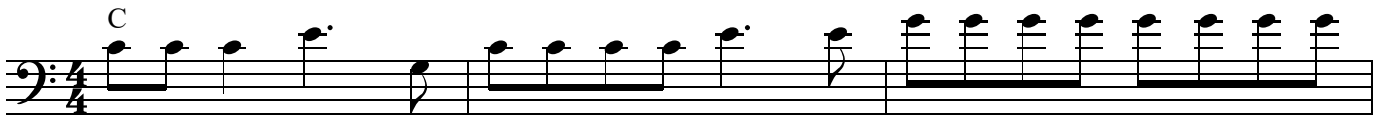


# The Old Christholm Trail

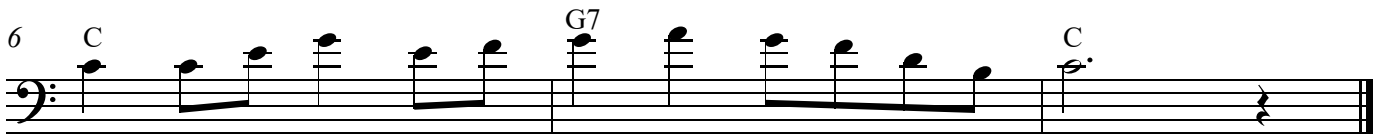
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Come a - long, boys, and lis - ten to my tale, I'll tell you of my trou - bles on the



Old Chiz - zum Trail. Co - ma - ti yi yip - py, yip - py



yea, yip - py yea, Co - ma - ti yi yip - py, yip - py yea.

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.