

# Ragtime Cowboy Joe

Lewis Muir and Maurice Abrahams 1912

Intro: F Dm F Dm F Dm F  
2 2 2 2 2 2 1

Tacit F F G7  
He always sings raggedy music to his cattle as he swings,  
G7 C7 C7  
Back and forth in his saddle on his horse that is synco-pated gaited.  
F G7(2) C7(2)  
And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater.  
F F G7  
How they run, when they hear that feller's gun, because the western folks all know,  
Dm Dm F(2) C7(2) F  
He's a hi-fa-lootin', rootin'-tootin' son-of-a-gun from Arizona, Rag-time Cowboy Joe.

F(2) Dm(2) F(2) Dm(2) F(2) Dm(2) G7(2) C7(2)  
Out in Arizona, where the bad men are, the only friend to guide you is the evening star.  
F(2) Dm(2) F(2) Dm(2) G7(2) C7(2) F  
The roughest, toughest man by far is Ragtime Cowboy Joe.  
F(2) Dm(2) F(2) Dm(2)  
Got his name for singing to the cows and sheep.  
F(2) Dm(2) G7(2) C7(2)  
Every night they say he sings the herd to sleep,  
F(2) Dm(2) F(2) Dm(2) G7 C7  
In a bass so rich and deep, croonin' soft and low.

Tacit F F G7  
He always sings raggedy music to his cattle as he swings,  
G7 C7 C7  
Back and forth in his saddle on his horse that is synco-pated gaited.  
F G7(2) C7(2)  
And there's such a funny meter to the roar of his repeater.  
F F G7  
How they run, when they hear that feller's gun, because the western folks all know,  
Dm Dm  
He's a hi-fa-lootin', rootin'-tootin' son-of-a-gun from Arizona,

F(2) C7(2) F(2) C7(2) F(2) C7(2) F/ C7/ F/  
He's some cowboy, Talk about your cowboy. Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

