

**Don Edwards****"Little Joe, The Wrangler"**

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Little Joe the wrangler he'll wrangle never more  
His days with the remuda they're all done  
It was long about last April he rode into our camp  
Just a little Texas stray and all alone  
It was long late in the evening when he rode into our  
camp  
On a little old brown pony he called Shaw  
In his brogan shoes and coveralls a harder lookin' kid  
You never in you life have seen before

His saddle was a Sother kack built many years ago  
An OK spur on one foot idly hung  
With his bed roll in a cotton sack was loosely tied  
behind  
And a canteen from the saddle horn he'd slung  
Said he had to leave his home because his paw had  
married twice  
His new maw beat him every day or two  
So he saddled up old Shaw one night and lit a shuck  
this way  
Thought he'd try and paddle now his own canoe

Said he'd try to do the best he could if we'd only give  
him work  
Though he didn't know straight up about a cow  
So the boss he cut him out a mount and kinda put him  
on  
And we knew he liked our little stray somehow  
Well he taught him how to heard the horses and  
learned to know 'em all  
And to get 'em in by daylight if he could  
And to follow the chuck wagon and to always hitch the  
team  
And to help the carsonaro rustle wood

We had driven to Red River and the weather it was fine  
We were camped down on the south side of the bend  
When a Norther started blowin' we called the extra  
guard  
Cause it took all hands to hold the cattle in  
Now little Joe the wrangler was called out like the rest

Barely had the kid got to the heard  
When the cattle they stampeded like a hailstorm on  
they flew  
With all of us a ridin' for the lead

Between the streaks of lightnin' we could see a horse  
ahead  
It was little Joe the wrangler in the lead  
He was riding old Blue Rocket with a slicker o'er his  
head  
And he's trying to check the leaders in their speed.  
We finally got'em millin' and they sort of quieted down  
The extra guard back to the camp did go  
But one of them was missing and we all knew at a  
glance  
Twas our little Texas strayboy wrangler Joe

We found him there at sun up where old Blue Rocket  
fell  
In some washout twenty feet below  
Beneath his horse smashed to a pulphis spur had rung  
the knell  
For our little Texas stray bos wrangler Joe  
Little Joe the wrangler he'll wrangle never more  
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