BUFFALO SKINNERS

Come all you old time cowboys and listen to my song: And please do not grow weary I'll not detain you long: Concerning some wild cowboys who did agree to go And spend a summer pleasant on the trail of the buffalo.

GATHER UP THE POTS AND THE OLD TIN CAN, The mash the corn the barley and the bran.

Run like the devil from the excise man, Keep the smoke from rising. Barney,

Keep your eyes peeled today, The big tall men are on their way.

SEARCHING for the mountain tay In the hills of Connecticut.