The cattle are prowlin?, the coyotes are howlin? Way out where the dogies bawl
Where spurs are a jinglin?, a cowboy is singin?
This lonesome cattle call

Woo, hoo, woo, ooo, ti, de Woo, hoo, ooo, oop, I, de, de Woo, hoo, woo, ooo, ti, de Yod, el, od, el, lo, ti, de

He rides in the sun ?til his days work is done And he rounds up the cattle each fall Woo, hoo, woo, ooo, ti, de Singin? his cattle call

For hours, he will ride on the range, far and wide When the night winds blow up a squall His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather He sings his cattle call

Woo, hoo, woo, ooo, ti, de Woo, hoo, ooo, oop, I, de, de Woo, hoo, woo, ooo, ti, de Yod, el, od, el, lo, ti, de

He?s brown as a berry, from ridin? the prairie And he sings with an ol? western drawl Woo, hoo, woo, ooo, ti, de Singin? his cattle call

Woo, hoo, woo, ooo, ti, de Woo, hoo, ooo, oop, I, de, de Woo, hoo, woo, ooo, ti, de Yod, el, od, el, lo, ti, de