

My horses felt need of all their speed,  
And every muscle strained ;  
But, with all they could do, I felt and knew  
That the hungry devils gained.  
'Twas but two miles more to our own house door,  
Where shelter we would find,  
When I saw the pack close on to our track,  
Not a hundred yards behind.  
Then I silent prayed : " O God ! for aid—  
Just a trifle—I request !  
Just give us, You know, an even show,  
And I'll undertake the rest."  
Then I says to my wife, " Now drive for life !  
They're a-comin' over-nigh !  
And I will stand, gun and axe in hand,  
And be the first to die."  
As the ribbons she took, she gave me a look  
Sweet memory makes long-lived :  
I thought, " I'll allow she loves me now ;  
The rest of her heart has arriv'd."  
I felt I could fight the whole o' the night,  
And never flinch or tire !  
In danger, mind you, a woman behind you  
Can turn your blood to fire.

When they reached the right spot, I left 'em a shot,  
But it wasn't a steady aim—  
'Twasn't really mine—and they tipped me a whine,  
And came on all the same.  
Their leader sped a little ahead,  
Like a gray knife from its sheath ;  
With a resolute eye, and a hungry cry,  
And an excellent set of teeth.  
A moment I gazed—my axe I raised—  
It hissed above my head—  
Crunching low and dull, it split his skull,  
And the villain fell back dead !