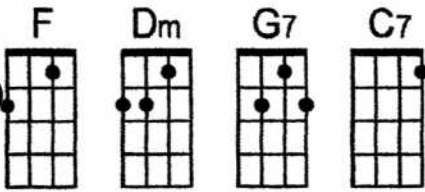


Ragtime Cowboy Joe

by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams (1912)



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

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

F . Dm . | F . Dm . | F . Dm . | G7 . C7 .
 Out in Ari-zona where the bad men are, and the only friend to guide you is an Eve-ning star
 | F . Dm . | F . Dm . | G7 . C7 . | F
 The rough-est, tough-est man by far is 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 | C7 \
 In a bass so rich and deep, croon-in' soft and low.

—(Tacet)— | F | | G7 |
 He always sings, raggy music to his cattle as he swings back and forward in his saddle
 . | C7 | | F | G7 . C7
 On his horse that is synco-pated gaited. And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his re-peater.
 . | F | | G7 |
 How they run, when they hear that feller's gun, be-cause the west-ern folks all know
 . | | Dm | |
 He's a highfa-lutin, rootin'-tootin' Son-of-a-gun from Ari-zona,

F . C7 . | F . C7 . | F . C7 . | F \ C7 \ F \
 He's some cowboy — Talk a-bout your cowboy — Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.