

## Harlan Howard

### "The Blizzard"

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(Harlan Howard)

There's a blizzard comin' on and I'm wishin' I was home  
For my pony's lame and he can't hardly stand  
Lord my hands feel like they're froze and there's a  
numbness in my toes  
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  
supper time  
And I bet there's hot biscuits in the pan  
Listen to that northern sigh if we don't get home we'll  
die  
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  
It's only three more miles to Mary Anne  
It's only three more miles to Mary Anne.

Dan get up your 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 we'll just stop awhile and  
rest  
It's still another mile to Mary Anne  
It's still another mile to Mary Anne.

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

