

I Traded My Saddle For A Rifle

Hank Snow

I traded my saddle for a rifle and left to join the troubled shore
I hung my guitar in the attic and laid away my forty four
I traded my saddle for a rifle so kiss me my darling we must part
I left my faithful pony grazing in clover by the old corral.
Yodel layee layee hee

I told the old folks I must leave them
I bid them all a fond farewell
I left my faithful pony grazing
In clover by the old corral.

I told my mother not to worry
I said that I'd return someday
I bent and kissed her wrinkled forehead
Then turned and sadly walked away.

The stars are growing dim my darling
They say my ship will sail at dawn
So whisper softly that you love me
Just two more hours and I'll be gone