

THE OUTLAW

He battles from his blistered heart,
Till dripping hot in sweat;
He lathers till the blood-drops start,
And still does not forget
The range beyond the bolted gate,
Where waits for him his favored mate.

No wonder that he squeals with fright
When first the rider mounts,
And fumes and bucks in fiery spite,
Nor takes his rightful counts;
He tries each busting trick in turn,
And with each trick comes more to learn.

To hold a fetlock he rebels;
To fan him who may dare?
The rolling eyes their story tells
The untamed mood is there;
They reach him with a lariat end,
He knows each vantage to defend.

He languishes for many a day,
Still chafing for the herd
That runs untrammelled far away,
By shackles undeterred;
He gets his chance, a welcome boon,
One sultry, cloudy afternoon.