The Gal I Left Behind Me 5

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I struck the trail in seventy-nine,
The herd strung out behind me;
As I jogged along, my mind went back
To the girl I left behind me.

cho: That sweet little gal, that true little gal
That gal I left behind me,
That sweet little gal, that true little gal
That gal I left behind me,

If I ever get off the trail
And the Indians they don't find me,
I'll make my way straight back again
To the gal I left behind me.

The wind did blow, the rain did flow,
The hail did fall and blind me;
I thought of that gal, that sweet little gal,
That gal I'd left behind me.

She wrote ahead to the place I said,
I was always glad to find it;
She says, "I'm true, when you get through
Ride back and you will find me.

When we sold out, I took the trail
I knew when I would find her;
When I got back, we had a smack,
And that was no gol-darned liar.