

# Stan Rogers, Harris and The Mare

Harris and the Mare

By: Stan Rodgers

Harris, my old friend, good to see your face again  
More welcome, though, yon trap and that old mare  
For the wife is in a swoon, and I am all alone  
Harris, fetch thy mare and take us home  
The wife and I came o  
ut for a quiet glass of stout  
And a word or two with neighbors in the room  
But young Clary, he came in, as drunk and wild as sin  
And swore the wife would leave the place with him  
But the wife as quick as thought said, "No, I'll bloody not"  
Then struc  
k the brute a blow about the head  
He raised his ugly paw, and he lashed her on the jaw  
And she fell onto the floor like she were dead  
Now Harris, well you know, I've never struck an angry blow  
Nor would I keep a friend who raised his hand  
I was a con  
scie in the war, cryin' what the hell's this for?  
But I had to see his blood to be a man  
I grabbed him by his coat, spun him 'round and took his throat  
And beat his head upon the parlor door  
He dragged out an awful knife, and he roared "I'll have your  
life"  
And he stuck me and I fell onto the floor  
Now blood I was from neck to thigh, bloody murder in his eye  
As he shouted out "I'll finish you for sure"  
But as the knife came down, I lashed out from the ground  
And the knife was in his breast and he  
rolled o'er  
Now with the wife as cold as clay I carried her away  
No hand was raised to help us through the door  
And I've brought her half a mile, but I've had to rest a while  
And none of them I'll call a friend no more  
For when the knife came down,  
I was helpless on the ground  
No neighbor stayed his hand, I was alone  
By God, I was a man, but now I cannot stand  
Please, Harris, fetch thy mare, take us home  
Oh, Harris, fetch thy mare, and take us out of here  
In my nine and fifty years I've never  
known  
That to call myself a man, for my loved one I must stand  
Now Harris, fetch thy mare take us home