

The Cowboys' Christmas Ball

The Killers

Way out in Old Nevada, where the Truckee's waters flow,
Where the cattle are "a-browzin'," an' the Spanish ponies grow;
Where the Northers "come a-whistlin'" from beyond the Neutral Strip;
And the prairie dogs are sneezin', as if they had "The Grip".
Where the cayotes come a-howlin' 'round the ranches after dark,
And the bluebirds are a-singin' to the lovely "meadow lark";
Where the bighorns are a-grazin' and the lonely plovers call
It was there that I attended "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball." The boys had left the ranches and
come to town in piles;
The ladies—"kinda scatterin'"—had gathered in for miles..
The room was togged out gorgeous-with mistletoe and shawls,
And candles flickered frescoes, around the airy walls.
The women folk looked lovely-the boys looked kinda treed,
Till the leader got to yellin': "Hey! fellers, let's stampede,"
And the music started sighin', an' awailin' through the hall
As a kind of introduction to "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."
Their leader was a feller that came from Swenson's ranch,
They called him "Windy Billy," from "little Deadman's Branch."
His rig was "kinda careless," big spurs and high-heeled boots.
He had the reputation that come when "a fellers shoots."
His voice was like a bugle upon a mountainous height;
His feet were animated an' a mighty, movin' sight,
When he commenced to hollerin', "Now, fellers stake your pen!
"Lock horns with all them heifers, an' russle 'em like men.
"Saloot yer lovely critters; now swing an' let 'em go,
"Climb the grape vine 'round 'em—all hands do-ce-do!
"You Mavericks, join the round-up- Just skip her waterfall,"
Huh! It was gettin' happy, The Cowboys' Christmas Ball Don't tell me 'bout cotillions, or
germans. No sire'ee!
That whirl at Carson City just takes the cake with me.
I'm sick of lazy shufflin's, of them I've had my fill,
Just Give me a frontier break-down, backed up by Wild Ol' Bill.
McAllister ain't nowhere, when Windy leads the show,
I've seen 'em both in harness, and so I sorta know—
Oh, Bill, I sha'n't forget ya, and I'll oftentimes recall,
That lively gaited sworray—"The Cowboys' Christmas Ball." Oh, Bill, I sha'n't forget ya, and
I'll oftentimes recall,
That lively gaited sworray—"The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

