

Rifle, Pony, and Me

American Folk

Pur - ple light in the can - yon, That's where I long to
Gon - na hang my som - bre - ro On the limb of a

be, With my three good com - pan - ions, Just my
tree, Go - ing home, sweet - heart dar - lin'

1. rif - le, my po - ny, and me. 2. rif - le, my po - ny, and me.

*Whippoorwill, in the willow
Singin' sweet melody
Riding through Amarillow
Just my rifle, my pony, and me.*

*No more cows to be roped
No more strays do I see
'Round the bend, she'll be waitin'
For my rifle, my pony, and me.*