

The Old Christholm Trail

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The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, and is marked with a chord of F. The lyrics under the first staff are: 'Come a - long, boys, and lis - ten to my tale, I'll tell you of my trou- bles on the'. The second staff is marked with a '4' at the beginning and a 'C7' chord above the first measure. The lyrics are: 'Old Chiz - zum Trail. Co - ma - ti yi yip - py, yip - py'. The third staff is marked with a '6' at the beginning and has chords of F, C7, and F above the first, second, and third measures respectively. The lyrics are: '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.