

THE STAMPEDE

The steers are wild and nervous,
In that uneasy fear;
They moo and paw and bellow
As though some wraith were near;
They move in restless circles,
As the eve sinks black and drear.

They dread the dark'ning skyline,
The hurtling shots of hail,
Those steel-ringed stinging heralds,
In magic voice of Baal,
That cut the grassy meadows
To its under-clot of shale.

They fear the glaring glamour,
Piercing from heaven's blaze;
They shirk the blasty splendor,
They reel before its maze;
They tremble in the lullings
To the distress of craze.