

Bill Monroe & His Bluegrass Boys, When The Cactus Is In Bloom

The cattle prowled and the coyotes howled
out on the Great Divide,
I never done no wrong, just singing a song,
as down the trail I ride.
Rattle snags rattle at the prairie dogs,
you hear that mournful tune.
It's roundup time away out West
When the cactus is in bloom.

Daylight comes and the cowhand yell,
they call out every man,
I throw my saddle on my old cowhorse
and drink my coffee from a can;
The sun goes down on the cattle trail
and I'm gazing at the moon,
It's roundup time away out West
When the cactus is in bloom.

We don't have cold weather,
it never snows or rains.
That is where the sunshine's best,
out on the western plains.
Some of the boys have gone away,
but they will be back soon.
It's roundup time away out West
When the cactus is in bloom.

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and drink my coffee from a can;
The sun goes down on the cattle trail
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