

The Book of the Native

His eye is on the crowd, and he beckons with his
hand,

With authoritative finger, and they come.

The rules of the game they do not understand,

But they go as in a dream, and are dumb.

They would fain say him nay, and they look the other
way,

Till at last to the ropes they cling.

But he throws them one by one till the show for them
is done,

In the blood-red dust of the ring.

There's none to shun his challenge — they must meet
him soon or late,

And he knows a cunning trick for all heels.

The king's haughty crown drops in jeers from his
pate

As the hold closes on him, and he reels.