

# Snow Deer

Tuning: gDGBD

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G

A

D7

1.

G

2.

G

C

G

D7

1.

G

G7

2.

G

Up the neck break

A

Musical notation for measure A, featuring fret numbers 9, 11, 8, 10, 12, 13, 12, 11, 9 on the top string and 0 on the bottom string.

D7

1.

G

Musical notation for the first measure of the D7 and G section, including slurs and fret numbers 8, 10, 10, 11, 9, 8, 10, 12, 12, 6, 7, 9, 10.

2.

G

C

Musical notation for the second measure of the G and C section, including slurs and fret numbers 10, 13, 10, 12, 8, 9, 0, 2, 10, 12, 13, 14, 13.

G

D7

Musical notation for the third measure of the G and D7 section, including slurs and fret numbers 13, 14, 9, 10, 12, 12, 12, 12, 13, 12, 14, 12, 13.

1.

G

G7

2.

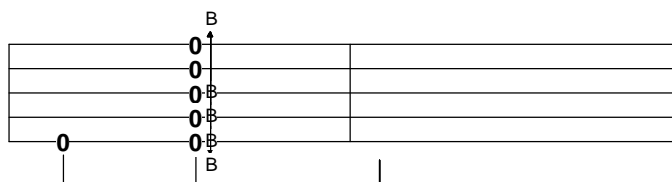
Musical notation for the first and second measures of the G and G7 section, including slurs and fret numbers 14, 14, 12, 14, 10, 11, 10, 10, 12, 14, 14, 16, 14.

G



G

Musical notation for the final measure, including slurs and fret numbers 9, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 2, 3, 2, 2, 3, 2, 0, 0, 2, 4, 0.



Snow Deer started out as a Tin Pan Alley song written in 1913 by popular songsters Percy Wenrich and Jack Mahoney. It was another faux indian love song, composed in order to cash in on the popularity of the classic of the genre, Red Wing, published the previous year. An instant hit, the melody to Snow Deer eventually entered the repertoire of country and old-time fiddle players in just about every part of the country. The song is about a cowboy who falls in love with a Native American girl. Here are the lyrics:

Sweet Snow Deer mine, moon's a-shine through the pines  
 While Mohawks sleep, let us creep through the vale  
 Your cowboy lover your heart will cover  
 Don't hesitate, it is late, ponies wait  
 For you and me by the trees in the dale  
 Hear tom-toms beating. Let's hit the trail.

CHORUS: My pretty Snow Deer, say you will go, dear  
 From your side I'll never part, every trail leads to your heart  
 It's time to marry, no time to tarry  
 Let me carry you away from here, my sweet Snow Deer

The red men come, bullets hum, there'll be some  
 Left on the trail, I can't fail, cling to me  
 We'll crown the story with love and glory  
 Now after all must I fall, hear my call  
 And fly away while we may, can't you see  
 Those ranch lights gleaming. Safe there we'll be.

This was one of the first fiddle tunes I learned on banjo, when I first started playing in high school, in Cincinnati Ohio. You heard it a lot among fiddle players back then, not so much these days, when tunes with a more archaic sound seem to hold more sway. The open position break is how I played it back then, when I attended the weekly jam session in Orville Leach's basement in Arlington, just north of Cincinnati. I couldn't remember my original up the neck break, so I worked up a new one.