

The Trail to Mexico

Pete Seeger

I made up my mind to change my way
And quit my crowd that was so gay,
To leave my native home for a while
And to travel west for many a mile.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

'Twas all in the merry month of May
When I started for Texas far away,
I left my darling girl behind,--
She said her heart was only mine.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

Oh, it was when I embraced her in my arms
I thought she had ten thousand charms;
Her caresses were soft, her kisses were sweet,
Saying, "We will get married next time we meet."

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

It was in the year of eighty-three
That A.J. Stinson hired me.
He says, "Young fellow, I want you to go
And drive this herd to Mexico."

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

The first horse they gave me was an old black
With two big set-fasts on his back;
I padded him with gunny-sacks and my bedding all;
He went up, then down, and I got a fall.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

The next they gave me was an old gray,
I'll remember him till my dying day.
And if I had to swear to the fact,
I believe he was worse off than the black.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

Oh, it was early in the year
When I went on trail to drive the steer.
I stood my guard through sleet and snow
While on the trail to Mexico.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

Oh, it was a long and lonesome go
As our herd rolled on to Mexico;
With laughter light and the cowboy's song
To Mexico we rolled along.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

When I arrived in Mexico

I wanted to see my love but could not go;
So I wrote a letter, a letter to my dear,
But not a word from her could I hear.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

When I arrived at the once loved home
I called for the darling of my own;
They said she had married a richer life,
Therefore, wild cowboy, seek another wife.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

Oh, the girl she is married I do adore,
And I cannot stay at home any more;
I'll cut my way to a foreign land
Or I'll go back west to my cowboy band.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

I'll go back to the Western land,
I'll hunt up my old cowboy band,--
Where the girls are few and the boys are true
And a false-hearted love I never knew.

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

"O Buddie, O Buddie, please stay at home,
Don't be forever on the roam.
There is many a girl more true than I,
So pray don't go where the bullets fly."

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.

"It's curse your gold and your silver too,
God pity a girl that won't prove true;
I'll travel West where the bullets fly,
I'll stay on the trail till the day I die."

Whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo-a-whoo.