

Slim Whitman

"The Cattle Call"

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Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
Woo - hoo - ooo - oop - i - de - de
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
Yod - el - od - el - lo - ti - de.

The cattle are prowlin' the coyotes are howlin'
Way out where the dogies bawl
Where spurs are a - jinglin', a cowboy is singin'
This lonesome cattle call.

He rides in the sun 'til his days work is done
And he rounds up the cattle each fall
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
Singin' his cattle call.

For hours he will ride on the range far and wide
When the night winds blow up a squall
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather
He sings his cattle call.

He's brown as a berry from ridin' the prairie
And he sings with an ol' western drawl
Woo - hoo - woo - ooo - ti - de
Singin' his cattle call.

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