

Saddle Boy

Kasey Chambers

Trough the grey frosty dawn, every cold winter's morn,
Rode a lad full of life and joy.
Everyday just the same, down the roadway he came,
He was known as their own saddle boy.
In his youth free from strife, he was called from this life,
From the sorrows of life's highway.
He was needed above at the homestead of love,
For the last final round up some day.
Now the sad willows wave near a cold silent grave,
Where the tall grasses bend and bow.
And the jackass's laugh is the only epitaph,
On the grave of this brave saddle boy.

At the school house on the rise, teacher always watched the skies,
For the storm clouds that roll like foam,
You've a long way he said, so you'd better go ahead,
Saddle up saddle boy ride for home.
He had ten miles to ride, through the dark countryside,
As the storm all around raged on.
Just one creek left to cross, struck by driftwood boy & horse,
Swept away by that mad raging storm.

And the lightning overhead, showed the last sandy bed,
Where the boy and the pony lay.
An old boundary rider troy, was the one who found the boy,
And who sadly took the message home next day.
And the old people say, of the long nights in may,
When the wind through the valley roams,
Pounding hoof beats that resound, through the tall timber land,
it's their own
Saddle boy coming home.