

Hank Snow, There's A Pony That's Lonely To-Night

Words & Music by Hank Snow

A pale little boy lay there helpless
On the prairie at the close of the day.
"I've been shot in the breast, sir, please help me"
Weak and weary these words he did say
"My mother's an angel in Heaven,
My daddy won't allow me to stay,
So please, sir, I beg you to help me,
I'm an orphan that's cast by the way."

CHORUS

There's a silvery moon on the old corral,
There's a pony that's restless and worn,
There's a little brown saddle that's empty,
And a little grey shirt that is torn.
There's an outcast that longs for a mother
To help him life's battles to fight,
Tho' there's no one to miss little Joe's tender kiss,
But his pony is lonesome to-night.

We worked thro the night until dawning
We tried but 'twas only in vain
He smiled as his eyes closed in slumber
To be free from all sorrow and pain.
He died as the day slowly ended
With the angels he made his last flight
There was no one to miss little Joe's tender kiss
But his pony is lonely to-night.

CHORUS

There's a silver moon on the old corral
But a wreath on the old bunkhouse door
There's a little brown saddle that's empty
That will never be used anymore
He has joined the great foreman up yonder
Where the ranges are care-free and bright
There's a new star a twinkling in heaven
But a pony that's lonely to-night.

CHORUS