

A Canuck Down South.

And Derringer Dick his eyes lit up ez they
hadn't lit fur years,
An' he sez "I guess I'll kill some more
ere I leave this vale of tears."

Then Derringer Dick laid his gun away,
and bought fur himself a bike.
He wobbled around in his big corral in
a way that he didn't like,
Fur the blame thing bucked and balked,
and threw poor Dick all over the place;
But Dick was grit, and he'd mount again,
with a dogged look on his face.

Now, behold at last, this westerner astride
of his steed of steel.
It was a solemn and awful sight to see
him upon the wheel,
He didn't wear no bicycle suit, nor put
on a bit of style,
But there wasn't a scorcher in the town
could stand to his pace a mile.

His pants was tucked in his cowhide
boots, his old red shirt he wore,
His long grey locks streamed in the wind
and a huge slouch hat upbore,