

Marty Robbins

"Little Joe The Wrangler"

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Little Joe the Wrangler will wrangle nevermore
His days with the roundup they are o'er
Was a year ago last April when he rode into our camp
Just a little Texas stray and nothing more

Was late in the evening when he rode into our camp
On the little Texas pony he called Chaw
With his brogan shoes and overalls a tougher looking
kid
You never in your life before had saw

His saddle was a Texas kack built many years ago
An OK spur on one foot lightly swung
With his packroll in a cotton sack so loosely tied behind
And a canteen from his saddle horn was slung

He said he had to leave his home his pa had married
twice
His new ma whipped him every day or two
So he saddled up old Chaw one night and lit a shuck
his way
He said he'd try to paddle his own canoe

He said if we would give him work he'd do the best he
could
Though he didn't know straight up about a cow
So the boss he cut him out a mount and kindly put him
on
He sorta liked this little kid somehow

He learned to wrangle horses and learned to know
them all
And get them in at daybreakk if he could
And to trail the old chuck wagon and always hitch the
team
And help to cook each evening rustle wood

We had hardly reached the Pecos the weather it was
fine

We were camped down on the south side in a draw
When a northern commenced blowing and we doubled

up our guards
It took every one of us to hold them in

Little Joe the Wrangler was called out with the rest
Scarcely had the little fellow reached the herd
When the cattle they stampeded like a hailstorm on
they fled
And everyone was ridin' for the lead

Amid the streaks of lightnin' there was one horse up
ahead
He was tryin' to check the leaders in their speed
It was little Joe the Wrangler with a slicker o'er his head
He was ridin' Old Blue Rocket in the lead

At last we got them millin' and kinda quited down
And the extra guards back to the wagon went
But there was one a missin' we could see it at a glance
Was our little Texas stray poor Wrangler Joe

Next morning just at daybreak we found where Rocket
fell
Down in a washout twenty feet below
Beneath his horse his life had gone his spung had run
its knell
Was our little Texas stray poor Wrangler Joe

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