

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 northers 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 toggled-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...