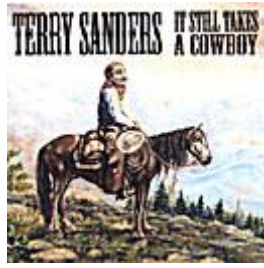


# Mp3 Terry Sanders - It Still Takes A Cowboy



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True story songs about life, love, cowboying, clear streams, mountain trails. Fiddle autoharp. 13 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Western, EASY LISTENING: Love Songs Details: I was born in Texas in 1924 in Kerens, a town of 1100 surrounded by corn and cotton fields. The only fences were small horse or cow traps along the creeks. My toys and those of my friends, were horses and guns. Our mounted games of "Cowboys and Indians" went on for hours and across miles of country. When not in school or working, a typical day for me was to get up at daybreak and ride till breakfast time. After breakfast I rode till dinner. After eating I rode till supper, and, often, after supper I rode till dark. When we weren't riding we were hunting or doing target practice. I did so much of that that when I entered the infantry during WWII, I easily qualified as "Expert Rifleman". My father was a country doctor whose only hobby was playing piano. He could read music but played mostly by ear. He played ragtime music and I sang along with him. To this day I remember the words to hundreds of 1920 and 1930's songs I learned with him. There were about five cars and very few buggies in town. Most people walked or rode in wagons, a few had saddle horses. About 10 kids had ponies, horses, or donkeys. We called ourselves the "Mullberry Mystery Riders" because we met in a grove of mullberry trees half a mile from town. The first music I remember, other than Daddy's playing, came from an old victrola which my grandmother had. It was the wind up kind and she only had four or five records. Jimmie Rogers "T for Texas" and "Waiting For a Train" were my favorites. I think someone's version of "Preacher and the Bear" was also on there. She only had one needle and my cousins and I soon wore it out. We sharpened it with a file but that didn't work very well. Someone found out that the thorn from a prickly pear worked just fine-- so we were back in business. When I was in the 7th grade I was told that I was to sing in a high school (8-11) musical. I wasn't aware that I had a good voice and wondered why they selected me. I played the part of a brain surgeon. The

patient lay on a table and I was supposed to drill a hole in his skull. I remember every word of the song I sang as I drilled. I don't remember having stage fright but I was somewhat embarrassed as I got the old hand brace and bit to low and, while I concentrated on singing I drilled into the wooden table and couldn't get the bit out. When I was seven or eight Daddy bought a radio. The only stations I could get were WBAP from Ft. Worth and WFAA, from Dallas. All music was live. My favorites were Peg Moreland (King of the Ditty Singers) and Cecil Gill (The Yodeling Country Boy). Many of the comedy and cowboy songs which I sing today I learned from them.

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