

Ole' Faithful '84

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Honors 10<sup>th</sup> Literature

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## **Ole' Faithful 84**

Oh, the stories I can tell....

I've been pulled by a million horses

Hidden gold and silver and whispered secrets

I've protected mail and parcels and memories

I've cradled and rocked my passengers.

Oh, the stories I can tell...

I wear colors of red and yellow

Created by the Blacksmith

I'm made of fine timber

And hand-wrought iron and pride.

Oh, the stories I can tell....

I've run with the dusty wind

Heard the wolves howl and seen eagles soar

I've watched the earth change clothing;

I've comforted my riders with my curved embrace.

Oh, the stories I can tell....

I've seen the mountain top turn white

Rolled through the cold creek filled with trout

I've shined high on the hill, heard the sky roar

I've endured long hours lost in the low valley.

Oh, the stories I can tell....

I've had mud 'round my shoes and dust on my roof

I've been spit-on, hit-on, rode-on,

I've been shot-at and watched people die

I've smelled fields of flowers and followed the steps of buffalo.

Oh, the stories I can tell....

I've seen the sun at dusk and dawn

Felt it smile on my wooden frame

I've watched the moon walk across the sky

I've drunk in the darkness of the desert at night.

Oh, the stories I can tell....

I've met Indian Chiefs and seen their wonder

Carried the sixteenth and seventeenth Presidents

I've hidden government documents and stolen kisses

I've stood against bandits and outlaws and desperate men.

Oh, the stories I can tell....

I'm a legend, a relic of the past

Marked in history books as Ole' Faithful 84

I'm a hero to my passengers,

I'm a protector of my cargo;

I'm a silent witness to history

Filled with the stories I can never tell.