

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Megan Murphy

Megan Murphy
(Pete Sutherland)

Megan Murphy was a cowgirl, she rode five days a week
She drove the horse drawn wagon tour in the town of Cripple Creek
Cripple Creek's a museum now, a little history lingering on
And the Colorado goldrush is a long time past and gone

One sunny summer afternoon in the bicentennial year
Echoes of the goldrush seemed to ring in every ear
High above the Rockies the sun was heading west
Megan Murphy tied her horses up to take a moment's rest

There was someone in the crowd that day in a curious frame of
mind
Who didn't know that show horses are not the gentle kind
The reins were loosed from the hitching post and the horses were
let go
And the reason for this happening no one seems to know
Megan, heading up the street, heard someone shout out loud
She turned in time to see her team bolting for the crowd
Mothers grabbed for children and fathers cried to run
Many in the crowd that day felt sure their time had come

Without a thought for her own safety, down the dusty street she
tore
She found that she was running faster than she'd ever run before
She reached her arms out blindly and the horses' reins she found
An endless second later she lay trampled on the ground

For four long days the people feared for Megan Murphy's death
Through punctured lungs and broken ribs she could hardly draw
her breath
The doctors at the hospital did all that they could do
It was the hopes and prayers of Cripple Creek that finally pulled
her through

Megan Murphy was a cowgirl, she rode five days a week
She drove the horse drawn wagon tour in the town of Cripple Creek
Folks called her a hero and they paid her doctor costs
For the day she stopped the stampede, not a single life was lost

recorded by Cindy Mangsen on Settle Down
SOF

