

THE BUFFALO HUNT

Adapted from the French
(PIERRE FALCON)

Now list to the song of the buffalo hunt,
Which I, Pierre the rhymester, chant of
the brave !

We are Bois-Brûles, Freemen of the plains,
We choose our chief ! We are no man's
slave !

Up, riders, up, ere the early mist
Ascends to salute the rising sun !
Up, rangers, up, ere the buffalo herds
Sniff morning air for the hunter's gun.

They lie in their lairs of dank spear-grass,
Down in the gorge, where the prairie dips,
We've followed their tracks through the
sucking ooze,
Where our bronchos sank to their steaming
hips.