

Harris and the Mare

Stan Rogers

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 out 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 struck 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 conscie 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 li
fe"
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