

Bill Monroe, 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
The rattlesnakes rattle at the prairie dogs
Don't you hear that mournful tune
For it's roundup time away out West
When the cactus are in bloom

Daylight comes and the cowhands yell
They call out ev'ry man
I throw my saddle on my old cowhorse
I drink my coffee from a can
The sun goes down on the cattle trail
I'm gazing at the moon
For it's roundup time away out West
When the cactus are in bloom

[Yodel]

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
For it's roundup time away out West
When the cactus are in bloom

Daylight comes and the cowhands yell
They call out ev'ry man
I throw my saddle on my old cowhorse
I drink my coffee from a can
The sun goes down on the cattle trail
I'm gazing at the moon
For it's roundup time away out West
When the cactus are in bloom

[Yodel]