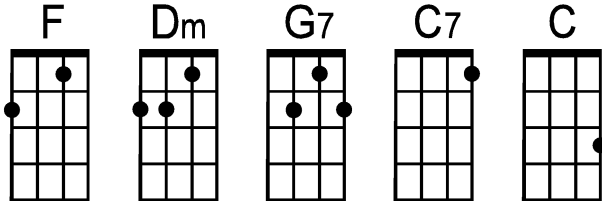


Ragtime Cowboy Joe

by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams (1912)



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

(sing C)

Chorus: 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——

Verses: Out in Ari—zona where the bad men are——
 The only friend to guide you is an Eve-ning star——
 The rough-est tough-est man by far—— is
 Rag—time Cow—boy Joe——

He got his name from singing to the cows and sheep——
 Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep——
 In a bass so rich and deep
 Croon-in' soft and low——

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Chorus: 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** . | **F** . **C7** . |
 Son-of-a-gun from Ari—zona, He's some cowboy— Talk a-bout your cowboy—
F . . . | **C7** . . . | **F** . . . | **F\ C7\ F**
 Rag———time—— Cow———boy—— Joe———

San Jose Ukulele Club
 (v2c - 11/10/17)