

THE OUTLAW

The feeding range he boldly swept,
With others of his race;
His plunging spirit reared and leapt
At being kept in place;
'Twas ere he felt the stinging rod,
Ere yet in wired fence he trod.

He chose his matings from the choice
That on the foothills ran;
His wanton moods and artful voice
Brought recruits to his clan;
He soon was doomed to feel the greed
Contrived to counteract his speed.

They sought to take him unawares,
In all his crafty strength;
Their wily traps and hidden snares
He missed, till then at length
A bunch of cowboys rush the troop,
Stampeding them in one rash group.

Some wheel and gain the rugged hills,
The ridges of their home,
Bewildered from the speed that kills,
Bespecked with crusted foam;
With eyes dilated, mad with fright,
The flurried rabble break from sight.