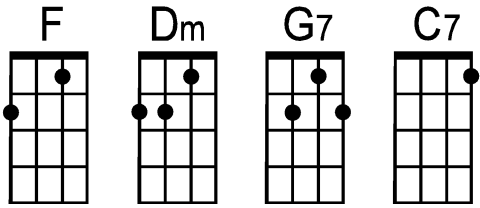


Ragtime Cowboy Joe

by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams (1912)



Intro: F . Dm . | F . Dm . | F . Dm . | F\

(sing c)

He al- ways sings— raggy music to his cattle as he swings—
 back and forward in his saddle on his horse— that is synco-pated gaited.
 And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater
 How they run— when they hear that feller's gun, be-cause the
 West-ern folks all know— He's a hi-fa-lootin', rootin'-tootin'
 Son-of-a-gun from Ari- zona, Rag-time Cow-boy Joe—

F . Dm . | F . Dm .
 Out in Ari-zona where the bad men are—

| F . Dm . | G7 . C7 .
 the only friend to guide you is an Eve-ning star—

| F . Dm . | F . Dm . |
 The rough-est, tough-est man by far is

G7 . C7 . | F . . . |
 Rag-time Cow-boy Joe—

F . Dm . | F . Dm . |
 Got his name from sing-ing to the cows and sheep

F . Dm . | G7 . C7 . |
 Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep

F . Dm . | F . Dm . | G7 . . . | C . . . | C7\
 In a bass so rich and deep, croon-in' soft and low—

-----(Tacit)----- |F | |G7
 He al— ways sings, raggy music to his cattle as he swings
 |C7 |
 back and forward in his saddle on his horse that is synco-pated gaited.
 |F |G7 C7
 And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater.
 |F | |
 How they run, when they hear that feller's gun, be-cause the
 G7 | |Dm |
 West-ern folks all know----- He's a hi-fa-lootin', rootin'-tootin'
 |F C7 |
 Son-of-a-gun from Ari— zona, He's some cowboy --
 F C7 |F C7 |F\ C7\ F\
 Talk a-bout your cowboy -- Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.