

## Emmy the Great

### "Cattle Call"

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(Tex Owens)

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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