

# A Cowboy was saying Goodbye to his Horse ...

A sketch for a Cowboy and a Pantomime Horse. Author unknown; developed by Richard Lamming

Cowboy: A cowboy was saying goodbye to his horse  
The critter could not understand him, of course  
But he patted its nose and he looked in its eyes  
And you can imagine the cowboy's surprise  
when the horse said .....

Horse: ..... Son, I want you to know  
I quite understand why it is you must go  
And I wanted to say - "No hard feelings, old son"  
I'll think of the good times, the things that we've done  
Your time here is finished, you can't start again  
I know that I'll miss your soft hand on the rein  
But I'll find another to straddle my girth  
For you it's the end, but for me it's rebirth  
The moment has come - I know what to do  
I'll ride a fresh range, I'll find pastures new  
I'll seek out new trails, I'll boldly explore  
Where no other equine has ventured before  
Don't worry 'bout me - there's life in me yet  
I'll find a new cowboy - on that you can bet  
And when the day comes, as surely it must  
When your four-footed friend is a-biting the dust  
Why, then I'll look back, with a smile, and I'll say  
"Old as I am, I remember the day,  
When young Billy Parker\* was a partner of mine:  
Now he's on the parish council\* for the forty fourth time!"  
Yes, as I bow out, I'll manage a smile  
And ..... [Cowboy shoots horse. Horse dies magnificently.]

Cowboy: I'm sorry trigger\*, but if there's one thing this village don't need,  
it's **another** talking horse.

END

\* A local name, organisation, or horse's name may be substituted.