

The Pony Man

Gordon Lightfoot

When it's midnight on the meadow
And the cats are in the shed
And the river tells a story
At the window by my bedIf you listen very closely
Be as quiet as you can
In the yard you'll hear him
It is the pony manWe're always there to greet him
When he tumbles in the town
He leads a string of ponies
Some are white and some are brownAnd they never seem to kick or bite
They only want to play
And they live on candy apples
Instead of oats and hayAnd when we're all assembled
He gives a soft command
And we climb aboard our ponies
As in a row they standThen down the road we gallop
And across the fields we fly
And soon we all go sailing off
Into the midnight skyAnd as we gaily rock along
Beside a rippling sea
There's Tom and Dick and Sally
And Mary Joe and meAnd the pony man is leading
'Cause he's traveled here before
And he gives a whoop and a holler
At Mr. Moons front doorAnd then we stop to rest a while
Where the Soda River glides
Up to the slip comes a pirate ship
To take us for a rideAnd the pony man's the captain
And the children are the crew
And we go in search of treasure
And laugh the whole night throughAnd when the hold is filled with gold
And the sails begin to strain
And the decks piled high with apple pie
We head for port againAnd down the whirling star case
So swift our ponies fly
And were safely in our beds again
When the sunbeams kiss the skyWhen it's midnight on the meadow
And the cats are in the shed
And the river tells a story

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