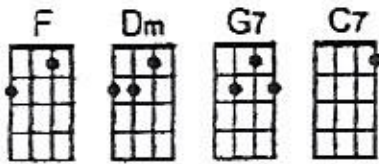


# Ragtime Cowboy Joe

by Lewis Muir & Maurice Abrahams (1912)



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

—(Tact)— | 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.

—(Tact)— | 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.

San Jose Ukulele Club