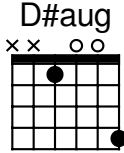
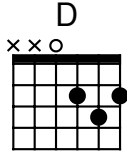
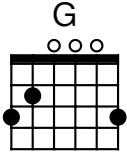
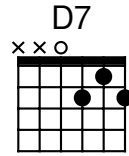
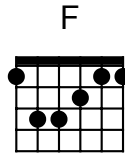
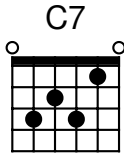
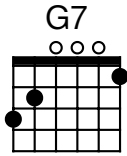


Roundup Lullaby

w. Badger Clark m. Gertrude Ross



[C] Deserts blue and silver 'neath the [G7] pale moonshine,
Coyotes yappin' lazy on the [C] hi-[C7]-ll,

[F] Sleepy winks of lightnin' down the [C] far sky line,

[D7] Time for millin' cattle to be [G] sti-[G7]-ll.

[C] So—o, now, the [G7] lightnin's far a-[C]-way,
The [F] coyote's nothing [C] skeery;

He's [F] singin' to his [D] dea-[D#aug]-rie—

[C] Hee-ee oh, the'll [G7] come another [C] day!

So, [F] settle down, you [C] cattle, till the [G7] mor-[C]-nin'.

Instrumental: [F] settle down, you [C] cattle, till the [G7] mor-[C]-nin'.

There's [C] nothin' on the hazy range that [G7] you folks need,
There's nothin' we can see to take your [C] ey-[C7]-e.

[F] Still we got to watch you or you'll [C] all stampede,

[D7] Plungin' down some arroyo bank to [G] di-[G7]-e

[C] So—o, now, for [G7] still the shadows [C] stay;
The [F] moon is slow and [C] steady;

The [F] sun comes when he's [D] rea-[D#aug]-dy.

[C] Hee-ee oh, the'll [G7] come another [C] day!

There's [F] no use rushin' [C] out to meet the [G7] mor-[C]-nin'.

There's [F] no use rushin' [C] out to meet the [G7] mor-[C]-nin'.

[C] Cows and men are foolish when the [G7] light grows dim,
Dreamin' of a land too far to [C] se-[C7]-e.

[F] There, you dream, of wavin' grass and [C] streams that brim

[D7] And it often seems that way to [G] me -[G7]-e.

[C] So—o, now, for [G7] dreams they never [C] pay.
The [F] dust it keeps you [C] blinkin'.
We're [F] seven miles from [D] drin-[D#aug]- kin'.
[C] Hee-ee oh, the'll [G7] come another [C] day!
[F] But we got to [C] stand it till the [G7] mor-[C] -nin'.
Instrumental: [F] But we got to [C] stand it till the [G7] mor-[C] -nin'.

[C] Mostly it's a moonlit world our [G7] trail winds through.
Can't see much beyond our saddle [C] hor-[C7] -ns.
[F] Always far away is misty [C] silver-blue;
[D7] Always underfoot it's rocks and [G] thor-[G7] -ns.
[C] So—o, now. It [G7] must be this a-[C]-way—
The [F] lonesome owl is [C] callin',
The [F] mournful coyote [D] squal-[D#aug]-lin'.
[C] Hee-ee oh, the'll [G7] come another [C] day!
[F] Mocking-birds don't [C] sing until the [G7] mor-[C] -nin'.
[F] Mocking-birds don't [C] sing until the [G7] mor-[C] -nin'.

[C] Always seein' 'wayoff dreams of [G7] silver-blue
Always feelin' thorns that stab and [C] sti-[C7] -ng
[F] Yet stampedin' never made a [C] dream come true,
[D7] So I ride around myself and [G] si-[G7] -ng,
[C] So — o, now, a [G7] man has got to [C] stay,
A-[F] -likin' or a-[C]-hatin',
But [F] workin' hard and [D] wai-[D#aug]-tin'
[C] Hee-ee oh, the'll [G7] come another [C] day!
[F] All of us are [C] waitin' for the [G7] mor-[C] -nin'.
Instrumental: [F] All of us are [C] waitin' for the [G7] mor-[C] -nin'.

{"Roundup Lullaby" has been sung by folks including Katie Lee,
Don Edwards, Bing Crosby, Sue Harris, and others (Hays County Gals).
As a song, it's also been called "Cowboy Lullaby" and "Desert Silvery
Blue."}