

## **Burial Invocation "The Blizzard"**

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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

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