

She comes do—wn from Yellow Mountain

On a da—rk, flat land she rides

On a pony she named Wildfire

Whirlwind by her side

On a cold Nebraska night.

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Oh, they sa—y she died one winter—

When thereca—me an early frost

And the pony she named Wildfire

Busted down its stall,

In a blizzard she was lost.

She ran calling Wildfire,

She ran calling Wildfire,

calling Wi—ld-fire.