The Pony Blues

Son House

Why don't you catch my pony, now saddle up my black mare?
...my pony, saddle up, up my black mare?
You know, I'm gonna find my baby, well, in the world somewhereYou know, he's a travelin' horse, an' he's too black bad
He's a travelin' pony, I declare, he's too black bad
You know, he got a gait, now, no Shetlan' ain't never hadYou know, I taken him by the rein an' I led him around and 'round
I say, I taken him by the reins an' I, I led him, him 'round and 'round
You know, he ain't the best in the world, but he's the best ever been in this townYou know, he's a travelin' horse and he don't deny his name
He's a travelin' pony and he don't deny his name
You know, the way he can travel is a low-down, old, dirty shameWhy don't you come up here, pony, now come on, please let's us go
I said, "Come up, get up now, please pony, now let's us go"
Let's we saddle on down on the Gulf of, of MexicoYou know, the horse that I'm ridin', he can fox-trot, he can lope and pace
I say, the pony I'm ridin', he can fox-trot, he can lope and pace
You know, a horse with them many gaits, you know, I'm bound to win the raceHe's a travelin' horse an' he don't deny his name
He's a travelin' pony, he don't deny his name
The way he can travel is a low-down, old, dirty shame

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