

IX.

Ever see'd a herd ring'd in at night?

Wal, it's sort of cur'us,—the watchin' sky,
The howl of coyotes—a great black mass,

With thar an' thar the gleam of a eye
An' the white of a horn—an', now an' then,

An' old bull liftin' his shaggy head,
With a beller like a broke-up thunder growl—
An' the summer lightnin', quick an' red,

X.

Twistin' an' turnin' amid the stars,

Silent as snakes at play in the grass,
An' plugin' thar fangs in the bare old skulls
Of the mountains, frownin' above the Pass.

An' all so still, that the leetle creek,

Twinklin' an' crinklin' from stone to stone,
Grows louder an' louder, an' fills the air

With a cur'us sort of a singin' tone.

It ain't no matter wharever ye be,

(I'll 'low it's a cur'us sort of case)

Whar thar's runnin' water, it's sure to speak

Of folks tew home an' the old home place;

XI.

An' yer bound tew listen an' hear it talk,

Es yer mustang crunches the dry, bald sod;

Fur I reckon the hills, an' stars, an' creek

Are all of 'em preachers sent by God.