

Hunted down by red-coats; did it seem quite  
right?

Six to one, and he on foot, was not a stand-up  
fight.

How well I remember on that summer day,  
Six to one, and then for me to give the boy away.

Back again at the ranch house three mounted  
men I found,

Searching through the buildings, looking all  
around

For the cowboy outlaw. "He'll surely hang,"  
said they.

I thanked God that lonely boy was safe one mile  
away.

Hunted down by red-coats like a common thief,  
Came he to my ranch door asking for relief.

Did I wrong to help him? "Yes," the law would  
say;

God alone shall be my judge upon the round-up  
day.