

Old Tom Horn

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Now back in old Wyoming many long years ago
When there was no law and order round to regulate the show
Those old Wyoming ranchers had a problem on their hands
Trying to keep the cow thieves and the rustlers off their land
Now old Tom Horn came a riding up one day
Gonna lend a hand to the cattlemen in his own peculiar way
Well he took his 44-40 out and cleaned it up right well
Then he rode off down Dry Gulch with a sack of rifle shells
Old Tom Horn with a rifle by his side through the hills of Wyoming he would ride
There ain't no tellin' how many cattle thieves he killed
But it was God help the rustler when Tom Horn was in the hill

If you rode the Laramie Valley by either day or night
You can be right sure he's watchin' you through his rifle sights
He laid out in the bushes and the rustler come around
Then he'll spill the boy with a single shot and chamber one more round
Now the rustlers tried to stop him but they found there was no way
He could pick them off from a mountain side a half mile away
Well they ran him down the border but they never touched his hide
He just slipped across to his hide out on the Colorado side
Old Tom Horn with a rifle...

Then one day young Willie Nickle was out a ridin' around
A 44-40 shot rang out and laid the poor boy down
Well it was only fourteen years since that little kid was born
And they said it looked like the doing's of that lonesome Tom Horn
So the cattlemen went and strung him up with a length of fresh snipped rope
But his ghost still hangs out in the hills and spooks the Antelope
Now all the rustlers hatred and all the cattlemen's fears
Have kept all Tom Horn alive through all the changing years
Old Tom Horn with a rifle...