

## OLD TIME CAMP AND TRAIL TUNES

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### THE BOYS OF THE YELLOWSTONE FLATS

We are the gay punchers of the Yellowstone flats.  
We wear the high heels, also the white hats.  
We're noted in Texas and on the Staked Plains,  
Also in Montana in the Yellowstone range.

We ride Marden saddles, our chaps are the best,  
Our bits, boots and spurs can't be beat in the West.  
We ride up the trail, take down the rawhides;  
There never was a broncho but what we could ride.

We've worked for the D.T.'s, also the H.S.,  
But as for the Shoesole, we think them the best.  
We ride to the wagon, we ride in pursuit;  
We hear the cook holler, "Chuck-away," grab a root.

We spread our blankets on the ground, cold and hard,  
For shortly we'll have to stand two hours' guard,  
The night is so dark we can scarce see at all;  
We ride to the sound of some young maverick's bawl.

Next morning at daybreak on circle we'll ride,  
To round up the maverick, take down the rawhide.  
We'll rope him and throw him, as in days of old,  
And on his left shoulder we'll brand the shoesole.

The game of cow punching may be honest enough,  
But for the young cowboy it seems mighty tough.  
What cares the puncher, as he rides the range o'er.  
The cowman will get there or else make a roar.

From broncho bustin' I've had quite enough;  
I'll go east like Big Bill and there play the tough.  
I'll let my hair grow long and dance on the stage;  
Tell them I eat cactus out West and chew sage.

For boots, quirts and saddles I've no further use;  
I'll ride to the home ranch and turn the bronk loose.  
I'll put boots and saddles where they will keep dry,  
For perhaps I might need them in the sweet bye and bye.