

Hank Snow, Patanio, The Pride Of The Plains

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You look at this picture with a wondering eye
And then at the arrow that hangs by it's side
They tell a story for you know there is one
With the name of Patanio the story begun

I'll tell you a story that will thrill you, I know
Of a horse that I owned down in New Mexico
Swift as an antelope and black as a crow
A star on his forehead as white as the snow

His hair like a lady was glossy and fine
He was restless and proud but so gentle and kind
His arched neck was hidden by a thick, flowing mane
And they called him Patanio, the pride of the plains

The country was new and the settlers were scarce
And the Indians on the warpath were savage and fierce
Scouts were sent out every day from the post
But they never came back so we knew they were lost

One day said the captain, someone he must go
For help to the border at New Mexico
A dozen brave fellows right away answered yeah
But the captain he spied me a-standing right near

Patanio beside me, his nose in my hand
Said the captain, your horse is the best in the land
You're good for the ride and the lightest man here
On the back of that mustang you've nothing to fear

So proud of my horse that I answered, you know
Patanio and I both so willing to go
For speed and endurance I'll trust to the blind
Patanio will carry my life on his back

Then they all took my hand and I mounted my horse
Rode down the dark pathway and I turned his head horth
Pat struck a trot and he kept it all night
Till just as the east was beginning to light

He answered the touch with a toss of his head
His black body lengthened and forward he sped
We were beating the redskins and the story was plain
When the arrows fell round us like showers of rain

We were leaving the redskins and the story was plain
When sudden in my leg that I felt a great pain
The blood it gushed forth from Patanio's side
But he never once shortened his powerful stride

Patanio, poor fellow, I knew he was hurt
But still he dashed forward and into the fort
For many a fine horse I have passed on the range
But none like Patanio the pride of the plain