

**The Blizzard**  
**Harlan Howard**

**C** **F** **C**  
There s a blizzard comin on, how I m wishin I was home-

**G**  
for my pony s lame and he can t hardly stand.

**C** **F** **C**  
Listen to that Norther sigh- if we don t get home, we ll die.

**G** **Am**  
But it s only seven miles to MaryAnn.

**G** **Am** **Em6** **C**  
It s only seven miles to MaryAnn.

You can bet we re on her mind, cause it s nearly supper time.  
And I ll bet there s hot biscuits in the pan.  
Lord, my hands feel like their froze, there s a numbness in my toes.  
but it s only five more miles to MaryAnn.  
It s only five more miles to MaryAnn.

That winds howlin and it seems, mighty like a woman s scream.  
We best be movin faster, if we can.  
Dan, just think about that barn, with that hay so soft and warm.  
It s only three more miles to MaryAnn.  
It s only three more miles to MaryAnn.

[spoken]  
Well Dan, get up, you awnry cuss, or you ll be the death of us.  
Well I m so weary, I ll help ya , if I can.  
Well, alright Dan, perhaps it s best, that we stop awhile and rest.  
For it s still a-hundred yards to MaryAnn.

[sung]  
It s still a-hundred yards to MaryAnn.

[spoken]  
Well, late that night the storm was gone, and they found im, there at dawn.  
Well, he d a-made it, but he just couldn t leave ol Dan.  
Yes, they found him there, on the plains, with his hands froze to the reins.  
He was just a-hundred yards from MaryAnn.

[sung]  
He was just a-hundred yards from MaryAnn.

# Make sure when this song is sung to not use the word, MaryAnn s .  
# He is not trying to get to the place and much as he is the woman .