



Cowboy
Santa

COWBOY SANTA rides the range
Each year on Christmas Eve,
Spreading cheer and bringing gifts
To those who still believe.

They say he comes from Texas,
Though no one really knows;
But you might bet he lives out West
From his manner and his clothes.

Cowboy Santa wears a coat—
A duster lined in fur—
And on his weather-beaten boots
A pair of silver spurs.

Cowboy Santa wears a hat,
A Stetson trimmed in green;
And even in the cold the warmest
Smile you've ever seen.

Cowboy Santa has a beard
Of white, with grizzled gray;
And spectacles upon his nose
To help him find his way.

Cowboy Santa has good help—
His ranch hands are the best!
They bring the piles of gifts on sleds,
Then Santa does the rest.

Cowboy Santa rides a roan,
A stallion swift and strong,
But when he has a trip to make
His pack horse goes along.

On the twenty-fourth he fills
His saddlebags with toys,
And presents in a canvas sack
To take to girls and boys.

Then Cowboy Santa saddles up
His horses for the ride—
Away they race across the plains
To tour the whole world wide.

Giddyap! he calls to them,
Their bridles flashing bright;
Yippie-ti-yi-yo and Ho, ho, ho!
Echo through the night.

Westward through the night they ride,
Through the blowing snow;
As Santa checks his master list,
From home to home they go.

He stops at houses large and small—
In places just like yours,
Where children dream they recognize
The jingle of his spurs.

Cowboy Santa won't be long,
So you'd better not be late:
Hop in bed, but leave some milk,
And biscuits on a plate.

He'll quickly fill the stockings,
Then whistle to the wind;
Away across the winter night—
And Giddyap! again.

So if you mind your manners,
Pay attention to the law,
Treat other folks with honor,
Respect your ma and pa,

You'll be in Cowboy Santa's book
Of children good and true,
And you'll be sleeping Christmas Eve
When Santa visits you.

*Cowboy
Santa*



WHEN YOU LIVE IN A PLACE CALLED SPUR, you take your Texas culture seriously.

Yes, that's where we've moved to — Spur, Texas, home of one of the largest spur sculptures anywhere as well as the Tiny House Capital of America.

We're an hour east of Lubbock in a town of 1,300 below the caprock, surrounded by canyons and coyotes. The buildings on our little Paragraph Ranch spread are called Yellow Rose, Sunflower, and Cactus.

A few years back, before Spur was even a sparkle in our eye, I got to know the work of an Amarillo artist named Jack Sorenson. Renowned for his evocative Western scenes, Jack is also famous for a beloved holiday creation: a gift-bearing stranger in black cowboy hat, red duster, and white beard who might or might not be a kid's notion of Santa.

I met one of the real-life models for Jack's paintings, a kindhearted bookseller who portrayed a Texas St. Nick right down to the sprig of holly in his Stetson. He and his wife appeared annually as Mr. and Mrs. Claus, from the Fort Worth Stockyards to the Canyon Christmas celebration. I wrote this ditty for them.

But I also wrote it to honor the spirit of generosity we've found everywhere in West Texas. Our neighbors have made us welcome, helped with the burdens of moving and renovating, and shared our trials and triumphs alike. I've claimed Texas as home for a decade now, and Kay and I are excited to launch this new chapter in our Texas adventure. Follow us at "Spur of the Moment" on Facebook.

This year's card also marks another anniversary. It's the 25th year I've sent these December greetings — a way of keeping you current on my news, offering my best wishes, and inviting yours.

www.BarbaraBrannon.com/Greetings

We hope Santa's good to you and yours this year. Come see us!

Take note of our new info:

Barbara Brannon

Kay Ellington



515 East 2nd Street
Spur, Texas 79370 USA
barbara.brannon@gmail.com
kayspur@gmail.com

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