

Then I said good-bye to him, and left him all alone.
For I knew that I must not be found away from
home.

But I see that outlaw as I saw him then,
Weary, sad and lonely, hunted down by men.

Lying in the coulees, in the damp of night;
Starting from his slumber, looking round in
fright;
Stranded on the prairie, not a horse to ride;
Eighty miles to go on foot to the "Other Side."

And then his broken words of thanks, when he
said "Good-bye;"

Thanking me for what I'd done when yet the boy
might die.

No one near to help him, I left him all alone,
Just standing in the doorway of the cut-bank
home.