

Nellie's Colt.

NELLIE had a little colt,
Out on the prairies wild,
It was the pride of her dear heart,
She loved it like a child.
It was a bay with four white socks,
As frisky as could be,
She always mounted from a box
The steed tied to a tree.
The colt had speed she would assert,
Though we all thot 'twas blather,
Says she "Why it don't need no quirt"
That pony goes "H-l for leather."
But now a corporal's stripes she holds,
And things are somewhat changed,
No more she rides the wild eyed colt,
But an old, old, plug with mange.
She likes them rough and if they buck,
It makes her twice as gay,
But we all say she's sure in luck,
She'll hit the ground some day.
Be that however as it may,
She's harmless now as ever,
The Western Bull we always say,
Has war news stopped forever.