

## Ian Tyson

### "Milk River Ridge"

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On a day like today in December a few years ago  
Sun goin' down and blue shadows run long on the  
snow,

Thirty below.

At the far southern tip of the Milk River ridge

There's a cow camp along ...

Late in the fall Darrell McCall

Took Theresa Saliski to live there.

On the Milk River ridge, the Northern lights dancing  
above

Theresa and Darrell grew close as a hand in a glove,  
They fell in love.

Darrel was ridin' the rough string for money

For Theresa's in the family way now

And the road drifted in but they didn't worry

The Chinook be along any day now.

On the Milk River ridge all the hills were a ghostly snow  
white

Twenty-six below, the Chinook was no where in sight,

Later that night

Theresa broke early and her labor began

And soon there was the devil to pay

And Darrel said, "Darlin' hold on girl, I love you.

I'm makin' a run for the highway."

With fear in his heart Darrel figgered there was one  
thing to do

A big bronc named Stormy the only one who could  
maybe get through,

Just maybe get through.

Old Stormy just snorted and he hit that long trot

And, man, how that pony did deliver

Three hours later just as it got light

The two trotted into Milk River.

Out of the west the same mornin' came a big Chinook  
wind

Water was runnin' off the rooftops by a quarter to ten,

The ways its always been

Back in the cow camp the baby was born  
Just before the chopper came down  
A sweet baby girl and they named her Stormy  
For the big bronc carried daddy to town.

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