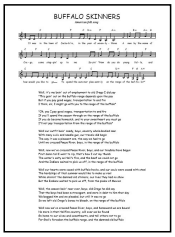
Buffalo skinners



Descargar la partitura gratuita de la canción

It was in the town of Jacksb'ro, in the year of seventy-three
A man by the name of Cre-go, come steppin' up to me
Sayin' "How do you do young fella, and how would you like to go
To spend the summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo?"

Well, it's me bein' out of employment to old Crego I did say
"This goin' out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay
But if you pay good wages, transportation to and fro
I think, sir, I might go with you to the range of the buffalo"

"Oh, yes I pay good wages, transportation to and fro
If you'll spend the season through on the range of the buffalo
If you do become homesick, and to your sweetheart you must go
I'll not pay transportation from the range of the buffalo"

Well our outfit bein' ready, boys, seventy whole-bodied men
With many a six and needle gun, our travels did begin
The way it was a pleasant one, the way we had to go
Until we crossed Pease River, boys, in the range of the buffalo

Well, now we've crossed Pease River, boys, and our troubles have begun
First damn tail I went to rip, that's how I cut my thumb
The water's salty as Hell's fire, and the beef we could not go
And the Indians waited to pick us off, in the range of the buffalo

Well our hearts were cased with buffalo hocks, and our souls were cased with steel
The hardships of that summer would like to make us reel
While skinnin' the damned old stinkers, our lives they had no show
But the Indians waited to pick us off, from the plains of Mexico

Well, the season bein' near over, boys, old Crego he did say
That the boys had been extravagant, and were in debt to him that day
We begged him and we pleaded, but still it was no go
So we left old Crego's bones to bleach, on the range of the buffalo

Well now we've crossed Pease River, boys, and homeward we are bound
No more in that Hellfire country, will ever we be found
Go home to our wives and sweethearts, and tell others not to go
For God's forsaken the buffalo range, and the damned old buffalo