

RUN, COLT, RUN

1 Ga llop fa ster, steed
2 the ri ver fla shes rays of sil ver as you speed
1 Moon light on my trail
2 hooves thump on ground as fast as hands on drums of clay

3 So run with mi ghty push
4 be cause a guy from I wol bush
5 wants to ma rry me
3 I'm sick to work the churn
4 to saw the hides that fa ther's earned
5 I so long to flee

6 Run colt run
7 'cross ra vines and mea dows
7 to the vi llage gates
8 has ten to the one who waits

1 Hu rry, sta llion, go
2 I'll patch and saw a lea ther shel ter for my beau
1 bu tter bea ten fresh
2 I'll keep the pot hot while I mend his fi shing mesh

3 and if my figh ter brave
4 in com bat finds an ear ly grave
5 here I state my plight
3 I'll see that all be done
4 the best I can to raise my son
5 run my horse to night

6 Run colt run
7 to my lo ver's dwe lling
7 to his sphinx- like gaze
8 to who can set me a blaze