

# Patanio (the Pride Of The Plains)

Hank Snow

You look at this picture with a wondering eye  
And then at the arrow that hangs by it's side  
They tell a story for you know there is one  
With the name of Patanio the story begun

I'll tell you a story that will thrill you, I know  
Of a horse that I owned down in New Mexico  
Swift as an antelope and black as a crow  
A star on his forehead as white as the snow

His hair like a lady was glossy and fine  
He was restless and proud but so gentle and kind  
His arched neck was hidden by a thick, flowing mane  
And they called him Patanio, the pride of the plains

The country was new and the settlers were scarce  
And the Indians on the warpath were savage and fierce  
Scouts were sent out every day from the post  
But they never came back so we knew they were lost

One day said the captain, someone he must go  
For help to the border at New Mexico  
A dozen brave fellows right away answered yeah  
But the captain he spied me a-standing right near

Patanio beside me, his nose in my hand  
Said the captain, your horse is the best in the land  
You're good for the ride and the lightest man here  
On the back of that mustang you've nothing to fear

So proud of my horse that I answered, you know  
Patanio and I both so willing to go  
For speed and endurance I'll trust to the blind  
Patanio will carry my life on his back

Then they all took my hand and I mounted my horse  
Rode down the dark pathway and I turned his head horth  
Pat struck a trot and he kept it all night  
Till just as the east was beginning to light

He answered the touch with a toss of his head  
His black body lengthened and forward he sped  
We were beating the redskins and the story was plain  
When the arrows fell round us like showers of rain

We were leaving the redskins and the story was plain  
When sudden in my leg that I felt a great pain  
The blood it gushed forth from Patanio's side  
But he never once shortened his powerful stride

Patanio, poor fellow, I knew he was hurt  
But still he dashed forward and into the fort  
For many a fine horse I have passed on the range  
But none like Patanio the pride of the plain