

# 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