

Unknown

"Bucking Bronco"

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THE BUCKING BRONCO

My love is a rider, wild horses he breaks,
But he promised to quit it all just for my sake;
He sold off his saddle, his spurs, and his rope,
And there'll be no more riding, and that's what I hope.

The first time I saw him was early last spring,
A-riding a bronco, a high-headed thing;
He laughed and he talked as they danced to and fro
He promised he'd not ride no other bronco.

My love has a gun that has gone to the bad,
Which makes all the ladies to feel very sad;
He give me some presents, among them a ring
But the return I gave him was a far better thing.

Now, all you young ladies that live on the Platte
Don't marry the cowboy who wears a white hat;
He'll pet you and court you and then he will go
And ride up the trail on another bronco.

From Ozark Folksongs, Randolph
Collected from E. J. Ferriss, Arkansas, 1927
Recorded by the Girls of the Golden West etc.
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