

BUDDY'S BLIGHTY

- “ Then I see a big black nigger in an armour-plated vest,
“ With two guns hangin’ at his belt, come wadin’ through the flood,
“ An’ he says,—‘ I’m kind o’ lost ’round here, now could you tell me, Bud,
“ ‘ If steers is fifty on the hoof, an’ whiskey two bits per,
“ ‘ How far would you allow it is to Coquahallus Spur? ’
“ So I figured, an’ I figured, but I couldn’t make it right,
“ An’ that coon, he started shrinkin’ till he shrunk plumb out of sight.
- “ But his guns they swelled an’ bloated, like a cow-hide in the wet,
“ ‘Til they grew to twelve-inch howitzers, all loaded up an’ set
“ A-pointin’ right square at me, an’ I couldn’t bat an eye,
“ Then a lizard, wearin’ leather chaps, perambulated by,
“ He nods to me most friendly, an’ then, ‘ Buddy, Boy,’ says he,