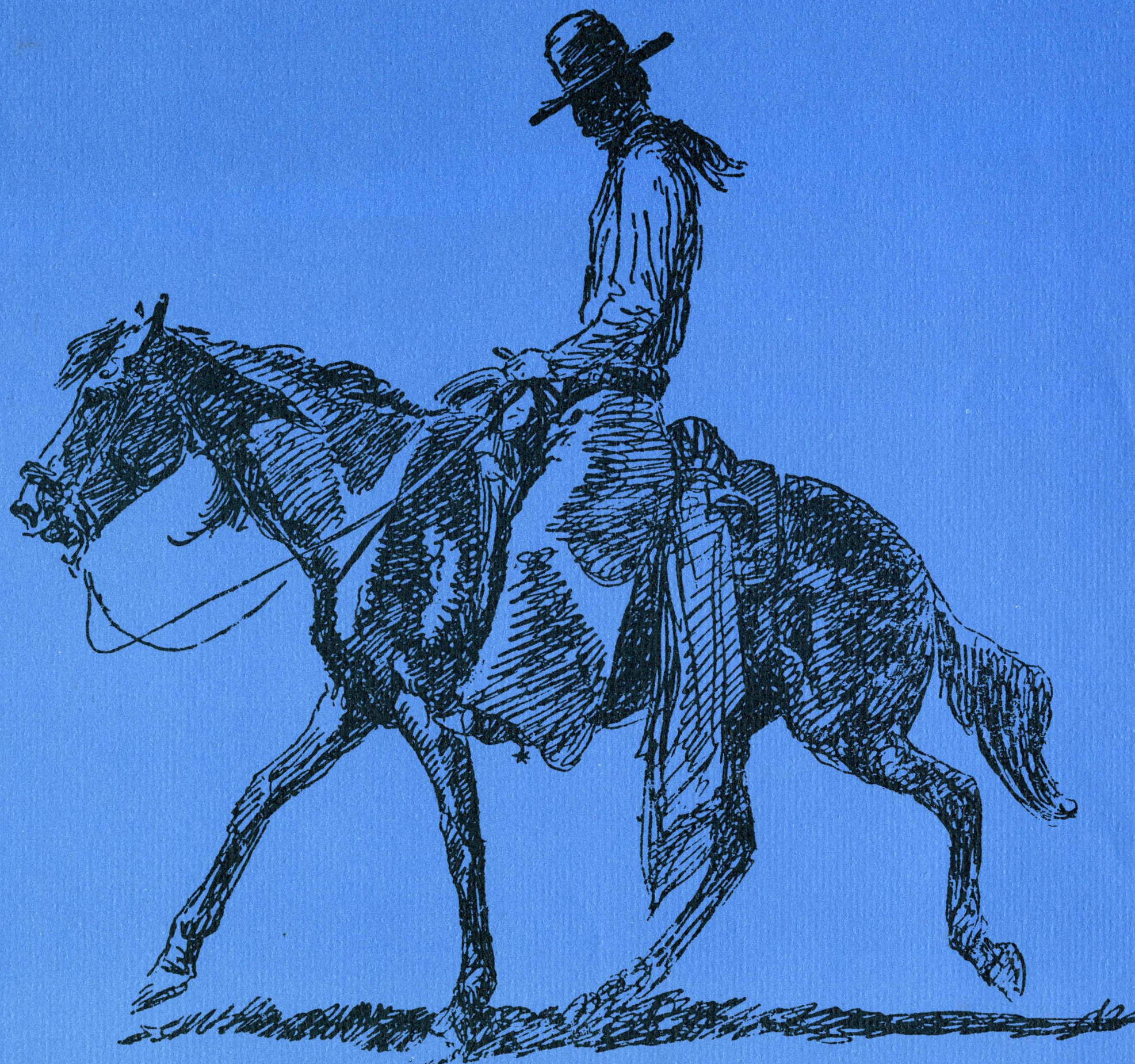
RECORDED AND ANNOTATED BY J. D. ROBB

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE COVER DRAWING BY WILL JAMES

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## Ray Reed sings Frontier and Cowboy Songs



Ray Reed

### Notes on the Recordings.

Ray Reed loves horses and that love is reflected in many of the songs which he sings and composes. Throughout his life he has lived in horse country. During the 1940s he was a cowboy on the ranch of Bob Crosby near Roswell, New Mexico. Bob Crosby then held the title of "World's Champion Cowboy" and is immortalized in an exhibit containing his saddle, boots, etc. in the Roswell Museum.

I first met Ray on May 1, 1949 when I was making some recordings at the Sentinel Ranch of his neighbor and friend, the

famous painter, Peter Hurd at San Patri-  
cio in the Hondo Valley, west of Roswell,  
New Mexico. Ray was then ranch foreman  
for the Mescalero Apache Indian tribe at  
nearby Mescalero, New Mexico, where  
the accompanying pictures of Ray and his  
palomino named Nugget were taken. At  
that time Ray sang for me and I recorded  
several songs.

Ray, who was thirty-three years of age at  
the time, told me that he had learned  
many of these songs from his father when  
he was a child, growing up in San Jon, a  
hamlet near Tucumcari, New Mexico.

This album supplements an album published  
over two decades ago by Folkways and en-  
titled *Cowboy Songs* (FP22). Mr. Moses Asch  
recorded, edited and produced the album.  
The songs were sung by Cisco Houston and I  
wrote the program notes. I mention this  
because those notes are equally relevant to  
the songs included in the present album. Some  
of the songs in the earlier are variants of  
songs sung by Ray Reed and as such lend  
themselves to interesting comparisons.

John Donald Robb,  
Albuquerque, New Mexico,  
February 21, 1977.

The songs included in this album are,  
in fact, a part of the history of the United  
States of America during the past century  
and a half as told by the people who wrote the  
songs. In their own way they tend to humanize  
that history by revealing not only the obser-  
vations of the writers or singers but their  
emotional reactions to the events in which  
they participated.

Probably the oldest of the songs is  
*The Sioux Indians*. It is the story of the ad-  
ventures of one wagon train which left Mis-  
souri for the West and of attacks by Indians  
which occurred enroute. The Santa Fe Trail,  
which was opened up in the 1820's was one  
of the routes by which the settlers poured in-  
to the west. This song therefore relates to  
the conquest of the west and demonstrates  
that it was not accomplished without violent  
resistance.

California Joe is also an account of  
incidents of the Indian wars. It was written



by Captain Jack Crawford, chief of scouts under General Crooks. The locus of the events narrated in the song is the Powder River country of Montana. Will Keleher has written interestingly about Captain Crawford in his books published by the University of New Mexico Press.

Billy the Kid was one of the participants in the Lincoln county war which convulsed southwestern New Mexico in the years after the Civil war when as the song goes "a man's only law was his old fo'ty fo".

Little Old Sod Shanty relates with wry humor the hardships of those who took advantage of the Homestead Act passed by in 1862 under which a citizen could acquire ownership of 160 acres of land in the west, owned by the United States Government simply by moving onto it, filing a claim and living on it and cultivating a certain number of acres. The process took five years of residency. The collector, then a teen ager, himself spent several summers on the government "claim" of his older brother, Ned, near Center the county seat of Oliver county, North Dakota between 1900 and 1910. It was an un-

forgettable experience, proving that determination and hard work could wrest a living from even the semi-arid prairies of North Dakota.

The remaining songs are all cowboy songs.

O Bury Me Not is the lament of a dying cowboy and paints a true picture of the loneliness of a cowboy's life.

Zebra Dun however is a tribute to the skill and courage of broncho riders and of one stranger in particular.

Punchin' the Dough is the song of the cook who went on the cattle drives and round-ups with his "Chuck wagon".

Powderhorn and Miss Aledo are tributes composed by Ray Reed himself, many years ago to two cutting horses which he greatly admired.

Finally, Old Cattle Call is a waltz-like song that the cowboys sang to quiet a herd of cattle when they were camped on the trail.

In conclusion it can be said, in comparing history and folk songs, that history supplies the facts and folk songs supply the color.

---

## SIOUX INDIANS

I'll sing you a song though  
It may be a sad one  
Of trials and troubles  
And where first begun.  
I left my dear kindred,  
My friends and my home,  
And we crossed the wild deserts  
And mountains to roam.

I crossed the Missouri  
And joined a large train  
Which bore us o'er mountain  
And valley and plain;  
And often of evenings  
Out hunting we'd go  
To shoot the fleet antelope and  
The wild buffalo.

Without any money  
Provisions to buy  
We'd sneak 'round the hills shooting  
Elk on the sly;  
We'd shoot the fat deer  
And take him to town  
Tobuy flour to bake bread  
and tea a few pound.

We heard of Sioux Indians  
All out on the plains,  
A-killing poor drivers

And burning their trains,  
A-killing poor drivers with  
Arrows and bow.  
When captured by Indians no  
Mercy they'd show.

We travelled three weeks till  
We came to the Platte,  
And pitched out our tents at  
The head of a flat;  
We spread down our blankets  
On the green, grassy ground  
While our horses and oxen  
Were grazing around.

While taking refreshments  
We heard a low yell,  
The whoop of Sioux Indians  
Coming up from the dell;  
With sprang to our rifles  
With a flash in each eye.  
"Boys," says our brave leader,  
"We'll fight 'til we die."

We gathered our horses,  
Got ready to fight,  
As the band of Sioux Indians  
Just came into sight.  
They came down upon us with  
A whoop and a yell.  
At the crack of our rifles  
Six of them fell.

They made a bold dash and  
Came near to our train  
And the arrows fell round us  
Like hail and like rain;  
But with our long rifles  
We fed them cold lead  
Till many a brave warrior  
Around us lay dead.

With our small band there were  
Just twenty-four  
And of the Sioux Indians  
Five hundred or more;  
We fought them with courage,  
We spoke not a word,  
Till the end of the battle  
Was all that was heard.

We shot their bold chief at  
The head of his band.  
He died like a warrior  
With a gun in his hand.  
When they saw their bold chief  
Lying dead in his gore,  
They whooped and they yelled and  
We saw them no more.

continued



## SIOUX INDIANS, cont'd

We hitched up our horses and  
Started out train;  
Three more bloody battles  
This trip on the plain, and  
In our last battle  
Three more brave boys fell  
And we left them to rest  
In a green shady dell.

We travelled by day,  
Guarded camp during the night,  
Till Oregon's mountains  
Looked high in their might.  
Now at Pocahontas,  
Beside a clear stream  
Our journey is ended  
In the land of our dream.

## CALIFORNIA JOE

Well, mates I don't like stories:  
Or am I going to act  
A part around the campfire  
That ain't a truthful fact?  
So fill your pipes and listen  
I'll tell you- let me see-  
I think it was in fifty  
From then to sixty-three.

You've all heard tell of Bridger;  
I used to run with Jim  
And many a long day's scouting  
I've had alongside him.  
Well, out near old Fort Reno  
A trapper used to dwell;  
We called him Old Pap Reynolds.  
The scouts all knew him well.

One night in the Spring of fifty  
We camped on Powder River.  
We killed a calf of buffalo  
And cooked a slice of liver.  
While eating, quite contented,  
I hear three shots or four;  
Put out our fire and listened-  
We heard a dozen more.

We knew that old man Reynolds  
Had moved his traps up there,  
So picking up our rifles  
And fixing on our gear,  
We moved as quick as lightning;  
To save was our desire.  
Too late; The painted heathen  
Had set the house on fire.

We hitched our horses quickly  
And waded up the stream;  
While down close beside the  
waters

I heard a muffled scream.  
And there among the bushes  
A little girl did lie,  
I picked her up and whispered:  
"I'll save you or I'll die."

Lord, what a ride! Old Bridger,  
He covered our retreat.  
Sometimes that child would whisper  
In a voice so low and sweet,  
"Poor Papa, God will take him  
To Mamma up above;  
There's no one left to love me.  
There's no one left to love."

The little one was thirteen  
And I was twenty-two;  
I says, "I'll be your father  
And love you just as true."  
She nestled to my bosom,  
Her hazel eyes so bright,  
Looked up and made me happy  
Though close pursued that night.

One month had passed and Maggie-  
We called her Hazel Eye-  
In truth was going to leave me,  
Was going to say goodbye.  
Her uncle Mad Jack Reynolds,  
Reported long since dead,  
Had come to claim my angel,  
His brother's child, he said.

What could I say? We parted.  
Mad Jack was growing old;  
I handed him a banknote  
And all I had in gold.  
They rode away at sunrise.  
I went a mile or two  
And parting says, "We'll meet again.  
May God watch over you."

\* \* \* \* \*

By a laughing, dancing brook  
A little cabin stood  
And weary with along day's scout  
I spied it in the wood.  
The pretty valley stretched beyond,  
The mountains towered above  
And near its willow banks I heard  
The cooing of a dove.

'Twas one grand panorama;  
The brook was plainly seen  
Like a long thread of silver  
In a cloth of lovely green.  
The laughter of the water;  
The cooing of the dove,  
Was like some painted picture,  
Some well told tale of love.

While drinking in the grandeur  
And resting in the saddle,  
I heard a gentle ripple

Like the dipping of a paddle  
And turning to the eddy  
A strange sight met my view-  
A maiden with her rifle  
In a little bark canoe.

She stood up in the center  
With her rifle to her eye.  
I thought for just a second  
My time had come to die.  
I doffed my hat and told her  
If it was just the same,  
To drop her little shooter  
For I was not her game.

She dropped the deadly weapon  
And leaped from the canoe.  
Says she, "I beg your pardon;  
I thought you was a Sioux.  
Your long hair and your buckskin  
Looked warrior-like and rough.  
My bead was spoiled by sunshine  
Or I'd have killed you sure enough."

"Perhaps it would have been better  
If you'd dropped me then," says I,  
"For surely such an angel  
Could bear me to the sky."  
She blushing dropped her eyelids.  
Her cheeks were crimson red.  
One half-shy glance she gave me  
And then hung down her head.

I took her little hand in mine.  
She wondered what it meant  
And yet she drew it not away  
But rather seemed content.  
We sat upon the mossy bank;  
Her eyes began to fill.  
The brook was rippling at our feet,  
The dove was cooing still.

I smoothed her golden tresses;  
Her eyes looked up in mine.  
She seemed in doubt, then whispered:  
"It's such a long, long time.  
Strong arms were thrown around me  
'Ill save you or I'll die'"  
I clasped her to my bosom,  
My long lost Hazel Eye.

The rapture of that moment  
Was almost heaven to me;  
I kissed her mid her tear drops  
In merriment and glee.  
Her heart near mine was beating  
When sobbingly she said:  
"My dear, my brave preserver,  
They told me you was dead."



## CALIFORNIA JOE, cont'd.

"But oh, those parting words, Joe,  
Have never left my mind.  
You said 'We'll meet again, Mag.'  
Then rode off like the wind.  
And, oh, how I have prayed, Joe  
For you who saved my life,  
That God would send an angel  
To guide you through all strife."

"The one who claimed me from you,  
My uncle, good and true,  
Is sick in yonder cabin-  
Has talked so much of you.  
'If Joe was living, darling'  
He said to me last night,  
'He would care for Maggie  
When God puts out my light.'"

We found the old man sleeping.  
"Hush, Maggie let him rest."  
The sun was slowly setting  
In the far-off golden west  
And though we talked in whispers  
He opened wide his eyes.  
"A dream, a dream," he murmured,  
"Alas a dream of lies."

She drifted like a shadow  
To where the old man lay.  
"You had a dream, dear uncle,  
Another dream today?"  
"Oh, yes, I saw an angel  
As pure as mountain snow  
And near her at my bedside  
Stood California Joe."

"I'm sure I'm not an angel.  
Dear uncle, that you know.  
These arms are brawny, my  
hands too;  
My face is not like snow.  
Now listen while I tell you  
For I have news to cheer.  
Hazel Eye is happy  
For Joe is truly here."

It was but a few days after,  
She old man said to me  
"Joe boy, she is an angel  
And good as angels be.  
For three long months she hunted  
And trapped and nussed me too.  
God bless you boy, I believe it,  
She's safe along with you."

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun was slowly sinking  
When Maggie, my wife, and I  
Came riding through the valley,  
The tear drops in her eye.  
"One year ago today, Joe  
I saw the mossy grave;  
We laid him 'neath the daisies,  
My uncle, good and brave."

And comrades, every springtime  
Is sure to find me there  
As something in the valley  
Seems always fresh and fair.  
Our love is always kindled  
While sitting by the stream  
Where two hearts were united  
In love's sweet, happy dream.

## BILLY THE KID

Says-  
I'll sing you a true song  
Of Billy the Kid.  
I'll sing of the desperate  
Deeds that he did,  
Way out in New Mexico  
Long, long ago  
When a man's only love  
Was his old fo'ty fo'.

When Bill the Kid  
Was a very young lad  
In old Silver City  
He went to the bad,  
Way out in the West  
With a gun in his hand,  
At the age of twelve years  
He killed his first man.

Fair Mexican maidens  
Play guitars and sing  
A song about Billy  
Their boy bandit king,  
How e'er his young manhood  
Had reached its sad end,  
He'd a notch on his pistol  
For twenty-one men.

It was on the same night  
That poor Billy died,  
He said to his friends  
I'm not satisfied.  
There are twenty-one men  
I have put bullets through  
And Sheriff Pat Garret  
Must make twenty-two.

Now listen how Billy  
The Kid met his fate:  
The bright moon was shining  
The hour it was late;  
Shot down by Pat Garret who  
Once was his friend,  
The young outlaw's life  
Had now come to its end.

There's many a man  
With a face fine and fair  
Who starts out in life  
With a chance to be square,  
But just like poor Billy  
He wanders astray  
And loses his life  
In the very same way.

## Little Old Sod Shanty

Well I'm lookin' rather seedy now  
While holdin' down my claim  
And my vittles are not always  
served the best  
And the mice play slyly 'round  
me as  
I nestle down to rest  
In my little old sod shanty on my  
claim.

The hinges are of leather  
And the windows have no glass  
While the board roof lets the howling  
blizzards in.  
I can hear the hungry coyote  
As he slinks up through the grass  
'Round my little old sod shanty on  
my claim.

When I left my eastern home,  
A bachelor so gay,  
To try to win my way to wealth and  
fame,  
I little thought I'd come down  
To burnin' twisted hay  
In that little old sod shanty on  
my claim.  
My clothes are plastered o'er  
with dough;  
I'm lookin' like a fright  
And everything is scattered 'round  
the room,  
But I wouldn't give the freedom  
That I have out in the west  
For the table of the eastern man's  
new home.

The hinges are of leather  
And the windows have no glass  
While the board roof lets the howling  
blizzards in.  
I can hear the hungry coyote  
As he slinks up through the grass  
'Round my little old sod shanty on  
my claim.

## OH BURY ME NOT

"Oh bury me not  
On the lone prairie."  
These words came low  
And mournfully  
From the pallid lips  
Of a youth who lay  
On his dying bed  
At the close of day.

continued



## OH BURY ME NOT, cont'd.

"Oh, bury me not  
On the lone prairie  
Where the wild coyotes  
Will howl o'er me,  
Where the rattlesnakes hiss  
And the eagle flies free,  
Oh bury me not  
On the lone prairie. "

"Oh bury me not"  
And his voice fell there  
But we took no heed  
Of his dying prayer.  
In a narrow grave  
Just six by three  
We buried him there  
On the lone prairie.

Yes, we buried him there  
On the lone prairie  
Where the wild wolf howls  
And the wind blows free  
And the blizzard beats  
And the wind blows free  
O'er his lonely grave  
On the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now  
As they roam the plains  
Now they mark the spot  
Where his bones were laid.  
Fling a handful of roses  
O'er his grave  
With a prayer to Him  
Who his soul will save.

O bury me not  
On the lone prairie  
Where the were wolf howls  
And -----o'er me  
Where the hoot owl hoots  
From morn 'til eve.  
O bury me not  
On the lone prairie.

## THE ZEBRA DUN

Now we were camped out on  
the plains  
At the head of the Cimarron  
When along a-come a stranger  
To stop and argy some.  
He looked so very foolish  
We began to look around.  
We thought he was a greenhorn  
Had just escaped from town.

We asked he'd had his breakfast.  
He hadn't had a smear  
So we opened up the chuck box  
And bid him take his share.

He took a cup of coffee,  
Some biscuits and some beans  
And then begin to talk about  
Those foreign kings and queens.

About the Spanish wars  
And fightin' on the seas  
With guns as big as steers  
And ramrods big as trees,  
About ol' Paul Jones  
A fightin' son of a gun  
Who was the meanest hombre  
Had ever pulled a gun.

When he had finished eatin'  
And had put his plate away  
He rolled a cigarette  
And asked the time of day.  
He talked about the weather the  
Election and such things  
But didn't seem to know much  
Of workin's on the range.

Such an educated feller  
His thoughts just came in herds.  
He 'stonished all them cowboys  
With them jaw breakin' words.  
He kept right on a talkin' 'til it  
Made the boys all sick  
And they began to look around to  
Play some kind of a trick.

Well he said he'd lost his job  
Upon the Santa Fe  
A goin' across the plains  
To meet the Seven D.  
He didn't say how come it  
Was trouble with the boss  
But he would like to borrow  
A fat nice saddle horse.

This tickled all the boys to death  
They laughed way down their sleeves.  
"Well, you can have a saddle horse  
As fat n' fresh as you please."  
So Shorty grabbed the lariat and he  
Roped ol' Zebra Dun  
And turned him to the stranger while  
We waited for the fun.

Well, Old Dunnie was an outlaw  
That had grown so very wild  
He could paw the white right from  
the moon  
With every jump a mile.  
He stood right still  
As if he didn't know  
Until he was all saddled  
And ready for the go.

When the stranger hit the saddle  
Lord, Old Dunnie quit the earth  
And headed right straight upward  
For all that he was worth,

A-pitchin' and a-squealin' and a-  
Havin' wall-eyed fits  
With his hind feet perpendicular  
And his front ones in the bits.

We could see the tops of mountains  
Under Dunnie, every jump,  
But the stranger sat upon him  
Just like a camel's hump.  
The stranger sat upon him  
And he curled his black mustache  
Just like a summer boarder  
A-waitin' for his hash.

Lord, he thumped him in the  
shoulders  
And he spurred him when he  
whirled.  
He showed us flunky punchers  
That he was the wolf of the world  
And when he's once more dismounted  
There again upon the ground  
We knew he was a thoroughbred  
And not a gent from town.

Well, the boss who was a standin'  
round  
A-watchin' all the show  
Walked right up to the stranger  
And said "You needn't go.  
If you can handle a lariat like  
You rode ol' Zebra Dun,  
Well, you're the man I've looke for  
Ever since the year of one."

Now he could twirl a rope boys,  
And he didn't do it slow  
And when the cows stampeded  
He was always on the go.  
There's one thing and a short thing  
I've learned since I've been born,  
That every educated fella  
Ain't a plumb greenhorn.

## Punchin' the Dough

Come all of you cowboys,  
I'll sing you a song.  
Stand back 'n the wagon.  
Stay where you belong.  
Well, I've heard you observin'  
I'm fussy and slow  
But when you're punchin' cattle  
I'm punchin the dough.

Well, I reckon your stomachs  
Would go to your back  
If it wasn't for the cook that keeps  
Fillin' the slack  
With the beans in the bucket  
Or pork in the tub.  
Well I'm wonderin' now who would  
Fill you with grub.



### Punchin' the Dough, cont'd.

Well you say you're right handy  
With gun and with rope  
But I've noticed you're bashful  
When usin' the soap and  
**When** you crawl from your roll  
And the ground it is froze  
Just who biles the coffee  
That thaws out your nose?

Well you talk about shootin' out  
Windows and lights,  
But try shootin' bisuits for  
Twelve appetities.  
If you think that your ponies  
Are snaky and raw, just  
Try riding herd on a  
Stove that won't draw.

In the old days the punchers took  
Just what they got.  
It was soubelly beans and the  
Old coffee pot. But  
Now you come howlin' fer  
Pie and fer cakes, 'n then you  
Cuss out the cook for a  
Good belly ache.

You think that I'm old and my  
Feet's on the skids  
But I'm tellin' you now that you're  
Nothin' but kids,  
While you're rollin' the Bull\*  
For your brown cigarette  
I'm a-rollin' the dough for  
Them biscuits you et.

When you look at my apron  
You're readin' my brand.  
Four X\*\* is the sign for  
The best in the land.  
On bottle or sack it sure  
Stands for good luck,  
So come all you waddies  
And wrangle your chuck.

There's no use a-snortin'  
And fightin' your head.  
If you like it with chili  
Just eat what I said  
'Cause I aim to be bossin' this  
End of the show.  
When you're punchin' cattle, I'm  
Punchin' the dough.

\*Bull Durham, a favorite cowboy  
tobacco.

\*\*A mark on flour sacks.

### POWDERHORN

I'll sing you a song  
About old Powderhorn  
The greatest cow pony

That ever was born.  
It was out north of Roswell  
Down in New Mexico  
That I first had the pleasure  
To watch this horse go.

He was owned by Bob Crosby  
Whose fame was well known.  
In the rodeo world  
His star it had shone.  
He'd been picking good horses  
Since the day he was born,  
But never a pony  
Like Old Powderhorn.

He was not much to look at  
Nor not much to see.  
Upon his left hip boys,  
He wore the Cross-B.  
Sorrel in color-  
A pure thoroughbred-  
He'd a star in the middle  
Of his hammerhead.

Fleet as an antelope,  
Quick as a deer,  
He could catch a fast calf  
Or could bust a big steer  
But for cuttin' wild cattle  
This pony was born,  
That little sorrel cowhorse  
They called Powderhorn.

He worked among cattle  
With skill and with ease.  
He never disturbed them  
As quiet as you please  
But always a-watchin'  
He was workin' well back  
To be in the right spot  
To take up the slack.

Smooth as any dancer  
You've seen on his feet  
And in a tight spot boys,  
He'd turn on the heat.  
Show him a critter

Then get hold of that horn  
Or you might lose your seat  
Upon Old Powderhorn.

People will tell you  
A cowhorse is made  
By patience and hard work  
To learn well his trade  
But a few like good cowboys  
Are naturally born  
To be tops in their trade.  
Such was Old Powderhorn.

### MISS ALEDO

Out in the West you have  
Oft heard it said  
The only good paint horse is  
One that is dead  
But to rules there's exceptions

And we want to show  
So take a deep seat.  
Watch this paint filly go.

### Refrain

Miss Aledo, Miss Aledo,  
Swing to and fro  
Watchin' those dogies  
Wherever they go.  
First to the right and  
Then to the left,  
Always in front of them,  
Doing her best.

It was down at fort Worth  
At the big fat stock show  
Bob first had the chance to watch  
This filly go. He  
Walked right up to them  
Says: "How much will you take?"  
They said: "Enough money  
To make a renter a stake."

Bob says: "I'll take her right  
Now if you please.  
Will you take a check boys  
Upon the Cross B?"  
The boys said: "No Bob,  
It's cash that we want."  
So he gets the two thousand  
And pays 'em right off.

### Refrain

Watch her go to 'em.  
She does it so neat.  
It looks like the filly's got  
Brains in her feet. She's  
Always a watchin'.  
She seems to outguess  
Anything that she's workin'.  
She's doing her best.

People will tell you  
It takes time to show  
But this cuttin' pony's  
A right place to go (sic)  
This little paint filly  
Just naturally knows  
More than most horses  
She's just two years old.

If it's good cuttin' horses  
You're wantin' to see  
Go out north of Roswell  
Upon the Cross B.  
Miss Aledo and Powder  
And old Yellow Cat,  
The best cuttin' horses  
The west has seen yet.



The language of this song is perfectly plain cowboy talk but perhaps it needs a word of explanation. A cutting horse is one who is trained to separate a cow or a calf from the herd for purposes of branding, weaning etc. To take a deep seat means to get firmly seated in the saddle. The CrossB is the branding mark of Bob Crosby and his ranch is known by that name. Powder is a reference to Bob's horse Powderhorn about whom another song appears in this album.

# Timings for the label:

## Side 1

1. Sioux Indians	3:55
2. California Joe	13:50
3. Billy the Kid	3:40
4. Sod Shanty	3:20

## Side 2

5. O Bury Me Not	3:55
6. Zebra Dun	3:50
7. Punchin' the Dough	2:15
8. Powderhorn	3:55
9. Miss Aledo	2:45
10. Cattle Call	2:25

## Old Cattle Call

When the new day is dawnin'  
I wake up a yawnin'  
Drinking my coffee strong,  
Make my bed in a roll  
Down the trail I will stroll  
Singing this old cattle call

### Refrain

Hee-hee-yoo-hoo-hoo-hoo  
Hoo-hoo-hoo-yippee  
Hee-hee-yoo-hoo-hoo-hoo  
Hoo-oo-de loodle-de-oodle-tee.

With my saddle all seated  
The cattle all bedded,  
Nothin', well, seems to be wrong.  
Make my bed'neath the skies  
I look up at the stars, 'n  
Then I can sing you this song.

### Refrain

Well, each day I do ride  
O'er the range far and wide.  
I'm goin' home next fall.  
Well, I don't mind the weather  
My heart's like a feather  
'cause always I'll sing you this call.

### Refrain

Note: The refrain is sing falsetto with the syllables varied each time. In the last line of the refrain, the singer yodels.



Ray Reed's Palomino Nugget, in 1949.



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