



Twinkle, Twinkle, Texas Star

Twinkle, twinkle, Texas star,
Above the state where my roots are!
Up above the plains so high,
Lighting up the Lone Star sky.
Twinkle, twinkle, Texas star,
Above the state where my roots are!

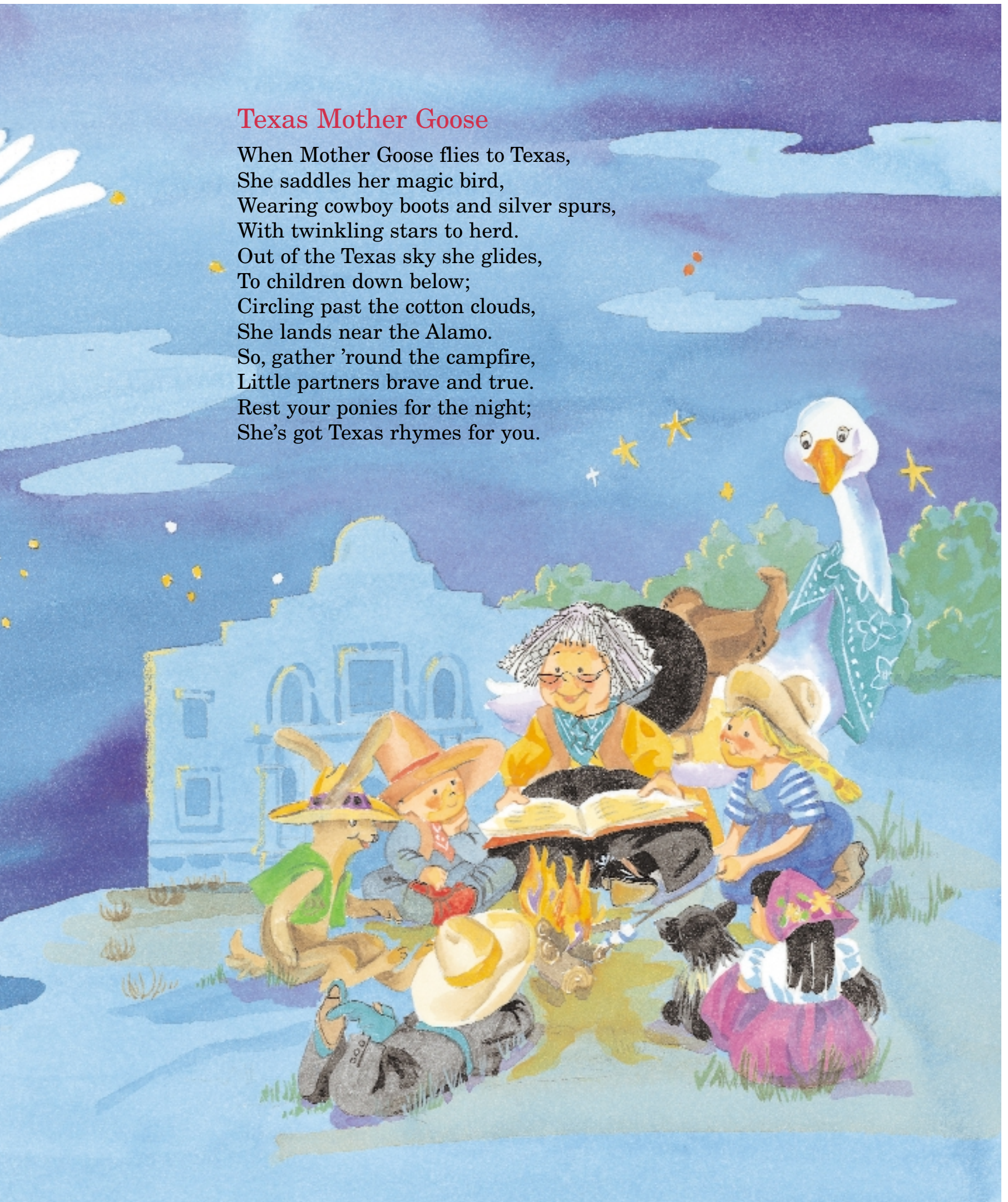
When the western sun is gone,
I pat the horse I ride upon.
Cattle sleep in purple night
'Neath your twinkle, twinkle light.
Twinkle, twinkle, Texas star,
Above the state where my roots are!

Your spark's a western twilight lamp
'Round the silent cowboy camp.
I tip my hat to look at you,
Floating in that sky of blue.
A friendly face when I ride far,
Twinkle, twinkle, Texas star.



Texas Mother Goose

When Mother Goose flies to Texas,
She saddles her magic bird,
Wearing cowboy boots and silver spurs,
With twinkling stars to herd.
Out of the Texas sky she glides,
To children down below;
Circling past the cotton clouds,
She lands near the Alamo.
So, gather 'round the campfire,
Little partners brave and true.
Rest your ponies for the night;
She's got Texas rhymes for you.



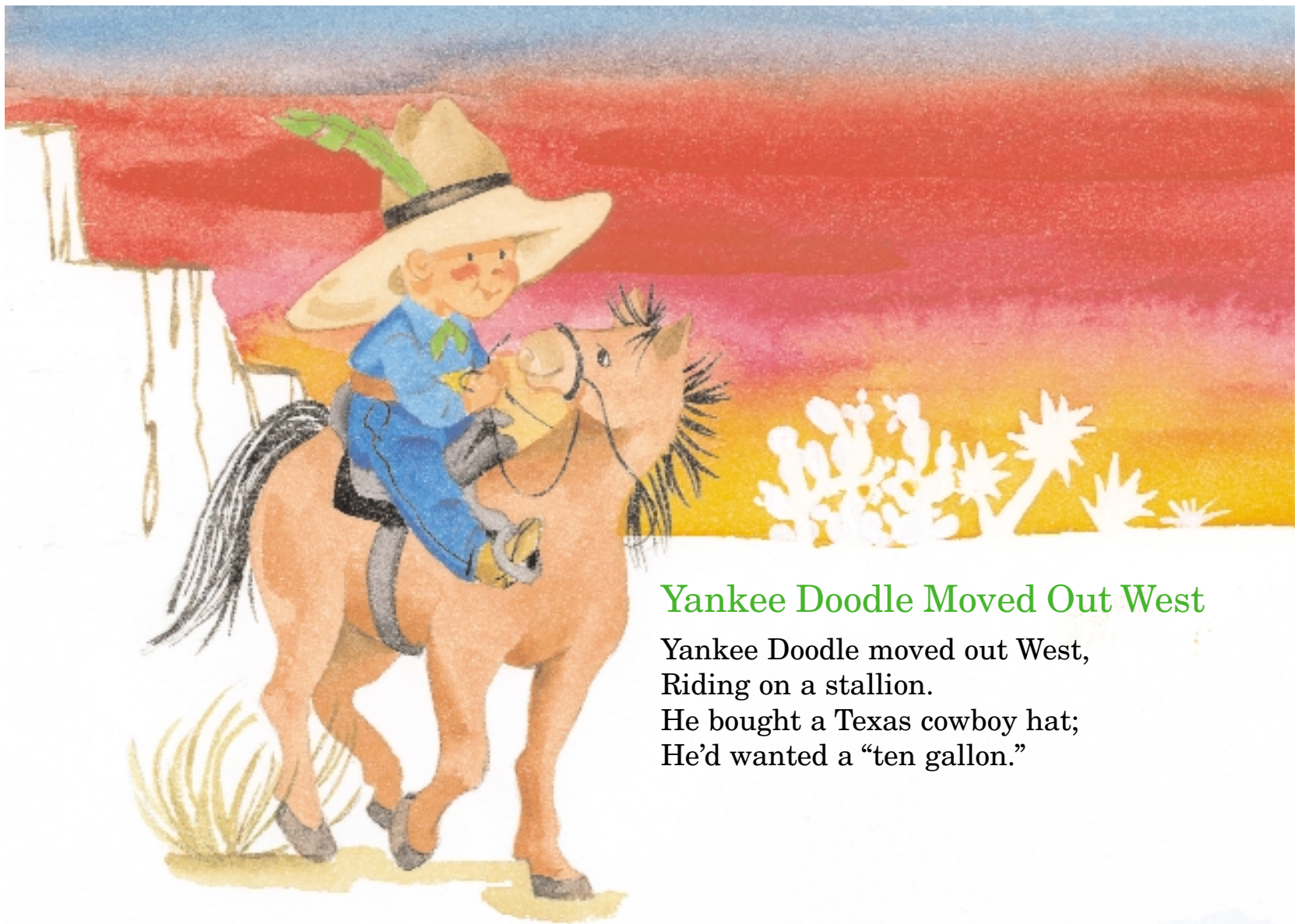


Jumping Jack

Jack jump high; Jack jump higher,
Over the mesquite cooking fire.
He jumped too low and burned his tail
And had to sit in the water pail.

Cowpoke Georgie

Cowpoke Georgie, sweet pecan pie,
Kissed cowgirls and made them sigh;
More cowboys came riding through,
Ran him off, and kissed them too.

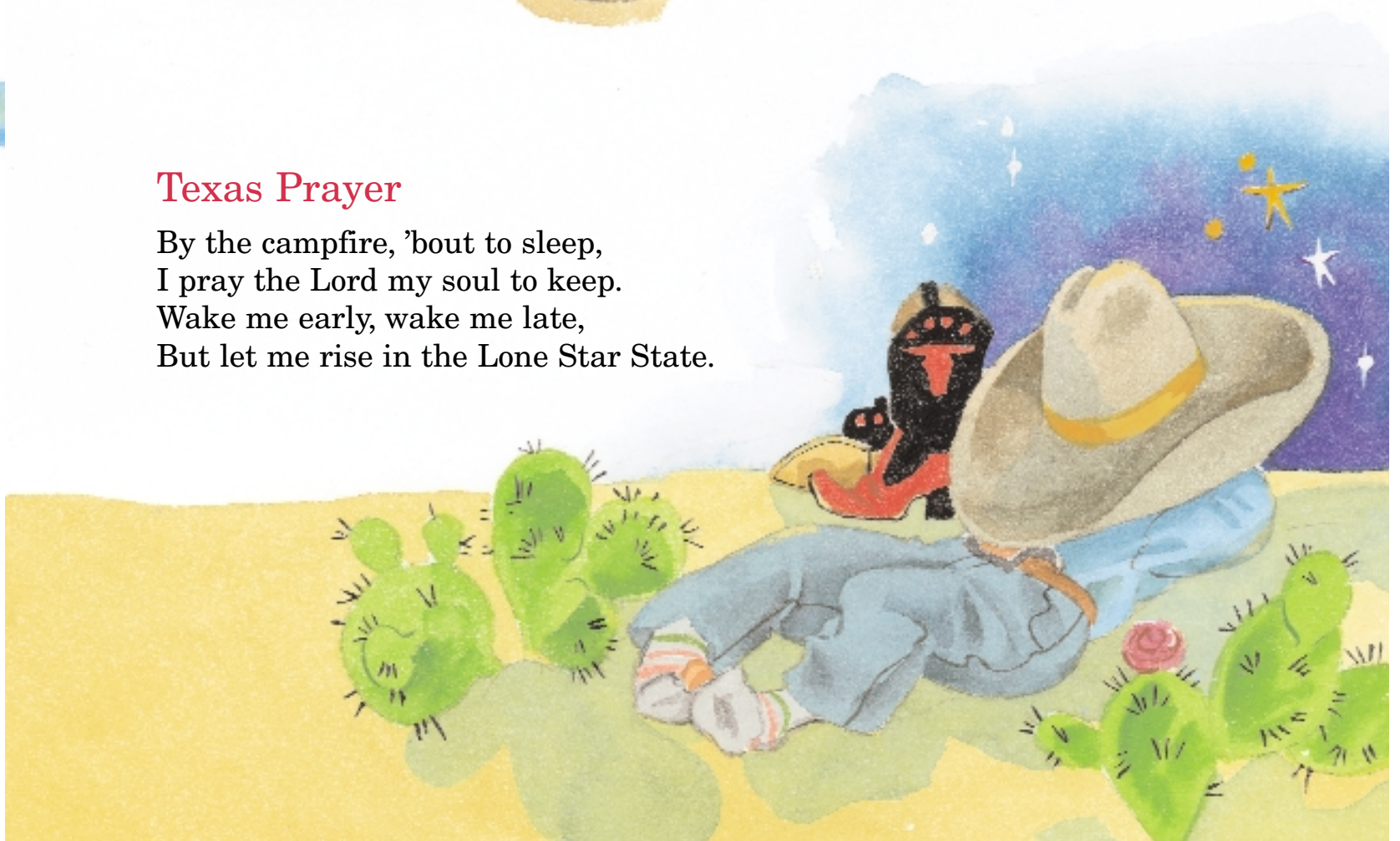


Yankee Doodle Moved Out West

Yankee Doodle moved out West,
Riding on a stallion.
He bought a Texas cowboy hat;
He'd wanted a "ten gallon."

Texas Prayer

By the campfire, 'bout to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
Wake me early, wake me late,
But let me rise in the Lone Star State.

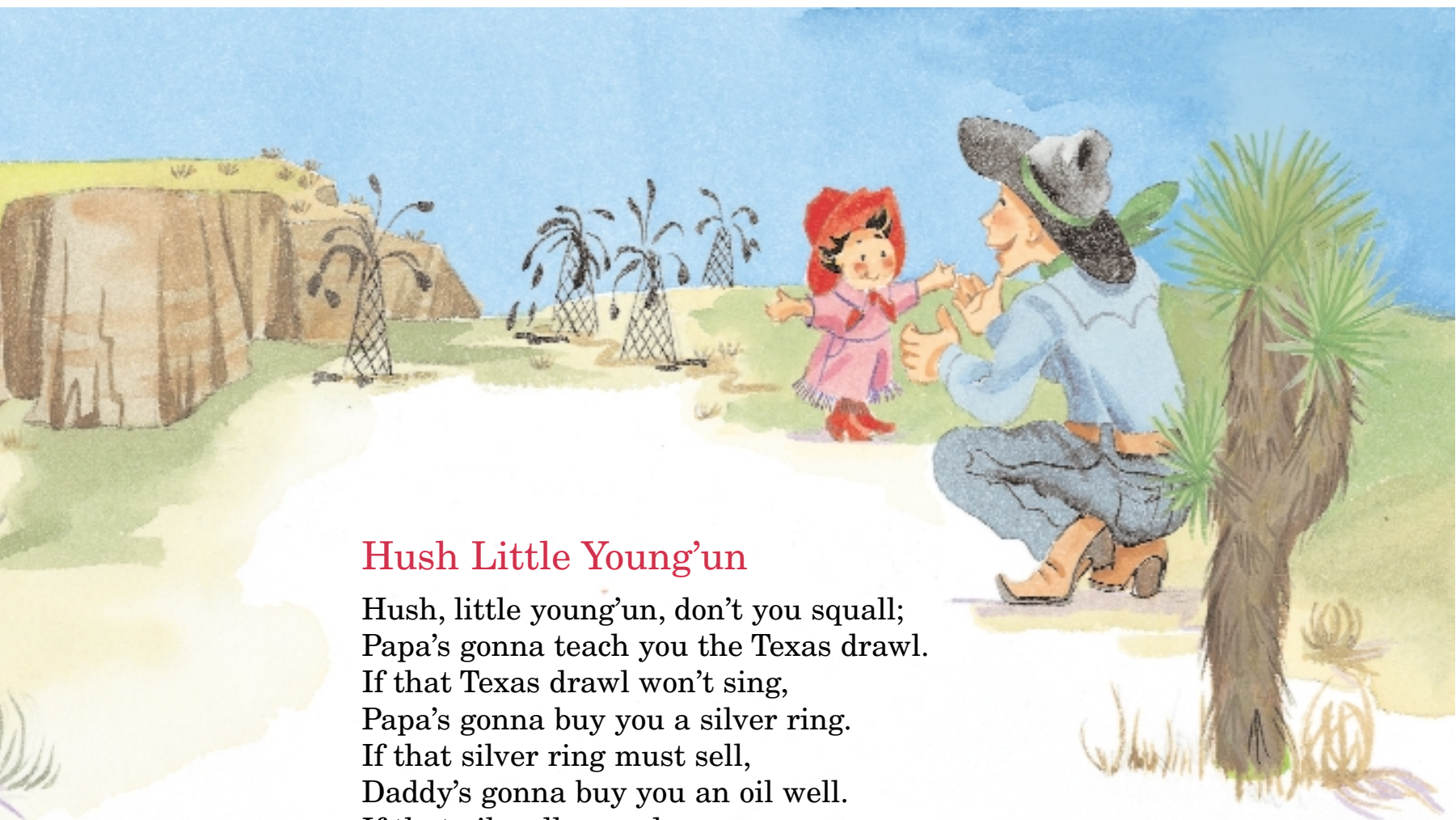




Hickety, Pickety, My Border Collie

Hickety, pickety, my border collie
Herds the cattle each day, by golly;
Cowpokes ride from far away
To watch my cow dog work and play.
His reward's a pat from Molly,
Hickety, pickety, my border collie.



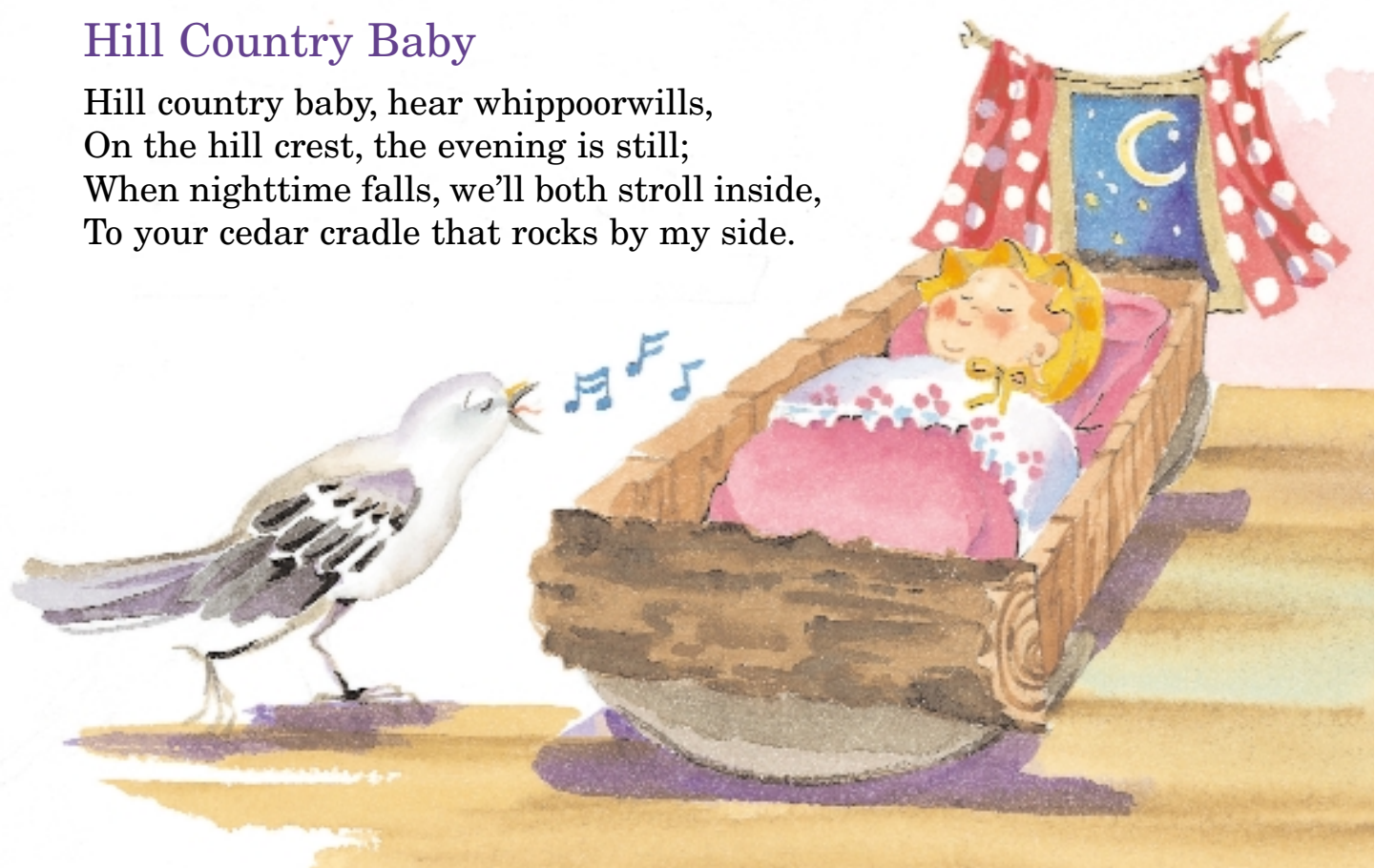


Hush Little Young'un

Hush, little young'un, don't you squall;
Papa's gonna teach you the Texas drawl.
If that Texas drawl won't sing,
Papa's gonna buy you a silver ring.
If that silver ring must sell,
Daddy's gonna buy you an oil well.
If that oil well runs dry,
Papa's gonna buy you a summer sky.
If that summer sky's not blue,
Papa's gonna whisper, "I love you."

Hill Country Baby

Hill country baby, hear whippoorwills,
On the hill crest, the evening is still;
When nighttime falls, we'll both stroll inside,
To your cedar cradle that rocks by my side.






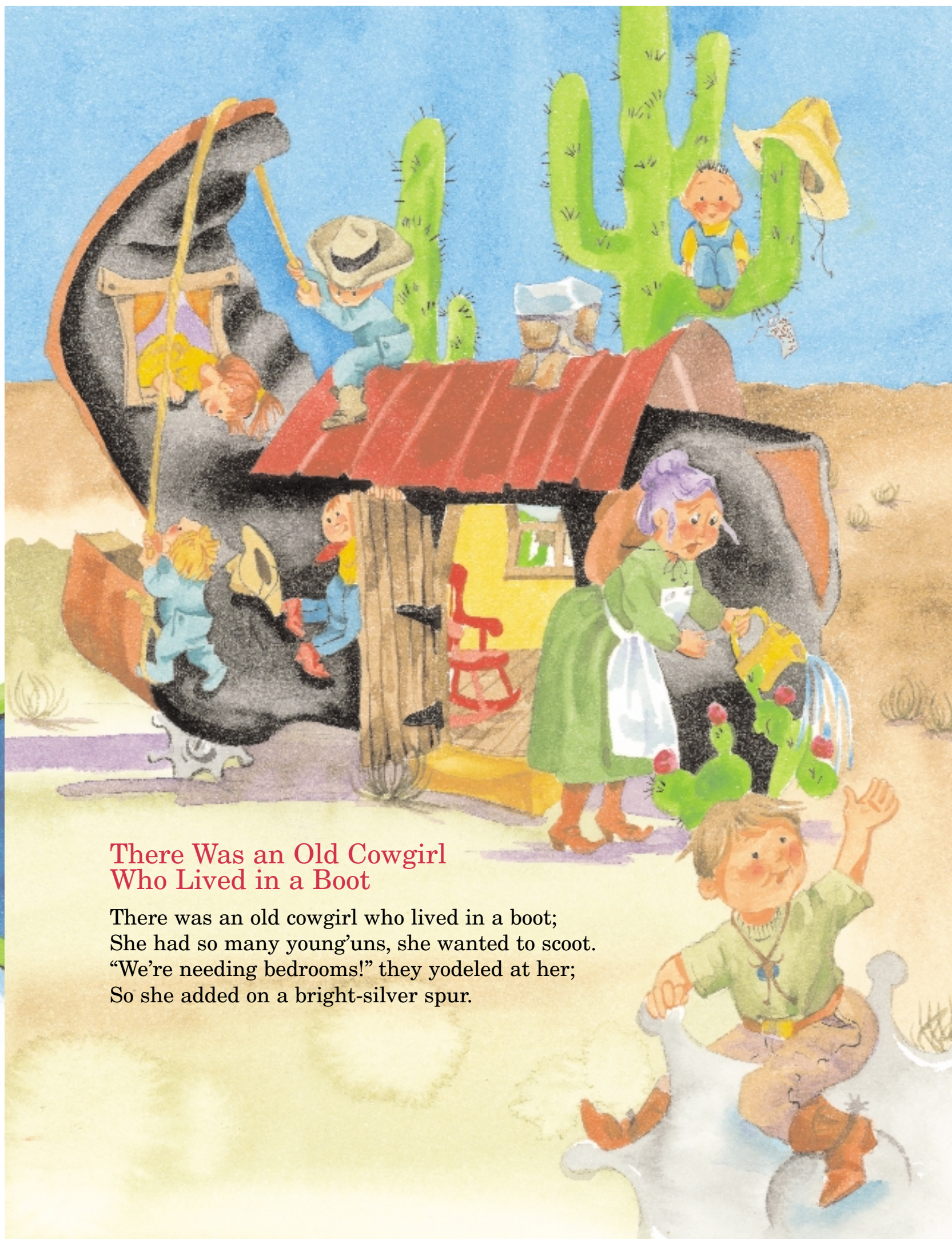
On Lacy's Farm

In the piney woods near Lacy's farm,
A blue jay perched on Bennie's arm.
Margie knew just what to do:
She stirred up cocoa milk for two.
The blue jay asked, "Where's some for me?"
And waited in the sweet gum tree.
In their red wagon, off they wheeled,
To buy milk in New Summerfield.
At ten o'clock, or just before,
They climbed the steps to Tipton's store
And counted dimes so they could say,
"Milk for us—and one blue jay."

Sleepy Little Buckaroo

Sleepy little buckaroo,
You had a busy day.
On your stick horse,
You rode the range
And watched the dogies play.
Close your eyes
And rest tonight;
There's no need for sorrow.
You'll wake to greet the Texas sun
And ride the trail tomorrow.





There Was an Old Cowgirl Who Lived in a Boot

There was an old cowgirl who lived in a boot;
She had so many young'uns, she wanted to scoot.
"We're needing bedrooms!" they yodeled at her;
So she added on a bright-silver spur.



Gulf of Mexico

At the Gulf of Mexico,
I shift sand with my big toe.
I ride the waves for summer fun
And build sandcastles in the sun.



Five Macho Vaqueros

Five macho vaqueros
Wore big sombreros
While strutting in the square.
But little Luis
Walked a mouse on a leash
And suddenly no one was there.

Silver Saddles

Silver saddles in the sun,
Wish that I was riding one.
The Conchos shines
With sparkly gleams
In every little cowpoke's dreams.

The Bells of Mission San Jose

The bells of Mission San Jose
Call me when I'm far away;
I'll return to my Texas home
And mission bells of San Antone.

