



The SONG TRAIN

Buffalo Skinners (Trad.)

As recorded by *Harvey Reid & Joyce Andersen*

Come all you jolly fellows and listen to my song
There are not many verses I'll not detain you long
Concerning some young fellows who did agree to go
And spend one summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo

Well it happened in Jacksboro in the spring of seventy-three
When a man by the name of Crego come stepping up to me
Sayin "How do you do young fellow and how'd you like to go
And spend a summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo?"

Well it's me being out of employment this to Crego I did say
"This goin' out on the buffalo range depends upon the pay
If you will pay good wages and transportation too
Well I think sir I will go with you to the range of the buffalo"

Yes I will pay good wages give transportation too
Provided you will go with me and stay the summer through
But if you should grow homesick come back to Jacksboro
I wont pay transportation from the range of the buffalo

Well with all the flatterin' talkin' he signed up quite a train
Some ten or twelve in number of able bodied men
And our trip it was a pleasant one through old New Mexico
Until we crossed Pease River on the range of the buffalo

It's now we've crossed Pease River and our troubles have begun
The first dang tail I went to rip Christ how it cut my thumb
While skinning the durned old stinkers our lives they had no show
For the Indians watched to pick us off while skinning the buffalo

Our meat it was the buffalo hump and iron wedge bread
And all we had to sleep on was a buffalo robe for a bed
The fleas and gray backs worked on us oh boys it was not slow
I'll tell you there's no worse Hell on earth than the range of the buffalo

Well the season being near over old Crego he did say
The crowd had been extravagant was in debt to him that day
We coaxed him and we begged him and still it was no go
We left old Crego's bones to bleach on the range of the buffalo

Oh it's now we've crossed Pease River and homeward we are bound
No more in that hell-fired country shall ever we be found
Go home to our wives and sweethearts tell others not to go
For God's forsaken the buffalo range and the damned old buffalo