

Marty Robbins, Song Of The Bandit

Long long ago in old Wyoming lived a maid
Fair as the sweetest flower bloomin' in the shade
She loved a bandit bold who roamed the prairie o'er
And every night she'd listen for his call
Then far the west his voice came ringing ridin' wild horse he came singing
Hee li oli yip ioli ay
Hee li oli yip ioli yip ay oli ya he brings a token of his love
Swift as the wind he goes for high as the hills he knows she's waiting
For his hee li oli yip ioli ay

One day he rode away but never to return
Danger was waitin' now his love must never yearn
Long days and lonely nights she waited all in vain
Till winter passed and summer came again
Still every night when the moon came shining for his song her heart was pining
Hee li oli yip ioli ay
Hee li oli yip ioli...

One night an angel brought a message from her love
Told her he waited in the starry sky above
Softly she closed her eyes and bade the angel go
And then the whole world echoed to his song
For straight down a moonbeam he came ridin' out of the sky on a winged horse glidin' Hee li oli yip
Hee li oli yip ioli...
Hee li oli yip ioli ay hee li oli yip ioli ay singin' hee li oli yip ioli ay