

We was lookin', if you'll believe us,
For a Broncho that's strayed away,
A buckskin with one white stockin',
Have you seen such a nag to-day ? ”
“ Yes, I think I hev, was he branded
With a triangle and a D ?
I found him lookin' lonely,
And brought him along with me.”
“ Now, stranger, that was kind of you,
Ah ! thar he is under that tree,
And from his back, my buck, you'll take
A jump to eternity.
Just think ! a tree quite handy !
Yov've picked the spot to a charm,
And you'll find the view quite lovely
When strung to that upper arm.
Come boys ! we can't stand foolin'
Around here all day long,
Just fling a lariat over that branch,
And tie his arms with a thong.
I reckon we've got a necktie
Will fit your neck right slick ;
We'll wait five minutes to let you pray,
And try to cheat Old Nick.”
“ Wa'll I ain't much good at prayin',
But seein' you are so kind,
I've a letter here in my pocket
You might read if you feel inclined.
I'd kind o' like to hear it
Once more before I go,
'Twill do me more good than prayin'
Tho' I could pray, long ago ;