

The Open Range.

I CAN hear the Elk a-calling ;
 I can hear the cattle bawling :
 There's a symphony in minors
 From the kinder on the hill.
 And the cattle cease from milling
 As the notes come soft and thrilling—
 Like the pulsing of a streamlet
 Or a tiny mountain rill.

There's a sage tang that is heady ;
 On the keen wind strong and steady
 There's a flutter from the trail-side
 As a partridge takes to flight ;
 And the vast land lies a-gleaming
 'Neath fair Luna's gentle beaming,
 As her wild and wilful children
 Wake the echoes of the night.

Oh, those dawns, those dawns surprising !
 When the hills, in sheer uprising,
 Seem to toss their tawny headlands
 Like a bison on the run,
 As their domes and spires aglimmer
 Make the valley shadows skimmer,
 And flash down countless signals
 From the newly risen sun—

I can see a vagrant coulee
 Where the wild flowers bank unruly—
 Each one trying with the other
 To intoxicate the air ;
 Where the wild birds in gay plumage
 Come to pay my sweetheart homage—
 She whose young heart is as wanton
 As the loose strands of her hair.

On her cheeks the rose tints vary
 As the colors on the prairie ;
 Her poise is like the pinnacle's
 Reflexion in the streams.
 Each low flower that lies basking
 Has her sweet smile for the asking,
 And she holds my heart as captive
 As the prairie holds my dreams.

But I know her pulses quicken
 For her lonely soldier stricken ;
 And her heart is mine,
 Although her moods may change.
 So, if I get to raving,
 Doctor, try your skill on saving—
 For I'm aching for her arms,
 Out beyond the open range.

30/10/18.

JOE SULLIVAN.



Police : " What, in the clink again, Ike? Say, do you ever intend to soldier ?"
 Incorrigible Ike : " Yes—when they slope arms with 4,7's."