

THE WOLF HUNTER.

AT the dark of evening, when the shadows fall
Out across the bad lands, you can hear them
call,

Calling for the round-up for their evening prey.

Ah, the horses hear them; how they bunch and
neigh!

Now the moon has risen, bathes the plain in white;
Oh, how calm and peaceful seems the prairie
night;

But what are those shadows leaping o'er the
plain?

Ah, the horses see them, snort and bunch again.

O'er the plain they gallop; they are drifting fast,
But the wolves are on them, and it cannot last.

One bright sorrel yearling, with a silver mane,
They have cut her from the bunch, and she
squeals with pain.