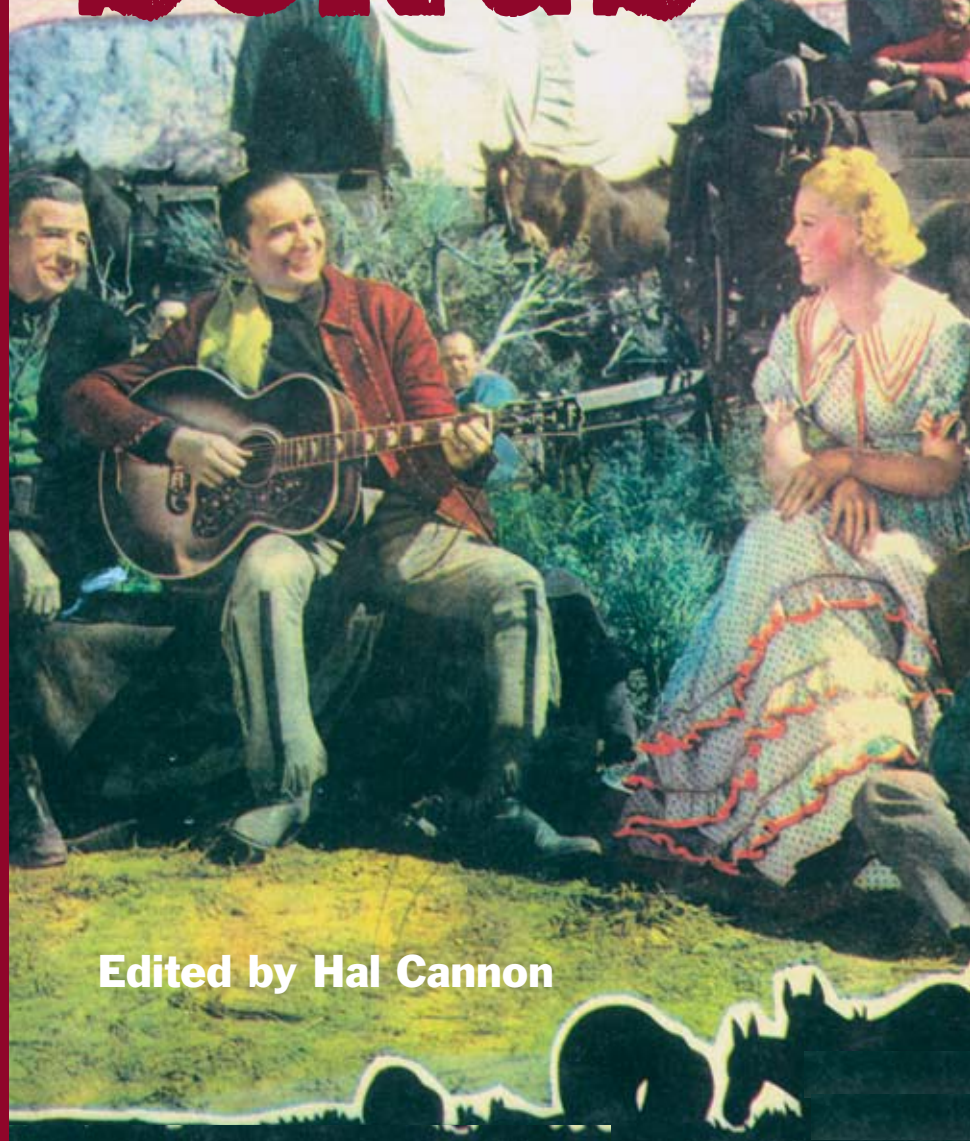


Includes melody lines, guitar chords, and complete lyrics for more than fifty well-loved songs of pioneers, plainsmen, and cowpunchers.



OLD-TIME COWBOY SONGS

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Edited by Hal Cannon

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Western/Music

GIBBS SMITH 

The Cowboy's Dance Song

James Barton Adams

This is another old poem which has been set to music, often abbreviating the song with fewer verses. Glenn Ohrlin sings this one well.

Now you can't expect a cowboy to agitate his shanks
 In the etiquettish fashion of aristocratic ranks,
 When he's always been accustomed to shake the heel
 and toe
 In the rattling ranchers' dances where much etiquette
 don't go.
 You can bet I set there laughing in quite an excited way,
 A giving of the squinters and astonished sort of play,
 When I happened into Denver and was asked to take a
 prance
 In the smooth and easy measures of a high-toned dance.
 When I got among the ladies in their frocks of fleecy
 white,
 And the dudes togged out in wrappings that was simply
 out of sight,
 Tell you what, I was embarrassed and somehow I
 couldn't keep
 From feeling like a burro in a purty flock of sheep.
 Every step I took was awkward and I blushed a flaming
 red,
 Like the upper decorations of a turkey gobbler's head.
 And the ladies said 'twas seldom they had ever had a
 chance
 To see an old-time puncher at a high-toned dance.
 I cut me out a heifer from that bunch of purty girls,
 And I yanked her to the center to dance those dreamy
 whirls.

She laid her head upon my breast in a loving sort of way
 And we drifted into heaven while the band began to
 play.
 I could feel my neck a burning from her nose's
 breathing heat
 As she docey-doeed around me, half the time upon my
 feet.
 She looked up into my blinkers with a soul-dissolving
 glance
 Quite conducive to the pleasures of a high-toned dance.
 Every nerve just got to dancing to the music of delight,
 And I hugged that little sagehen uncomfortably tight;
 But she never made a beller and the glances of her eyes
 Seemed to thank me for the pleasures of a genuine
 surprise.
 She cuddled up against me in a loving sort of way,
 Tell you what, the joys of heaven ain't a cussed
 circumstance
 To the huggamania pleasures of a high-toned dance.



When they struck the old cotillion on that music bill of
 fare,
 Every bit of devil in me seemed to bust out on a tear;
 I fetched a cowboy war whoop and I started in to rag
 Till the rafters started sinking and the floor began to
 sag.
 My partner she got sea sick, and then she staggered for a
 seat,
 And I balanced to the next one but she dodged me slick
 and neat.
 Tell you what, I took the creases from my
 go-to-meeting pants
 When I put the cowboy trimmings on that high-toned
 dance.



Now you can't expect a cow-boy _ to a-gi-tate his shanks, In the



e - ti-quet-tish fash-ion of a - ris-to-cra-tic ranks, _ When he's



al-ways been ac - cus - tomed _ to shake the heel and toe _ In the



rat-ting ran-chers' dan-ces where much e - ti-quette don't go.

