

The Buffalo Hunt

And the herd stampedes with a thunderous
boom,
While we drive our spurs into quivering
flanks.

The arrows hiss like a shower of snakes,
The bullets puff in a smoky gust,
Out fly loose reins from the bronchos' bits,
And hunters ride on in a whirl of dust.

The bellowing bulls rush, blind with fear,
Through river and marsh, while the
trampled dead
Soon bridge safe ford for the plunging herd ;
Earth rocks like a sea 'neath the mighty
tread.

A rip of the sharp-curved sickle-horns,
A hunter falls to the blood-soaked ground !
He is gored and tossed and trampled down ;
On dashes the furious beast with a bound.