

The blue-birds are sleeping in the willows,
So they'll not hear what I have got to say.
I want you, my Honey, how I want you
In my lonely little ranch so far away!

You remember where I met you first, my Honey,
By the big bend?—I'll be waiting there tonight;
You were rounding up some range stock by the
river,
And you asked me if I'd cinch your saddle tight.
Then I helped you gather up the old stray stock.
And you might have thought I hadn't much to
say;
But ever since I've wanted you, my Honey,
In my lonely little ranch so far away!

So meet me by the river, my own Honey,
And to my prairie girl I will be true,
When every other feeling's dead within me.
I know I'll have a feeling there for you.
Your rider, he will love you, dear, for ever.
If the whole wide world were standing in my
way,
I would take you, my own Honey, I would take
you
To my little lonely ranch so far away.