

LITTLE JOE

JUST a little ranch shack
By the river's brink,
Trees all growing round it—
Let me stop and think—
Standing in the doorway
Was a halfbreed child;
Only four was little Joe;
Clean, though dark and wild.

Three days I had been alone,
Not a voice to hear,
Lonely, lonely, lonely,
Only cattle near,
When the little voice came
Through the open door—
From the halfbreed camp had strayed,
Just a child of four.