

Frank Fairfield

"Old Paint"

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Farewell fair ladies I'm leaving Cheyenne
Farewell fair ladies I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye my little darling, my pony won't stand

Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can

In the middle of the ocean there grows a green tree
But it [] falls to the girl that loves me

Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can

We lay down on the blankets of the green grassy
ground
And the horses and the cattle were grazing all around

Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can

Oh, the last time I saw her she was grazing in the fall
She was riding Old Paint and leading []

Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can

My feet in my stirrups, my bridle's in my hand
Goodbye my little pony no longer to stand

Old Paint, Old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye Old Paint I'm leaving Cheyenne
Old Paint's a good pony, and she paces when she can

Farewell fair ladies I'm leaving Cheyenne
Farewell fair ladies I'm leaving Cheyenne
Goodbye my little darling, my pony won't stand

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