

## FAREWELL, FAIR LADIES\*

Farewell fair ladies I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Farewell fair ladies I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Good-bye my little doney, my pony, can't stand,  
Old Paint, old Paint, I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Good-bye old Paint I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Old paint's a good pony and he paces when he can.

In the middle of the ocean there grows a green tree  
I'll never prove false to the girl that loves me  
Old Paint, old Paint, I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Good-bye old Paint, I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Old Paint's a good pony and he paces when he can.

We spread down our blankets on the green grassy ground  
The horses and the cattle they were grazin' all around  
Old Paint, old Paint I'm a leavin' Cheyenne.

Old Paint had a colt down on the Rio Grande  
The colt couldn't pace so they called her Cheyenne  
Old Paint, old Paint, I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Good-bye old Paint, I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Old Paint's a good pony and he paces when he can.

My foot in my stirrup, my bridle in my hand  
Good-bye my little doney, my pony can't stand  
Old Paint, old Paint, I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Good-bye old Paint, I'm a leavin' Cheyenne  
Old Paint's a good pony and he paces when he can.

Now the last time I seen her t'was late in the fall  
She was riding old Paint she was leading old Ball  
Old Paint, old Paint, I'm a leavin' Cheyenne.

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\*Note: One of the many beautiful night-herding songs. This is closely related to "Doney Gal" and the many different versions of "Good-bye Old Paint", (see Thorp, 118). Learned from the Library of Congress disk, AAFS L 28, as sung by Jess Morris at Dalhart, Texas.