

# PINTO

*Performed by:* Denis Nash

*Composed by:* Hank Snow

As I was riding out one bright evening 'neath the starlight western sky,  
The silvery moon down on the sage did shine.

As I spurred my pony onward, my guitar softly played,  
A tune of some wild coyote's cry.

Just then my pony halted, his ears up straight did go,  
He trembled as I stepped down by his side.  
With a glance I saw a shadow on the prairie there did lie,  
A little curly-headed blue-eyed boy.

Not very far beyond him his little Pinto fell,  
His leg was broke as there in pain he lay.  
And his frightened eyes were blinking as I drew my forty-four:  
'Do not kill me,' his kind eyes just seemed to say.

'Do not shoot him, sir, I beg you, he is my only pal;  
We've rode the range together day by day.  
My poor father is a drunkard and he turned me from his door;  
Dear Mother's up in heaven far away.

She left me one bright morning, with the angels she does dwell,  
We'll meet upon the other range someday.  
I bent and kissed her wrinkled forehead and the picture she did draw,  
From a golden locket as I heard her say:

"My time has come to leave you, the best of pals must part;  
Please promise Mother always to be true,  
Through the long and lonesome hours when your little heart's forlorn,  
But remember there's an angel watching you.

You'll find on Pinto's bridle a treasure that is dear;  
Please place it by my heart when I am gone."  
'Tis the picture of a mother dear, the best pal that I know;  
I'm leaving now to meet her far beyond.'

Just then the little fellow bowed down his weary head,  
And this was all his trembling lips could say:  
'Please take care of little Pinto, try and help him to get well;  
I am heading for the round-up far away.'