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


----(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 . . . . | | F .
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, 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 . . . . . | . . . . . | | F . C7 . . |
He's a highfa-lutin', rootin'-tootin' Son-of-a-gun from Ari-zona,


San Jose Ukulele Club