



The Gristly End of the Drive

We started out for Omaha with many miles to go,
And quite a herd of branded beef that traveled all too slow.
A mossy-back was in the lead, mean as a steer could be,
And every time he looked my way he shook his horns at me..

We hit the Platte a few days out, the water was too high.
We knew if we crossed over then a lot of cows would die.
That mossy shook his horns at me, and took the herd across.
The current washed the weak away and caused a major loss.

We bunched our restless stock that night, a smaller herd by far,
And sang aloud to bed them down beneath the Northern star;
But when old Mossy heard my voice he strictly disagreed.
He dropped his head and shook his horns and started a stampede.

We did our best to round them up, but only found a few;
And where we bedded down that night the rustlers only knew.
They left old Mossy all alone beside the water pail;
When we awoke he shook his horns and chased us off the trail.

We straggled in to Omaha without a cow to show;
No money left to buy a meal, and nowhere else to go.
Old Mossy met us in the street, and gave his horns a shake;
I put a slug between his eyes and had a gristly steak.

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