

## THE OUTLAW

The rest, with one they value most,  
Are driven fast and hard;  
The one, the leader of the host  
Close pressed, forgot his guard—  
Just herded with the common droves  
And hounded from the scenes he loves.

This first encounter so he lost,  
The victory went to man;  
Their subtle aims he ne'er had crossed,  
He fell beneath their plan;  
He saw the wings when 'twas too late,  
Was jostled through a corral gate.

And now he feels the dreadful thing  
That holds him in its grip;  
He circles in the baffling ring,  
To give his foes the slip;  
In vain an entrance out he seeks,  
And harder yet he heaves and reeks.

He throws his weight against the fence,  
And snorts in choking dust;  
He darts around with muscles tense  
Yet finds no hope to trust;  
The men that mock his mad desire  
Arouse still more his uncouth ire.