

L.

Fainter an' fainter grow'd that thar song
Of Betsey Lee an' her har of gold ;
Fainter an' fainter grew the sound
Of the unseen hoofs on the tore-up mold.
The leadin' steer, that cuss of a Joe
Stopp'd an' shook off the foam an' the sweat,
With a stamp and a beller—the run was done,
Wus glad of it, tew, yer free tew bet !

LI.

The herd slow'd up—an' stood in a mass
Of blackness, lit by the lightnin's eye ;
An' the mustang cower'd es *something* swept
Clus to his wet flank in passin' by.
“Good night tew ye, Pard !” “Good night,” sez I,
Strainin' my sight on the empty air ;
The har riz rustlin' up on my head,
Now that I hed time tew scare.

LII.

The mustang flinch'd till his saddle girth
Scrap'd on the dust of the tremblin' ground—
There cum a laugh—the crack of a whip,
A whine like the cry of a well pleas'd hound,
The noise of a hoss-thet rear'd an' sprang
At the touch of a spur—then all was still ;
But the sound of the thunder dyin' down
On the stony breast of the nighest hill !