

Sid Marty: “Other People’s Cattle”

John Leeder and Marion McLeod

Sid Marty is an award-winning author (*The Black Grizzly of Whiskey Creek*, most recently, and many other titles) and poet as well as songwriter; check out his website, www.sidmarty.com, for news on his activities. His CD *Elsewhere*, which includes “Other People’s Cattle,” is available through the website. (For a review of *Elsewhere*, see *CFM*, vol. 38, no. 1 (Spring 2004), p. 26.)

“Other People’s Cattle” has also been recorded by Cowboy Celtic as the title song for their new CD; see their website at www.cowboyceltic.com. The CD was reviewed in *CFM*, vol. 45, no. 1 (Spring 2011), on p. 36.

John Leeder

Other People’s Cattle

Sid Marty

Met the old man on the streets of town;
He didn’t look to me like he belonged;
Bought him a beer that winter night;
He told me stories of his life;
He said, “My money’s getting lonely from lack of
company,
And my old truck is tired of defying gravity;
The kids all call me ‘Patches’ as round this town I go;
I blame that on my mother for teaching me to sew.

“And I’m all stove up from fifty years,
Of days spent in the saddle;
I spent the best years of my life,
Raising other people’s cattle.

“I went down to the wishing well,
And I threw a penny in;
A face I didn’t recognize,
Looked up at me and grinned;
But I get dressed up for Leo’s Bar,
I take a weekend chance;
I’m too old for the ladies,
But I’m not too old to dance.

“Must be thirty years ago,
Ginny’s pony hit that gopher hole;
Cursed myself, I cursed my God,

Ginny whispered, ‘It’s not your fault.’;
Our son lives in the city now,
And so I’ve carried on, it seems;
It’s not as lonely as you think;
She comes to hold me in my dreams.

“I’d hate to calculate the miles,
Of barbed wire I’ve strung,
Beloved stock dogs I’ve outlived,
And ponies I’ve worn down,
And they laugh to see what the sun has done,
To this weathered old red neck,
Or how the rope that took my thumb,
Has left my hands a wreck.

“But I wouldn’t trade my memories;
You know, the townie makes me shiver;
He drinks his whole life from a glass,
But I drank from the river.

“My riding roping days are done;
I don’t know why I keep that saddle;
We helped to feed this country, boys,
Raising other people’s cattle.”

Other People's Cattle

Sid Marty

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Transcription by Marion McLeod

writer.

John Leeder has the honour of being Honorary President of CSTM after serving the Society in various capacities for over 30 years. He is a retired editor and an avocational musician, singer, and song-

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