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

Intro: F . Dm . | F . Dm . | F . Dm . | F\-

----(Tacit)----- | F . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . | . . . .
He al-ways sings, raggy music to his cattle as he swings back and forward in his saddle.
C7 . . . | . . . . | F . . . | G7 . C7
On his horse that is synco-pated gaited. And there’s such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater.
F . . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . . 
How they run, when they hear that feller’s gun, be-cause the west-ern folks all know.
| Dm . . . | . . . . | F . C7 . | F . . . |
He's a hi-fa-loutin’, rootin’-tootin’ son-of-a-gun from Ari-zona, Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.

Out in Ari-zona where the bad men are, and 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 always sings, raggy music to his cattle as he swings back and forward in his saddle.
C7 . . . | . . . . | F . . . | G7 . C7
On his horse that is synco-pated gaited. And there’s such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater.
F . . . . | . . . . | G7 . . . . |
How they run, when they hear that feller’s gun, be-cause the west-ern folks all know.
| Dm . . . | . . . . | 
He’s a highfa-lutin’, rootin’-tootin’ Son-of-a-gun from Ari-zona,
He’s some cowboy -- Talk a-bout your cowboy -- Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.