Ragtime Cowboy Joe
by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams (1912)

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

---(Tacit)--- |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 . . . . . . | 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.


The rough-est, tough-est man by far is Rag-time Cow-boy Joe.

F . . . . | F . Dm . | F . Dm . |

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

F . . . . . | G7 . . . . | C7

Ev'ry night they say he sings the herd to sleep.

F . . . . . | F . Dm . | G7 . . . . . | C7

In a bass so rich and deep, croon-in' soft and low.

---(Tacit)--- |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 . . . . . . . | . . . . | F . C7 . C7

He's a highfa-lutin, rootin'-tootin' Son-of-a-gun from Ari-zona.