

But one day a rider came;
I asked for little Joe.
He looked up at me quickly:
"Say! I thought you'd know!
Why, he died last summer——"
But I heard no more,
As I drifted quickly
Through the open door.

Years have passed away since then;
Faces fair and sweet
Now are all around me,
And loved ones oft I meet.
But out in the shadows
Of those cut-banks wild,
Ever comes a vision
Of that little faithful child.