

XLVII.

'Twas kind of scareful tew watch the herd,
 Es the plunjin' leaders squirm'd an' shrank—
 Es I heerd the flick of the unseen lash
 Hiss on the side of a steamin' flank.
 Guess the feller was smart at the work !
 We work'd them leaders round, ontill
 They overtook the tail of the herd,
 An' the hull of the crowd begun tew "mill."

XLVIII.

Round spun the herd in a great black wheel,
 Slower an' slower—ye've seen beneath
 A biggish torrent a whirlpool spin,
 Its waters black es the face of Death ?
 'Pear'd sort of like that the "millin'" herd
 We kept by the leaders—HIM and me,
 Neck by neck, an' he sung a tune,
 About a young gal, nam'd Betsey Lee !

XLIX.

Jine in the chorus? Wal, yas, I did.
 He sung like a regilar mockin' bird.
 An' us cowboys allus sing out ef tew calm
 The scare, ef we can, of a runnin' herd.
 Slower an' slower wheel'd round the "mill";
 The maddest old steer of a leader slow'd;
 Slower an' slower sounded the hoofs
 Of the hoss that HIM in front of me rode.