

Bald Butte

Colter Wall

Bald Butte, Bald Butte so lofty and so high
Carry me to Bald Butte
Where the plains wrap round the sky
You can dig a hole on Bald Butte when I die

Henry was born on Bald Butte
A paint horse he did ride
Well he roped him in Alberta
Broke him on the Montana line
Tore him a trail through the northwest countryside

Henry took to stealing
Robbing on the CP Rail
He got the devil on his shoulders
And the law man on his tail
You better ride, Henry ride
You ain't got no friends to go your bail

Well he rode across the Grey Back camp
Up in Cypress Hills
They said they left the US nation
On the day that Richmond fell
They whistled Dixie and set him up a still

Henry woke the next morn
Like a corpse from the grave
Half blind and twice as haggard
He took a cast iron to the brain
They stole his horse and the rifle that shared his name

And he tracked them former Johnny Rebs
Through the prairie and the trees
Up old Castle Mountain
Cross the river Wapiti
Low and behold, what do you think he sees
I see my paint
I see my rifle that shares my name
I see them men that done me wrong
Lord, I'm gonna do them just the same

Henry grabbed his rifle
Up off of the ground
He kissed the ever-loving barrel
And he shot them old boys down
They hit the dirt, he revelled in the sound

Now he's back up in the saddle
Back up on the top
When he felt that southern slug
Chew a hole right through his gut
He thought he killed them all
But he had not

That paint took off a running
Through the water and the mud
No earthly force in this whole world
Could stop that 'Berta stud

Henry sat there laughing up his blood

And he was singing

Bald Butte, Bald Butte so lofty and so high

Carry me to Bald Butte

Where the plains wrap round the the sky

You can dig a hole on Bald Butte when I die