

## BUFFALO BONES

WHY in thunder must men die ?

Say, it surely puzzles me  
When I see the boys ride by,  
Ridin' easy, ridin' free.

Singin' down the wagon-road  
Once, I sudden quits my song,  
For I met a wagon-load  
Made my singin' seem all wrong.

" What's them bones ? " The plug explains  
This that stops my dulcet tones—  
Buff'lo bones from off the plains ;  
Say ! They was some buff'lo bones.

All is gathered ; there's no more ;  
Buff'loes gone, and bones as well.  
Sold to some back-east bone-store ;  
Partners ! Wouldn't that freeze Hell ?

Bones ! It sometimes hits me fair :  
As with buff'loes, so with me,  
Me, that rides through open air,  
Ridin' easy, singin' free.