

THE OUTLAW

He's just an outlaw of the plain,
As roguish as can be,
Living his life anew again,
So intrepid, shrewd and free;
It cost him many whirls and kicks
To clear himself, and thewy tricks.

He was a stut, a showy black,
With flowing tail, and mane
That seemed to dangle on his back,
With gait superbly vain;
He was long rated as a prize
By many eager, watchful eyes.

He thought supreme alone he ruled
Beneath some favored wand;
His playful impulses unschooled
Held revel in the land;
He judged the green foothills emblazed
Were his, where colts and fillies grazed.