Ragtime Cowboy Joe
by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams (1912)

He al—ways sings, raggy music to his cattle as he swings
back and forward in his saddle on his horse that is synco-pated gaited.

And there’s such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater.

How they run, when they hear that feller’s gun, be-cause the
West-ern folks all know He’s a hi-fa-lootin’, rootin’-tootin’
Son-of-a-gun from Ari—zona, Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.

Out in Ari—zona where the bad men are——
the only friend to guide you is an Eve-ning star——
The rough-est, tough-est man by far is
Rag-time Cow-boy Joe

Got his name from sing-ing to the cows and sheep
Ev’ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep
In a bass so rich and deep, croon-in’ soft and low———
----(Tacit)----- |F . . . | . . . . |G7 . .
He al-ways sings, raggy music to his cattle as he swings
. . . . . . . . |C7 . . . . . . . .
back and forward in his saddle on his horse that is synco-pated gaited.
. . . . . . . . |F . . . . |G7 . . .
And there’s such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater.
. . . . . . . . |F . . . . . . . .
How they run, when they hear that feller’s gun, be-cause the
G7 . . . . . . . . |Dm . . . . . .
West-ern folks all know------- He’s a hi-fa-lootin’, rootin’-tootin’
. . . . . . . . |F . C7 . . . .
Son-of-a-gun from Ari—zona, He’s some cowboy --
F . C7 . . . . |F . C7 . . . . |\C7\ F\ Talk a-bout your cowboy -- Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.

San Jose Ukulele Club
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