

Carter Family

"Cowboy's Wild Song To His Herd"

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One beautiful night when the moon was full
And the air was crisp and clear
A cowboy lay on the star lit plain
And thought of his home so dear

He thought of his mother he loved so well
And his slumber of sleep was blurred
Not a sound to be heard but throws of the night
As he sang a wild song to his herd

The cattle are lying so quite and still
On a carpet that mantles the west ?
While the golden lanes from the sky of night
Sing peace to the cowboys stress ?

Still he thinks of his mother in a far away land
And his thoughts by his memory was stirred
And he steals himself the old home again
As he sang a wild song to his herd

He's far from the din of the city noise
Where the lanes of folly do shine
He's far from the jaws of the dies sin ?
And the flow of sparkling wine

He's in the great west with its mantle of green
Where his neighbors say never a word
A land of marriage of mountains and plains
Where a cowboy sings low to his herd

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