

## LISTEN TO THE COYOTES.

HEAR the coyotes howling  
    Out in coulees dark.  
Shrilly through the stillness  
    Comes the coyote's bark.

Dark does seem the river,  
    And wild, indeed, the night,  
And all the hills around us  
    Are fading from our sight.

Down through pathless coulees,  
    Looking for her prey,  
The old coyote's stealing,  
    Looking old and grey.

Up by yonder cut-bank,  
    Over coulees deep,  
All her little coyotes  
    Now are fast asleep.