

## THE WHITE PLAGUE

Above it all Diana poised in beauty calm and  
still

As on the famed Giralda, the glory of Seville,  
As through the lines of cheering men the rival  
runners came—

The white man and the Indian—'mid thunders  
of acclaim.

The redman of the wingèd feet, with his peculiar  
name,

The famous smile, the raven locks, and limbs  
that made his fame;

The white man known to all the world by many a  
gallant race,

Were met at last in contest stern, at last were  
face to face.

A hush fell on that mighty throng—the runners  
wait the gun,

With twenty-six long miles to go before that race  
is won.

Who'll be the victor at the end is asked by every  
heart,

When crack! a pistol-shot rings clear, the race  
is on—they start.