



# Penned by Lantern Light

This column will spotlight members of the Western Wordsmiths Chapter of the International Western Music Association. It will highlight an invited poet guest with possible short biographical information of his/her works. If a member of the Western Wordsmiths Chapter and if interested in submitting one piece of original work for publication, please contact the Western Wordsmiths chapter president.

## Daddy's Buckaroo

by Joe Herrington

*The north-east wind birthed a cold wet night  
In the Hill country down near Troy,  
While big Bill Brody and his Betsy Sue  
Birthed a bouncin' bundle of joy.*

*For a name they picked out Casey;  
Boots and jeans were picked for clothes,  
And a cowboy hat made a buckaroo  
Right down to Casey's toes.*

*Casey nursed while watchin' Daddy  
From the shade of a Live Oak tree,  
And rode solo in the saddle  
'Fore the ripe old age of three.*

*From dawn to dusk they ranched and loved  
Their spread of Texas land.  
Casey tagged along and held on strong  
To the love in Daddy's hand.*

*Sayin'*

*I want to be like Daddy  
I want to rope like a buckaroo.  
I want to ride out there in the prairie air  
Like the cowboys always do.*

*I want to lay my course from the back of a horse  
Under skies of azure blue.  
I want to be like Daddy;  
A cowboy straight and true.*

*Now, there's nothin' in this big ole world  
To fear or can bring on harm,  
Long as Casey's a place of safety  
Was nestled under Daddy's arm.*

*Like behind the wheel on Daddy's knee  
As Casey grew past four and five.  
That old pickup truck just a kickin' dust  
As Casey learned to drive.*

*Now, several years of growin' up  
With little hands on leather reins  
Stuck a spark that made the mark  
Of the west in Casey's veins.*

*There were horseshoes, ropes and campfires,  
Breakin' brush and eatin' dust;  
Doin' everything like Daddy did,  
With never once a breach of trust.*

*Sayin'*

*I want to be like Daddy  
I want to rope like a buckaroo.  
I want to ride out there in the prairie air  
Like the cowboys always do.*

*I want to lay my course from the back of a horse  
Under skies of azure blue.  
I want to be like Daddy;  
A cowboy straight and true.*

*Sixteen and home on the back of a horse  
With hoof beats and ringin' spurs.  
Sun up with Dad and bawlin' cows  
Stoked a life that Case prefers.*

*But life changes things and takes its course,  
And Dad's hold's now not so tight.  
'Cause growin' up means lettin' go  
Wanting to hold with all your might.*

*So now, the smell of sage and leather  
Gives way to French perfume.  
And jeans give way to dresses  
As Casey starts to bloom.*

*Now it's not just Dad who holds her heart  
'Cause there's boys circling' every day  
To test their charm; maybe take her arm.  
But Casey's grewed enough to say...*

*I want a man like Daddy*

*Who can rope like a buckaroo.  
I want to ride out there in the prairie air  
With a man who loves it too.*

*I want to lay our course from the back of a horse  
Under skies of azure blue.  
I need a man like Daddy,  
And nothin' else will do.  
I want a man like Daddy...*



**Joe Herrington** is a Novelist, Cowboy Poet and Master Western Storyteller. He travels and performs as an International Storyteller. His life lesson stories and poems are homespun and told in the Western tradition of honor, courage and rugged characters. In 1981 he traded his spurs for Mouse ears and has worked as a Walt Disney Imagineer for the past 38 years. His boots and hat are still icons in his life. The Cowboy Code still lights his path and the stories and poems he writes not only entertain, but also prod the soul with a truer understanding of the deep values and solid character of the American Cowboy.