Blizard - - Tradicionály

There's a blizzard comin' on
how I'm wishin' I was home
For my pony's lame and he can't hardly stand
Listen to that norther sigh
if we don't get home we'll die
But it's only seven miles to Mary Anne
It's only seven miles to Mary Anne

You can bet we're on her mind
for it's nearly suppertime
And I'll bet there's hot biscuits in the pan
Lord, my hands feel like they're froze
and there's a numbness in my toes
But, it's only five more miles to Mary Anne
It's only five more miles to Mary Anne

That wind's howlin' and it seems
mighty like a woman's screams
And we'd best be movin' faster if we can
Dan just think about that barn
with that hay so soft and warm
For it's only three more miles to Mary Anne
It's only three more miles to Mary Anne

Dan get up you ornery cuss
or you'll be the death of us
I'm so weary but I'll help you if I can
All right Dan perhaps it's best
that we stop awhile and rest
For it's still a hundred yards to Mary Anne
It's still a hundred yeards to Mary Anne

Late that night the storm was gone
and they found him there at dawn
He'd a made it but he couldn't leave ol' Dan
Yes, they found him there on the plains
his hands frozed to the reins
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne
He was just a hundred yards from Mary Anne