

The thunder kept droppin' its awful shells,
 One at a minute, on mountain an' rock :
 The pass with its stone lips thunder'd back ;
 An' the rush an' roar an' whirlin' shock
 Of the runnin' herd wus fit tew bust
 A tenderfoot's heart hed he chanc'd along ;
 But I jest let out of my lungs an' throat
 A rippin' old verse of a herdsman's song,

XXXVI.

An' sid'd the mustang closer up,
 'Longside of the leader, an' hit him flat
 On his steamin' flank with a lightsome stroke
 Of the end of my limber lariat ;
 He never swerv'd, an' we thunder'd on,
 Black in the blackness, red in the red
 Of the lightnin' blazin' with ev'ry clap
 That bust from the black guns overhead !

XXXVII.

The mustang wus shod, an' the lightnin' bit
 At his iron shoes each step he run,
 Then plung'd in the yearth—we rode in flame,
 Fur the flashes roll'd inter only one,
 Same es the bellers made one big roar ;
 Yet thro' the whirl of din an' flame
 I sung an' shouted, an' call'd the steer
 I sid'd agin by his own front name,