

# The Cowboy Christmas Ball

Michael Martin Murphey

Way out in West Texas where the Clearfork waters flow  
Where the cattle are a-browsing and them Spanish ponies grow  
Where the northerers come a-whistling and the old dust devils roll  
And the prairie dogs are sneezing and freezing from the cold  
Where the lonesome tawny prairies melt into the airy streams  
And the double mountains slumber in the heavenly kind of dreams  
Where the antelope are grazing and the lonesome plovers call  
It was there that I attended the Cowboy Christmas Ball

The music was a fiddle and a lively tambourine  
And a big bass violin imported by a stage from Abilene  
Now the room was togged-out gorgeous with mistletoe and shawls  
And the candles flickered frescos all around them merry walls  
Well, the womenfolk looked lonely and the boys looked kinda treed  
'Til the leader commenced to yelling, "Hey boys, let's all stampede!"  
And the music started sighing and a-wailing through the hall  
As a kind of introduction to the Cowboy Christmas Ball

The leader was a feller that come from Swenson's Ranch  
Yep, they called him Windy Bill from Little Dead Man's Branch  
When he commenced to holler, "Now fellers, stake your pen  
Lock horns with all them heifers and wrestle 'em just like men!"  
Salute them lovely critters, now swing 'em and let 'em go  
And climb the grapevine round and round, now hands all do-si-do  
You mavericks join the roundup, just skip the waterfall  
Boy, it was getting active at the Cowboy Christmas Ball

The boys were tolerable skittish and the ladies powerful neat  
That old bass violin music made us jump in with both feet  
That wailing frisky fiddle, I never will forget  
And Windy Bill kept singing, and I believe I hear him yet  
Oh yes, boys, chase them squirrels, cut 'em to the side  
Doc Hollis to the center, now Cross P. Charley's bride  
Purr round, you gentle kittens, now rope and balance all  
Hey, it was getting happy at the Cowboy Christmas Ball

The dust rose fast and furious and we all just galloped round  
'Til the scenery got so giddy, that Z Bar Dick went down  
We buckled to our partners and told 'em to hold on  
And shook our hooves like lightning until the early dawn  
Don't tell me about cotillions or polkas, no siree  
That whirl in Anson City, it takes the cake for me  
Oh Bill, I won't forget you, and I often will recall  
That lively gaited soirée called the Cowboy Christmas Ball

Oh no, I won't forget it  
The Cowboy Christmas Ball  
Woo...