

Ranger's Command

Joan Baez

Come all of you cowboys
All over this land
I'll sing you the law
Of the Ranger's command

To hold a six-shooter
And never to run
As long as there's bullets
In both of your guns

I met a fair maiden
Whose name I don't know
I asked her to the round-up
With me would she go

She said she'd go with me
To the cold round-up
And drink that hard liquor
From a cold bitter cup

We started for the round-up
In the fall of the year
Expecting to get there
With a herd of fat steer

When the rustlers broke on us
In the dead hour of night
She rose from her warm bed
A battle to fight

She rose from her warm bed
With a gun in each hand
Saying, "Come all you cowboys
And fight for your land"

Come all of you cowboys
And don't ever run
As long as there's bullets
In both of your guns