

And Dick could handle horses well,
He hadn't any fear;
And that's the only kind of man
A range horse will let near.
For I've seen them strike at others,
Because they were afraid.
A horse can size a man up fast,
And show you how he's made.

I've seen Dick throw and tie them down,
And cinch the saddle tight
In three snort minutes—all the time
The horse was on the fight—
And then he'd slip the rope off,
The horse was free to go;
But Dick was in the saddle—
With the horse a-rearing so.

And he'd ride him to a finish,
Though he'd buck, and twist, and squeal,
And plunge around in circles,
Just enough to make you reel.
But Dick was in the saddle,
And he sure was there to stay,
And you'd hear him laughing all the time
In a wild and reckless way.