

Cowboy Music - The Lone Ranger Rides Again

By Tony Anthonisen - 2016 Silver Creek International Ukulele Carnival

Much of the material in this presentation comes from *Cowboy, Jokes, Lingo 'n Lore* by Wayne Erbsen. Thanks to Wayne for his permission to use material from his book. Direct quotes are italicized or in the side/bottom-boxes.



The book is available from Native Ground Books & Music, 109 Bell Road, Asheville, NC 28805, (828) 299-7031 - banjo@nativeground.com - www.nativeground.com. It is available in both hard copy (\$5.95) and ebook (\$3.95).

Also highly recommended - *Ukulele for the Complete Ignoramus* at www.nativeground.com. Available in either hard copy or ebook format.

Recipe for Cowboy Coffee - Take two pounds of Arbuckle's coffee, put in 'nough water to wet it down, boil it for two hours, then throw in a hoss shoe. If the hoss shoe sinks, she aint ready.

What the heck is Cowboy Music?

Cowboys sang. They sang of long days and short nights. They sang of wild broncs, whiskey, and of pals gone on to the prairie in the sky. Besides being sung for pleasure, songs were tools of the working cowboy. Night herding cowboys either sang, whistled, hummed or spoke to soothe a jumpy herd which might otherwise stampede at the striking of a match or the snapping of a twig. The practice of singing to the night herd became so common that night herding itself became known as "Singin' to 'Em."

*Early cowboy songs were seldom, if ever, written down. This changed in 1908 when Jack Thorpe published his *Songs of the Cowboys*. and in 1910 when John A. Lomax published *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*. Lomax's book became the unofficial 'bible' for cowboy singers.*

This Cowboy Music Presentation/Singalong

I remember singing cowboy songs when I was a kid. I had the ten gallon hat, chaps, cap gun and holster, and cowboy boots. If you have ever seen the movie *A Christmas Story* about Ralphie and his Daisy Red Rider BB gun ("you'll shoot your eye out"), you know what I'm talking about. I was the toughest eight year old cowboy in Minnesota. I watched Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, the Lone Ranger and Hopalong Cassidy and . . .! I knew all the songs in the cowboy movies and wild west TV shows and belted them out with abandon.

So, as the announcer said at the beginning of each Lone Ranger show:

In the early days of the western United States, a masked man and an Indian rode the plains, searching for truth and justice. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, when from out of the past come the thundering hoofbeats of the great horse Silver! **The Lone Ranger rides again!**

For videos/audios of songs, go to <http://www.bluegrassfun.com/cowboy-song-links.html>

Back in the Saddle Again

"Back in the Saddle Again" was the signature song of American cowboy entertainer Gene Autry.[1] It was co-written by Autry with Ray Whitley and first released in 1939. The song was associated with Autry throughout his career and was used as the name of Autry's autobiography in 1976.[2] Members of the Western Writers of America chose it as one of the Top 100 Western songs of all time. - Wikipedia

[C] I'm back in the [G7] saddle [C] again [F] Out where a friend is a [C] friend
Where the [F] longhorn cattle feed on the [C] lowly jimson [A7] weed
[D7] I'm back in the [G7] saddle [C] again

[C] Riding the [G7] range once [C] more. [F] Toting my old [C] .44
Where you [F] sleep out every night. Where the [C] only law is [A7] right
[D7] Back in the [G7] saddle a [C] gain

[C] Whoopi-[F] ty-aye-oh, rock [C] ing to and fro. Back in the saddle [G7] again
Whoopi-[F] ty-aye-yay I go [C] my way. [D7] Back in the [G7] saddle [C] again

Repeat from the beginning

Singin' To 'Em -

The quality of a cowboy's singing voice provided many moments of glee for mischievous cowboys. Here are several choice quotes rustled mostly from Ramon F. Adams.

*** One cowboy was asked if he could sing. "No," he answered, "but sometimes I open my mouth and noise comes out." *** His singing was as exciting as a snail climbin' a slick log. *** One cowboy sang so good the coyotes gathered and laid off howling to listen. *** He had an E-string voice that sounded like a rusty gate hinge. *** His singing sounded like the long drawd squeak of a slow runnin' windmill cryin' for oil. *** He had a voice like a scrub bull in a cane-break in cocklebur season. *** A cowboy's singin' made the cook stop the chuck wagon to look for a dry axle. *** He sang like he was garglin' his throat with axle grease. *** He sang that song as quiet as a thief in a chicken house. *** Some singers were accused of singing in a "coyote key."

For a video/audio of this song, go to <http://www.bluegrassfun.com/cowboy-song-links.html>

Home on the Range

The song *Home on the Range* . . . was the center of a \$500,000 lawsuit as to its authorship in the 1930's. Samuel Moanfeldt was hired to find the truth about the origin of *Home on the Range*. He discovered that it was first published as the poem *Western Home* in 1873 as written by Dr. Brewster Higley. Higley was well known as an eccentric Kansas physician. Credit for setting it to music went to his neighbor, Dan Kelley, who had fought in the Civil War.

$\frac{3}{4}$ time

[G] Oh give me a home where the [C] buffalo roam
Where the [G] deer and the [A⁷] antelope [D⁷] play
Where [G] seldom is heard a dis[C]couraging word
And the [G] skies are not [D⁷] cloudy all [G] day

Chorus -

[D⁷] Home home on the [G] range
Where the deer and the [A⁷] antelope [D⁷] play
Where [G] seldom is heard a dis[C]couraging word
And the [G] skies are not [D⁷] cloudy all [G] day

[G] How often at night when the [C] heavens are bright
With the [G] light from the [A⁷] glittering [D⁷] stars
Have I [G] stood there amazed and [C] asked as I gazed
If their [G] glory ex [D⁷] ceeds that of [G] ours

Chorus -

[D⁷] Home home on the [G] range
Where the deer and the [A⁷] antelope [D⁷] play
Where [G] seldom is heard a dis[C]couraging word
And the [G] skies are not [D⁷] cloudy all [G] day

Cowboy Insult - He knows as much about it as a hog does a
hip pocket in a bathing suit.

I Ride An Old Paint

I Ride an Old Paint is among the most well-known of all the cowboy songs. Carl Sandburg learned it from Margaret Larkin of Las Vegas, New Mexico. She first heard it sung by a cowboy in Santa Fe who was last seen leaving for the Mexican border.

Arranged and adapted by Arlo Guthrie

[C] I ride an old [F] paint, I [C] lead an old [F] dan
I'm [G⁷] goin' to Montana to [C] throw the hoolihan
They [G⁷] feed in the coulees, they [C] water in the draw
Their [G⁷] tails are all matted, their [F] backs are all [C] raw

Chorus -

[C] Ride [G⁷] around little dogies, ride [C] around them slow
For the [G⁷] fiery and snuffy are [F] rarin' to [C] go

[C] Old Bill [F] Jones had a [C] daughter and a [F] son
[G⁷] One went to college, the [C] other went wrong
His [G⁷] wife, she got killed in a [C] poolroom fight
But [G⁷] still he's a-singin' from [F] mornin' till [C] night

Chorus -

[C] Ride [G⁷] around little dogies, ride [C] around them slow
For the [G⁷] fiery and snuffy are [F] rarin' to [C] go

[C] When I [F] die, take my [C] saddle from the [F] wall
Place it [G⁷] on my old pony, lead him [C] out of his stall
Tie my [G⁷] bones to my saddle and turn our [C] faces to the West
And we'll [G⁷] ride the prairie we [F] love the [C] best

Chorus -

[C] Ride [G⁷] around little dogies, ride [C] around them slow
For the [G⁷] fiery and snuffy are [F] rarin' to [C] go

Repeat Verse 1

Chorus -

[C] Ride [G⁷] around little dogies, ride [C] around them slow
For the [G⁷] fiery and snuffy are [F] rarin' to [C] go

A Guide to the Lingo - Paint horses were also called "pinto," "piebald," "pied," "calico," or "skewbald" and were kin to Indian ponies. Most were very strong and tough, but never attained much size. The word "pinto" comes from the Spanish word "pintar," which means "to paint."
A "hoolihan" is a loop thrown clockwise to rope a horse. When roping a wild cow, a good horse will stop in its tracks, causing the creature on the other end of the rope to hit the ground faster than you can spit and holler howdy! "Fiery" and "Snuffy" refer to wild or spirited cattle.

Red River Valley

Red River Valley is a national treasure that's probably been sung around more campfires than any song in America. Though American as s'mores and corn-on-the-cob, its beginnings lie not in the Red River of Texas and Oklahoma but in the Red River section of Canada. Cowboy music historian Jim Bob Tinsley has found evidence that Red River Vallry was written by Jethro de la Roche for Amaryllis Milligan in the late 1860's.

[C] From this valley they [G⁷] say you are [C] leaving
We shall miss your bright eyes and sweet [G⁷] smile
For you [C] take with you all of the [F] sunshine
That has [G⁷] brightened our pathway a [C] while

Chorus -

[C] Come and sit by my [G⁷] side if you [C] love me
Do not hasten to bid me [G⁷] adieu
Just [C] remember the Red River [F] Valley
And the [C] cowboy that [G⁷] loved you so [1] true

[C] For a long time my [G⁷] darling I've [C] waited
For the sweet words you never would [G⁷] say
Now at [C] last all my fond hopes have [F] vanished
For they [G⁷] say that you're going a[C]way

Chorus -

[C] Come and sit by my [G⁷] side if you [C] love me
Do not hasten to bid me [G⁷] adieu
Just [C] remember the Red River [F] Valley
And the [C] cowboy that [G⁷] loved you so [1] true

Repeat Chorus

Cowboy Insult - He
can't tell skunks from
house cats.

Windy?? - It was so windy in Texas one time
that a hen sitting against the wind layed the
same egg five times!

Ragtime Cowboy Joe

The lyrics were written by Grant Clarke, and the music was composed by Lewis F. Muir and Maurice Abrahams. It was copyrighted and published in 1912 by F.A. Mills. It has been performed by a diverse group of artists, ranging from Bob Roberts in 1912 . . . to the comedic recording by The Chipmunks in 1959. "Ragtime Cowboy Joe" was composed in Brooklyn after an appearance at the home of Abrahams by his nephew, Joe Abrahams, wearing a cowboy outfit. Maurice Abrahams was so captivated by the appearance of his nephew dressed up as a cowboy that he was inspired to write "Ragtime Cowboy Joe". - Wikipedia

Chorus -

[C] He always sings, raggy music to his cattle
As he [D7] swings back and forth in the saddle
On his [G7] horse, that's syncopated gaited,
And there's [C] such a funny [D7] meter
To the [G7] roar of his repeater
How they [C] run, when they hear that fellers's gun,
Because the [D7] Western folks all know
He's a [Am] high- falootin, rootin-tooin
Son of a gun from Arizona,
[C] Ragtime [G7] Cowboy [C] Joe.

[C] Out in [Am] Arizona, where the [C] bad men [Am] are, and
The [C] only friend to [Am] guide you is the [D7] Evening [G7] Star,
The [C] roughest, [Am] toughest [C] man by [Am] far is
[D7] Ragtime [G7] Cowboy [C] Joe,
[C] Got his name from [Am] singing to the [C] cows and [Am] sheep,
[C] Every night they [Am] say he sings the [D7] herd to [G7] sleep,
[C] In a [Am] bass so [C] rich and [Am] deep,
[D7] Croonin' soft and [G7] low.

Chorus

Cowboy Insult - He was so ugly he'd have to sneak up on a dipper to get a drink of water.

Git Along, Little Dogies

Its origins have been traced at least as far back as 1672 to an English broadside ballad entitled I Father a Child That's None of my Own. The word "dogie" is not, as some think, an offshoot of "doggie," meaning a small dog. Rather, it refers to an orphaned calf who is forced by hunger to eat grass before it can digest it properly. Such a calf 's belly usually swells, giving it the nick name "doughguts," "doughies," or "dogies."

As [C] I was [F] walking one [G⁷] morning for [C] pleasure,
I spied a cow- [F] puncher [G⁷] a-ridin' [C] along
His hat was throwed [F] back and his [G⁷] spurs were a- [C] jinglin',
And as he [F] approached, he was [G⁷] singin' this [C] song:

Chorus - [G⁷] Yippee ti-yi-yo, git [C] along little dogies, it's
[G⁷] Your misfortune and [C] none of my own.
Yippee [G⁷] ti-yi-yo, git [C] along little dogies,
You know that [F] Montana will [G⁷] be your new [C] home.

It's [C] early in [F] spring that we [G⁷] round up the [C] dogies,
We mark them and [F] brand them, and [G⁷] bob off their [C] tails
We Round up our [F] horses, load [G⁷] up the chuck [C] wagon
And then throw the [F] dogies out [G⁷] onto the [C] trail.

Chorus

It's [C] whooping and [F] yelling and [G⁷] drivin' the [C] dogies
And oh how I [F] wish you would [G⁷] only go [C] on!
It's whooping and [F] punching, [G⁷] go on, little [C] dogies,
You know that [F] Montana will [G⁷] be your new [C] home.

Chorus - [G⁷] Yippee ti-yi-yo, git [C] along little dogies, it's
[G⁷] Your misfortune and [C] none of my own.
Yippee [G⁷] ti-yi-yo, git [C] along little dogies,
You know that [F] Montana will [G⁷] be your new [C] home.

Some [C] boys, they [F] go up on the [G⁷] trail just for [C] pleasure,
But that's where they [F] get it most [G⁷] awfully [C] wrong.
You haven't a [F] notion the [G⁷] trouble they [C] give us,
It takes all our [F] time to keep [G⁷] moving [C] along.

Chorus

Cowboy Insult - He don't know dung from wild honey.

Streets of Laredo

Traditional – “There are over a hundred different versions of this ballad set in almost as many different Western towns. The song evolved from a seventeenth century British ballad about a soldier who died”

As [C] I walked [G⁷] out in the [C] streets of Lar [G⁷] edo
As [C] I walked [G⁷] out in Lar [C] edo one [G⁷] day,
I [C] spied a young [G⁷] cowboy, all [C] wrapped in white [G⁷] linen
All [C] wrapped in white [F] linen and [G⁷] cold as the [C] clay.

I [C] see by your [G⁷] outfit, that [C] you are a [G⁷] cowboy.
These [C] words he did [G⁷] say as I [C] slowly walked [G⁷] by.
Come [C] sit down be [G⁷] side me and [C] hear my sad [G⁷] story,
I'm [C] shot in the [F] chest, and to [G⁷] day I must [C] die.

'Twas [C] once in the [G⁷] saddle I [C] used to go [G⁷] dashing,
'Twas [C] once in the [G⁷] saddle I [C] used to go [G⁷] gay.
First [C] down to [G⁷] Rosie's, and [C] then to the [G⁷] card-house,
Got [C] shot in the [F] breast, and I'm [G⁷] dying to [C] day.

Oh, [C] beat the drum [G⁷] slowly and [C] play the fife [G⁷] lowly,
And [C] play the dead [G⁷] march as you [C] carry me a [G⁷] long;
Take [C] me to the [G⁷] valley, and [C] lay the sod [G⁷] o'er me,
For [C] I'm a young [F] cowboy and I [G⁷] know I've done [C] wrong.

Get [C] six jolly [G⁷] cowboys to [C] carry my [G⁷] coffin,
Get [C] six pretty [G⁷] maidens to [C] bear up my [G⁷] pall.
Put [C] bunches of [G⁷] roses all [C] over my [G⁷] coffin,
And [C] roses to [F] deaden the [G⁷] clods as they [C] fall.

Then [C] swing your [G⁷] rope slowly and [C] rattle your spurs [G⁷] lowly,
And [C] give a wild [G⁷] whoop as you [C] carry me a [G⁷] long;
And [C] in the grave [G⁷] throw me and [C] roll the sod [G⁷] o'er me.
For [C] I'm a young [F] cowboy and [G⁷] know I've done [C] wrong.

Go [C] bring me a [G⁷] cup, a [C] cup of cold [G⁷] water.
To [C] cool my parched [G⁷] lips", the [C] cowboy then [G⁷] said.
Bef [C] ore I re [G⁷] turned, his [C] soul had de [G⁷] parted,
And [C] gone to the [F] round up – the [G⁷] cowboy was [C] dead.

We [C] beat the drum [G⁷] slowly and [C] played the fife [G⁷] lowly,
And [C] bitterly [G⁷] wept as we [C] bore him a [G⁷] long.
For [C] we loved our [G⁷] comrade, so [C] brave, young and [G⁷] handsome,
We [C] all loved our [F] comrade, al [G⁷] though he'd done [C] wrong.

One cowboy earned the nickname "Dishwater" when he stumbled out of his bedroll one night and mistook the camp cook's dishwater for the water bucket.

Yellow Rose of Texas

A traditional American folk song. Members of the Western Writers of America chose it as one of the Top 100 Western songs of all time. The earliest known version is found in *Christy's Plantation Melodies. No. 2*, a songbook published under the authority of Edwin Pearce Christy in Philadelphia in 1853. The lyrics are written in a cross between the dialect historically spoken by African-Americans and standard American English. The song is written in the first person from the perspective of an African-American singer . . . longing to return to [a] light-skinned bi-racial woman . . . In September 1955, for six weeks, Mitch Miller had a *Billboard* number one hit with the Yellow Rose of Texas. His lyrics were the sanitized version using "rosebud" and no words (except the antiquated term "yellow") to indicate either Rose or the singer was a person of color. It became a gold record. - Wikipedia

There's a [G] yellow rose of Texas I'm goin' for to see,
No other soldier knows her, no [D7] body only me.
She [G] cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart,
And [D7] if I ever find her, we [G] never-[D7] more will [G] part.

[G] Where the Rio Grande is flowing and starry skies are bright,
She walks along the river in the [D7] quiet summer night.
She [G] thinks if I remember we parted long ago;
I [D7] promised to come back again and [G] never [D7] let her [G] go.

[G] Oh, now I'm goin' to find her, my heart is full of woe;
We'll sing the song together we [D7] sang so long ago.
We'll [G] play the banjo gaily and sing the songs of yore,
And the [D7] yellow rose of Texas will be [G] mine for-[D7]
ever[G]more.

[G] She's the sweetest rose of color this soldier ever knew.
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they [D7] sparkle like the dew.
You may [G] talk about your winsome maids and sing of Rosalie,
But the [D7] yellow rose of Texas beats the [G] belles of [D7] Tennes [G] see.

There was once an old-time cowhand who ordered some toilet paper from a mail-order catalog. They wrote back and requested that he look in his catalog to give them the exact order number. He answered 'em right back and told them that if he had the catalog, he sure wouldn't need the toilet paper.

I'm An Old Cowhand

"I'm an Old Cow Hand (From the Rio Grande)" is a comic song written by Johnny Mercer for the film Rhythm on the Range and sung by its star, Bing Crosby. The Crosby recording with Jimmy Dorsey & his Orchestra was a hit in 1936, and greatly furthered Mercer's career. Members of the Western Writers of America chose it as one of the Top 100 Western songs of all time. Mercer and his wife were driving across the USA en route to Savannah after having apparently failed to succeed in Hollywood. Mercer was amused by the sight of cowboys, with spurs and ten-gallon hats, driving cars and trucks instead of riding horses. Singing cowboys were popular in films and on the radio then, and within 15 minutes, writing on the back of an envelope, Mercer transferred the image he was seeing into a song whose satirical lyrics vented some of his own bitter frustration with Hollywood. - Wikipedia

[C] Yipee-yi-[F] o-kie-[C] yay yipee-yi-[F] o-kie- [C] yay
I'm an old [F] cowhand [G⁷] from the Rio [C] Grande
And I sing the [F] songs [G⁷] in the cowboy [C] band

I know [Am] all the songs that the [Em] cowboys know
About the [Am] big corral where the [Em] doggies go
Cuz I [Am] learned 'em all on the [Em] radio

[C] Yipee-yi-[F]o-kie-[C] yay yipee-yi-[F] o-kie- [C] yay
He's an old [F]cowhand [G⁷] from the Rio [C] Grande
And he plays the [F] fiddle [G⁷] in the cowboy [C] band

[C] Yipee-yi-[F]o-kie-[C] yay yipee-yi-[F] o-kie- [C] yay
He's an old [F]cowhand [G⁷] from the Rio [C] Grande
And he calls the [F] dance [G⁷] in the cowboy [C] band

Dosie-[Am] do all around [Em] your pard
Swing [Am] that gal till she [Em] gits tarred
Allemande [Am] left in your own back [Em] yard

[C] Yipee-yi-[F]o-kie-[C] yay yipee-yi-[F] o-kie- [C] yay
He's an old [F]cowhand [G⁷] from the Rio [C] Grande
And he plays the [F] guitar [G⁷] in the cowboy [C] band

[C] Yipee-yi-[F]o-kie-[C] yay yipee-yi-[F] o-kie- [C] yay
He's an old [F]cowhand [G⁷] from the Rio [C] Grande
And he plays the [F] bass [G⁷] in the cowboy [C] band

[C] Yipee-yi-[F]o-kie-[C] yay yipee-yi-[F] o-kie- [C] yay
[C] Yipee-yi-[F]o-kie-[C] yay yipee-yi-[F] o-kie- [C] yay

Cowboy Insult - He was mean
enough to eat off the same
plate with a snake.

Cowboy Insult - He was so
mean, he'd fight a rattler and
give him the first bite.

Happy Trails to You

"Happy Trails" by Dale Evans Rogers, was the theme song for the 1940s and 1950s radio program and the 1950s television show starring Roy Rogers and Dale Evans Rogers, always sung over the end credits of the program. Happy Trails was released in 1952 as a 78 RPM and 45 RPM by Rogers and Evans with the Whippoorwills and Orchestra on RCA Victor Records. - from Wikipedia

[C] Happy trails to you until we meet a [G⁷] gain
Happy trails to you keep smiling until [C] then
Who cares about the clouds when we're to [F] gether
Just [A⁷] sing a song and bring the sunny [D⁷] weathe [G⁷] r
Happy [C] trails to [A⁷] you 'til we [F] meet [G⁷] a-[C] gain

[C] Happy trails to you until we meet a [G⁷] gain
Happy trails to you keep smiling until [C] then
Who cares about the clouds when we're to [F] gether
Just [A⁷] sing a song and bring the sunny [D⁷] weathe [G⁷] r
Happy [C] trails to [A⁷] you 'til we [F] meet [G⁷] a-[C] gain

[C] Happy trails to you until we meet a [G⁷] gain
Happy trails to you keep smiling until [C] then
Who cares about the clouds when we're to [F] gether
Just [A⁷] sing a song and bring the sunny [D⁷] weathe [G⁷] r
Happy [C] trails to [A⁷] you 'til we [F] meet [G⁷] a-[C] gain

Happy [C] trails to [A⁷] you 'til we [F] meet [G⁷] a-[C] gain

Drinkin' Water - The water is a little thick an' you may have to
chew it a little before you swallow it, but it's dern good water.

Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie

The song was actually based on a much earlier poem written by Edwin Hubbell Chapin, who was a Universalist clergyman in Boston. The first song version was published as sheet music in 1850 as The Ocean Burial with music attributed to George N. Allen. Apparently, some unknown sailor gave up his sea legs and took to cowboyin'. Somewhere along the line he changed the Ocean Burial to Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie.

[C] Oh bury me not on the lone prairie
These words came [Dm] low and [F] mournful [C] ly
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying [Dm] bed at the [F] close of [C] day.

[C] He has wasted and pined 'til o'er his brow
Death's shades were [Dm] slowly [F] gathering [C] now.
He thought of home and loved ones nigh,
And the cowboys [Dm] gathered to [F] see him [C] die.

[C] Oh bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the coyotes [Dm] howl and the [F] wind blows [C] free.
In a narrow grave just six by three
Oh bury me [Dm] not on the [F] lone [C] prairie.

[C] I've always wished to be laid when I died
In a little [Dm] churchyard on a [F] green hill [C] side.
By my father's grave there let me be,
Oh bury me [Dm] not on the [F] lone [C] prairie.

[C] I wish to lie where a mother's prayer
And a sister's [Dm] tear will [F] mingle [C] there.
Where friends can come and weep o'er me.
Oh bury me [Dm] not on the [F] lone [C] prairie.

[C] Oh bury me not..." And his voice failed there
But they took no [Dm] heed to his [F] dying [C] prayer.
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
They buried him [Dm] there on the [F] lone [C] prairie.

[C] And the cowboys now as they roam the plain
For they marked the [Dm] spot where his [F] bones were [C] lain,
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave
With a prayer to [Dm] God, his [F] soul to [C] save.

Cowboy Insult - He was so dumb he couldn't drive nails into a snowbank.