

The Blizzard

Burl Ives

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 yards 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