

Five gaunt wolves are round her, running towards
a break,

Leaping almost on her; oh, the bounds they take!
And the sorrel yearling with the silver mane,
Drifting in the moonlight, trembles now with pain.

How the hoofs are ringing on the frozen ground,
Out across the prairie, not another sound
But the running horses. God! but what a sight
For a cowboy hunter in the dead of night!

Just another shadow hurries from the breaks,
Drops upon the prairie and an aim he takes
At the shadow'd devils, leaping o'er the plain,
Then a rifle-shot rings out, and saves the silver
mane.

All night long he'd lain there in the frosty night,
Waiting, waiting, waiting, for that hellish sight;
Two dead wolves beside him when the dawn broke
grey,
And the sorrel yearling with the bunch that day.