

THE OUTLAW

They search the trails, they ride their best,
They follow on his track,
Yet not a cowboy of the West
Can bring him humbly back;
His breath is strong, his limbs are clean,
Behind is everything thought mean.

He knows each water-hole, each trail,
Each coulee where to hide,
The pastures never known to fail
Clear to the great divide;
The warm chinooks oft sprayed with rain
Serve but to gloss his coat, his mane.

The human smell, let man but touch,
Is like an acrid sting;
It sends him driving from their clutch,
With the whole band in string;
From human ken he holds aloof,
He seeks the sky's untented roof.

He may be seen a noble beast
Harassed by hot pursuit,
Go prancing to the mobile East,
Then vanish stem and root;
He runs alone when closely pressed
Ere yet his secret lair is guessed.