

My Pal:

I had a good pal. Not like other pals. This pal was a horse.

His name was Snoopy,
his fur was brown as a brownie,
and white as starlight.

One night it was raini'n as I noticed the moon waini'n,
and a few strikes of lightn'n struck hard close to a tree branch
and the thunder sounded like an avalanche.

I heard Snoopy in his stall stomping around like a beast.
He was quite scared of thunder, from the west or the east.
It was mornin', and the storm had passed,
And I thought to myself, oh at last!

It was time for Snoopy's morning oats,
out I went but first grabbed my coats.

I walked over and saw his stall door open wide,
where was Snoopy, where could he hide?

I was scared, *where was Snoopy my pal?*
Without Snoopy I'm just a lonely cow-gal!

I went run'n around,
"SNOOPY!" I yelled
"SNOOOOOPYYYYYYY!" I yelled even louder.
As it got darker.

I ran by the bay, I ran by Snoopy's hay,
I ran by kids who laughed and played.

I ran through the field, where he was nowhere to be seen.

The sun was set'n, and was frightened.

It was now a dark night,
I looked around as I shivered in fright.

"Snoopy?" I said one last time,
as I looked for a footprint or any sign.

Back in my house, after I was fed,
I crawled sorrowfully into bed.

Morni'ns after morni'ns,
I searched and searched.
Days became weeks and weeks came months.

I knew Snoopy was gone,
but I went out into the dawn.

And in a hoarse voice, I called once more "Snoopy?"
nothi'n happened, and I felt droopy.

Gone I thought once more,
as I opened the front door.

Once more, I looked in the trees, and by the stalls,
and looked beyond the coyote calls.

One tear fell from my eye,
as I tried not to cry.

But then a shadow emerged from the trees,
And bye the bees.

I cried with joy, "SNOOPY!"
as Snoopy trotted up to me.

I fed him lots of oats knowing he
would be hungry.

We went for a ride up on the hillside,
And bye the river's tide.

As I rode happily along with my best friend,
I never wanted this ride to end.

Me and Cooper:

I have a horse named Cooper.
She is very fun and always a trooper.
She's what keeps me going like the tractor collecting wheat.
And at the end of the day she's like a sweet treat.
We travel together through the rivers and the plains.
We love every day whether it's sunshine or rain.
She is a gift from the Lord.
Just like My friend named Ford.
I love Cooper. She is the absolute best.
And way better than all the rest.
She is out with the herd, at the crack of day.
Checking the water troughs, and making the way.
I love her when she is running so much.
My darling is lucky that she is not in a crutch!
It is a blessing to see her trouting through the field.
But I still think I'm getting appealed.
She is the only thing that makes me believe in myself.
She should always love herself.
She is the best thing that has ever happened to me.
Not even when I broke my knee.

Buckaroo and I:

I have a horse named Buckaroo,
There's many things my horse can do.
He can go through the grassy fields all day,
With a saddle on his back, he will neigh.

We ride and ride and herd cattle til night,
The next morning we'll wake up with sunlight.
Late that night we will sing some songs,
And ask the good lord to forgive our wrongs.

Buckaroo, he's my best pal,

We could ride for hours in that dusty coral.
How I love my Buckaroo,
He's my ride or die and there's only a few.

With Buckaroo by my side,
I'll dread the day it's our last ride.
Until that day comes, he will always be my treasure, a piece of art.
How i love my buckaroo, he will always be in my heart.

My Horse named Bob:

I have a horse named Bob
he is a slob
he is fat
and loves to chat
is a fast runner
And is a stunner
He loves to jump
But also loves to clump
In the mornin'
Bob was just laying there eatin' his hay
Where he lay
When I woke up I was all grown up
And there I was just in layin' in bed
Restin' my head
Then I got up and got dressed
It looked like I was the best

After I got dressed I went outside
To go for a ride
But I guess Bob was not in the mood
Because he was being a rude dude
But finally he gave up of being a beat-up
and then Bob and I were ready to go for a ride
Bob was so eagle-eyed
and then we came home and then Bob was free to roam
and then Bob and I went for another ride
and then bob went for a slide
down he went and sent right into the mud
it was a flood and then he got up and we went home
I felt like I was so alone
And then I went to bed
As I said

There was a miner who every day
Went through a gateway
And he was very brave
To go into a deep dark cave.

While he was minin'.
He could hear his pickaxe whinin'.
He was hoping to bring home some money
That would be as sweet as honey.

He can hear the rumblin' of the cave
As the rocks formed his grave.
He can hear the rocks careenin',
And he heard the miners screamin'.

He picked up his pickaxe;
He didn't wanna pay the death tax.
So as he dug his hole
Not wanting to pay that toll
He cried for help and gave a shout,
Then someone came and dug him out.

I finished my stable right in May.
I built a trough and filled it with hay.
I need a horse for my cattle.
I got my hat and an old leather saddle.
Got my gun
Ready for fun

Then, I searched and I searched
I found a mare
right by my lair.
Then, she ran as regal as she can.
So I got my gun
shot right at the sun.

She had a great scare
Like a fox after a hare
I got enough time to place my hat over its eyes.
I managed to mount her, despite her great size.
But then, he shot me off on the ground
Then, I leaped back 'round

So I leaped on the back and placed on the tack.
I held it down until it's resistance would lack
Then I buckled on the howdah
and let the horse neigh louda'
I grabbed my hat and I realized I just did all that.

The sheriff was sleepin'
While the bandits were creepin'.
sheriff was busy dreamin'
That night bandits were schemin'.

The bandits too proud
were just a little too loud.
The sheriff awoke
The bandits still would croak.

They started to fight
The bandits were shot; oh what a sight!
We all knew the sheriff won
Who knew he was so good with a gun?

There was a party
And nobody was tardy.
The people gulped up the food,
No one dared to be rude.

The bandits were beat
They looked like dead meat
They're still in the hoosegow
From the fight years ago.

I am a vaquero named Charles McCrady.
Living a life that is oh, so crazy.
Up in the hills of Durango
People say I'm so lazy.
Almost nothing to eat 'cept a little mango.

Till one day I got me a job,
Given to me by a rich old snob.
It would be done on May first to May twelfth.
I was eating an oatmeal blob,
When someone scared this self.

Told me a story 'bout a goat-eating chupacabra
Seen under the light of a candelabra.
Heck, it creeped me half to death.
Made my hairs sing like they were in the opera.
Yet I asked him to tell me more and he said he was out of breath.

The next evening I was off to my career
Riding on my horse it was really hard to steer.
I got to the place and saw herds and herds of cattle
Seeing so many made me sad to volunteer.
Getting in it was quite the battle.

By the time I got in, it was midnight.
That old chupacabra still gave me a fright.
The snob was mad when I was late.
He was not too bright.
He told me that I was to lure the cows with some bait.

I went into the field,
But still wanted to yield.
Then I saw a shadow!
I held up a pistol as a shield.
It took my mind to Colorado!

I started hurryin' my hardest.
I swear I burned hotter than stardust!
So many shadows, so little time!
I suddenly realized that I was running the farthest.
For a second I thought I was committing a crime.

Once there was a cowboy named Walon he was in fact one of them old timey police men.

Now all the outlaws were afraid of walon except one, his name was buck.

Buck was all beer and skittles he had a wobblin jaw, he was alway yappin on about some wild horse he coughed or bet he made that he didn't want to pay.

Life on the ranch was pretty quiet for Walon but every once and a while a hoarse would break loose or a chicken would come runnin in the house.

Walon was runnin the ranch right now because his parents were on an old western cattle drive.

One day that old outlaw buck came rollin into town for some fun when Walon heard the news he got his equalizer and came bargain into the saloon just when buck was steallin some budge.

Buck took his gun out right there in the saloon so Walon did the same.

Everybody in the saloon stepped a couple feet back or went screamin out the door.

They had their guns locked and loaded lookin at each other with evil eyes.

Then everybody who was still in the saloon heard two loud BANGS!

Buck had shot walon in the leg but just missed the bone.

Buck on the other hand was on the floor in pain from getting shot in the hand.

So even though walon still had a hurt leg he took buck to the rat bag.

Then he quickly headed home to catch that chicken in the house.