

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.'