

Now she stops and listens,  
With a wild, weird cry,  
Tells the other coyotes  
Some range calf must die.

Out upon the prairie,  
And at peaceful rest,  
Lie a bunch of cattle,  
Range stock of the best.

Right within the centre  
Are the calves asleep,  
And the cows surround them,  
As their watch they keep.

The old coyote's coming,  
But you need not fear;  
When she sees the outer circle,  
She won't come too near.

Fifty pairs of shining horns  
In the misty light;  
Fifty noses sniff the air,  
In that dreary night.