My Pony Boy

Words by BOBBY HEATH

Music by CHARLEY O'DONNELL

Allegretto

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prairies like an arrow,
found his heart was lassoed.

Every When he

maid in the glade, was afraid he would trade his little
thought he was caught, how he fought, but she taught this pony-

heart away,
boy to love.

So each little peach made a
But he balked when she talked of a

nice little speech of
trip to New York, so she sang to him.
REFRAIN

Po-ny Boy, Po-ny Boy, Won't you be my To-ny Boy?

Don't say no. Here we go Off a-cross the plains; Mar-ry me,

Car-ry me Right a-way with you Gid-dy up, gid-dy up,

1. 1.
2. 2.

gid-dy up, whoa! My Po-ny Boy Boy