

Then he sprang up from his bed,
Put his hat upon his head,
Then he said with woeful tone
"Oh, your comrade is alone."
So we go and never fail
On this long and lonesome trail.
Then he said with voice so kind
"I have no hope of him to find,
But I'm sure I'll go with you
Though I'm not a hunter true,"
So we go without delay
On this long and lonesome way.
Then I mounted on my steed,
Told him to take the lead,
But I heard him quickly say,
"Perhaps I will not know the way."
"You will find it then," I said,
I am not a bit afraid,
Straight ahead we now will go
Down into yon woodland low."
Sights were many, words were few,
Clouds was red and sky was blue.
Then my steed with tightened rein
Sprang along the lonesome plain,
Then my voice did loudly shrill,
Through the valley, o'er the hill,
Go, oh, now you gallant steed,
See how soon you'll take the lead.
Then without a bit delay
Galloped swift my steed away.
But my friend his eye did glow
As he griped the mane flow,
Saying as he darkly frowned,
"No swifter steed has trode the ground,
If you choose to race with me
I will beat you soon you'll see."
"Well, indeed, and that is true,
Now I'll try my luck with you,
Their is not a horse, you'll find,
That could leave my steed behind.
Now my friend you start your steed,
See if you can keep the lead."