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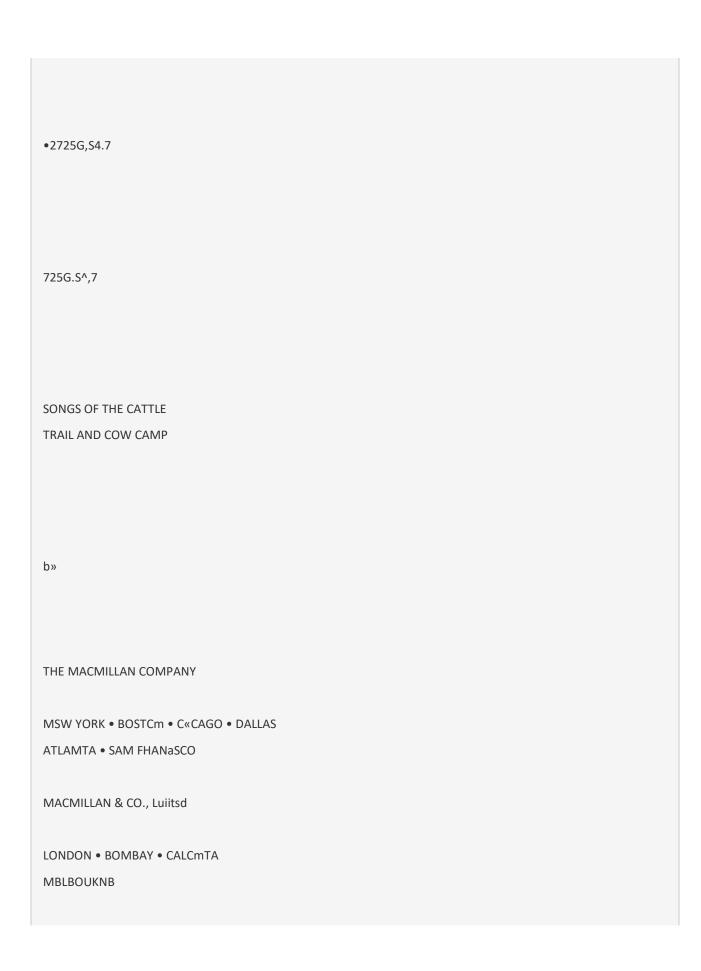
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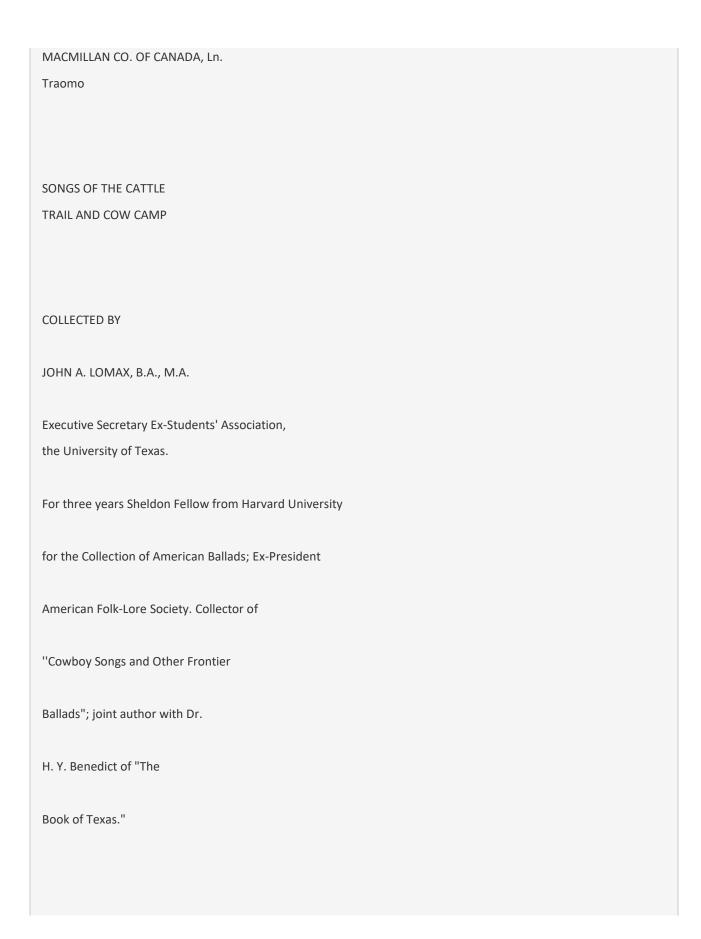
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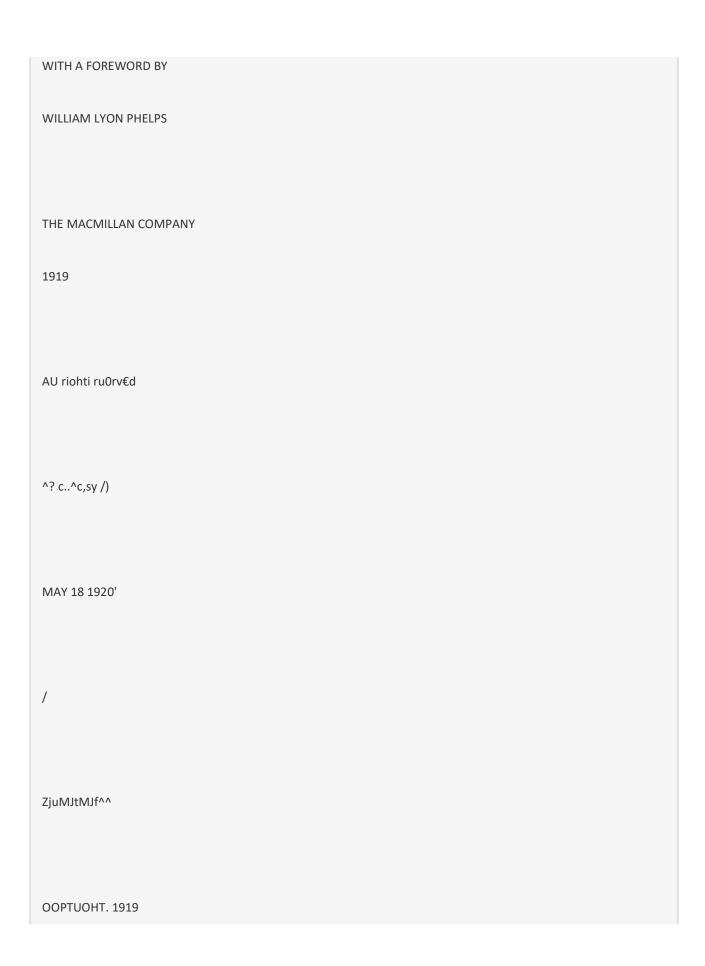
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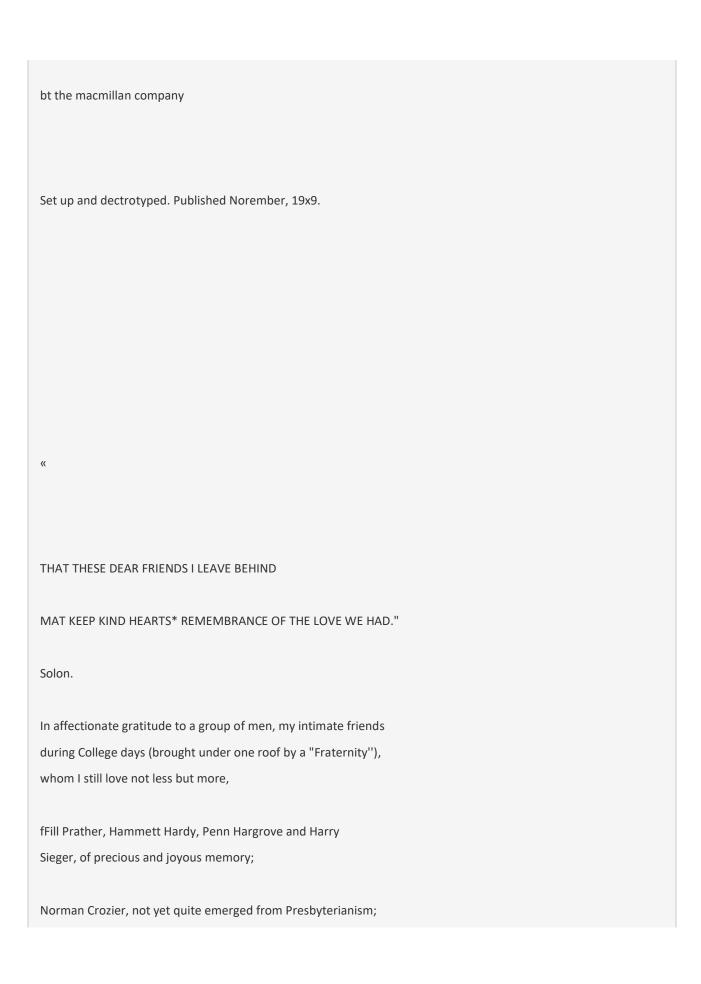
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```
Eugene Barker, cynical, solid, unafraid;
"Cap' en ** Duval, a gentleman of Virginia, sah;
Ed Miller, red-headed and royal-hearted;
Bates MacFarland, calm and competent without camouflage;
Jimtnie Haven, who has put 'em over every good day since;
Charley Johnson, "the Swede" — the fattest, richest and dearest of
the bunch;
Edgar Witt, whose loyal devotion and pertinacious energy built
the "Frat" house;
Roy Bedichek, too big for any job he has yet tackled;
" Curley " Duncan, who possesses all the virtues of the old time
cattleman and none of the vices of the new;
Rom Rhome, the quiet and canny counter of coin;
Gavin Hunt, student and lover of all things beautiful;
Dick Kimball, the soldier; every inch of him a handsome man;
Alex and Bruce and Dave and George and "Freshman" Mathis
and Clarence, the six Freshmen we "took in "; while Ike
MacFarland, Alfred Tierce Ward, and Guy and Charlie
Witt were still in the process of assimilation, —
```

To this group of God's good fellows, I dedicate this little book.

No loopholes now are framing
Lean faces, grim and brown,
No more keen eyes are aiming
To bring the redskin down;
But every wind careening
Seems here to breathe a song —
A song of brave careering,
A saga of the strong.

FOREWORD

In collecting, arranging, editing, and preserving the "Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp," my friend John Lomax has performed a real service to American literature and to America. No verse is closer to the soil than this; none more realistic in the best sense of that much-abused word; none more truly interprets and expresses a part of our national life. To understand and appreciate these lyrics one should hear Mr. Lomax talk about them and sing them; for they were made for the voice to pronounce and for the ears to hear, rather than for the lamplit silence of the library. They are as oral as the chants of Vachel Lindsay; and when one has the pleasure of listening to Mr. Lomax — who loves these verses and the men who first sang them — one reconstructs in imagination the

appropriate figures and romantic setting.

For nothing is so romantic as life itself. None of our illusions about life is so romantic as the truth. Hence the purest realism appeals to the mature imapnation more powerfully than any impossible prettiness can do. The more we know of individual and universal life, the more we are excited and stimulated.

And the collection of these poems is an addition

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Foreword

to American Scholarship as well as to American Literature. It was a wise policy of the Faculty of Harvard University to grant Mr. Lomax a travelling fellowship, that he might have the necessary leisure to discover and to collect these verses; it is really ** original research," as interesting and surely as valuable as much that passes under that name; for it helps every one of us to understand our own country.

Wm. Lyon Phelps.

Yale University,

July 27, 19 19.

INTRODUCTION

"Look down, look down, that weary road,
'Tis the road that the sun goes down."

« « «

"*Twas way out West where the antelope roam,
And the coyote howls 'round the cowboy's home.
Where the mountains are covered with chaparral frail,
And the valleys are checkered with the cattle trail,
Where the miner digs for the golden veins.
And the cowboy rides o*er the silent plains, — **

The "Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp" does not purport to be an anthology of Western verse. As its title indicates, the contents of the book are limited to attempts, more or less poetic, in translating scenes connected with the life of a cowboy. The volume is in reality a by-product of my earlier collection, ** Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads." In the former book I put together what seemed to me to be the best of the songs created and sung by the cowboys as they went about their work. In making the collection, the cowboys often sang or sent to me songs which I recognized as having already been in print; although the singer usually said that some other cowboy had sung the song to him

and that he did not know where it had originated.

For example, one night in New Mexico a cowboy sang to mc, in typical cowboy music, Larry Chittcn-

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Introduction

den's entire "Cowboys' Christmas Ball "; since that time the poem has often come to me in manuscript form as an original cowboy song. The changes — usually, it must be confessed, resulting in bettering the verse — which have occurred in oral transmission, are most interesting. Of one example, Charles Badger Clark's "High Chin Bob," I have printed, following Mr. Clark's poem, a cowboy version, which I submit to Mr. Clark and his admirers for their consideration.

In making selections for this volume from a large mass of material that came into my ballad hopper while hunting cowboy songs as a Traveling Fellow from Harvard University, I have included the best of the verse given me directly by the cowboys; other selections have come in through repeated recommendation of these men; others are vagrant verses from Western newspapers; and still others have been lifted from collections of Western verse written by such men as Charles Badger Clark, Jr., and Herbert H. Knibbs. Tjo these two authors, as well as others who have permitted me to make use of their work,

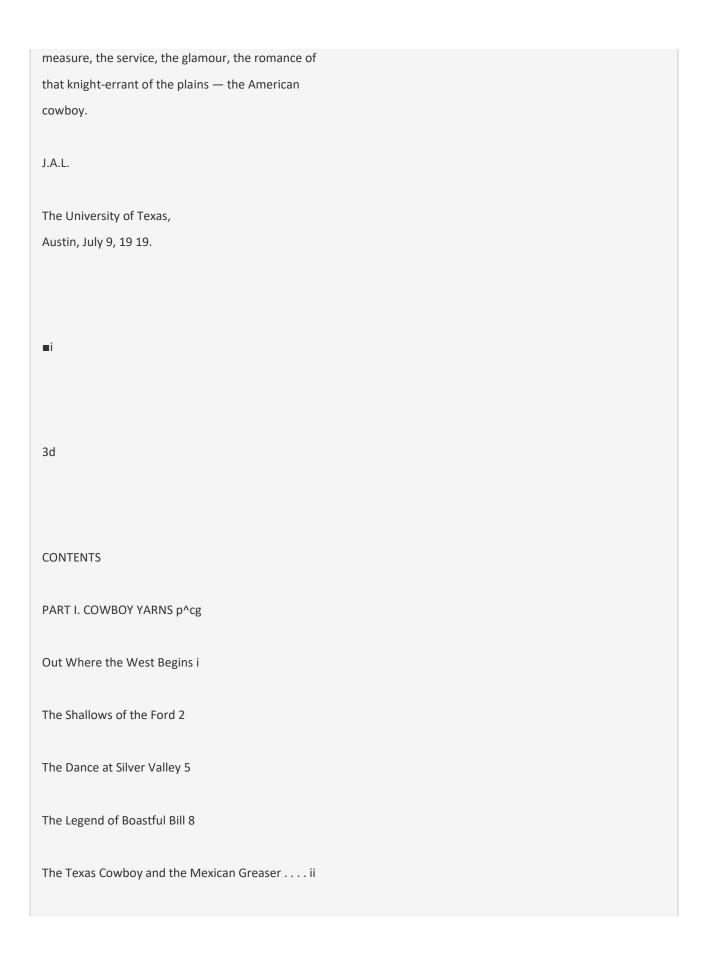
the grateful thanks of the collector are extended.

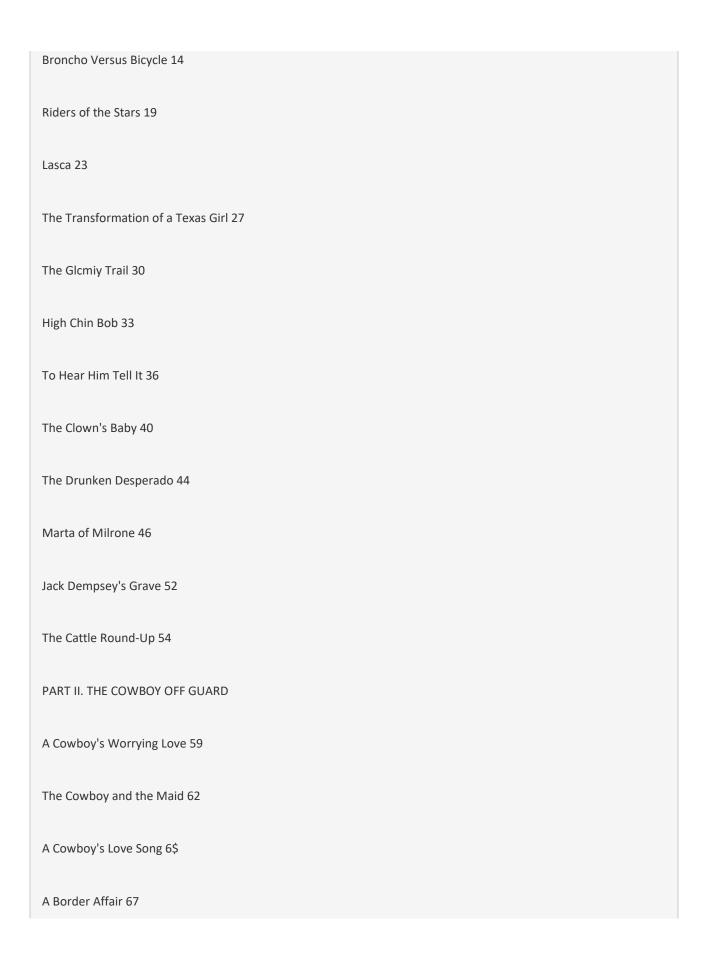
As will be seen, almost one-half of the selections have no assignable authorship. I am equally grateful to these unknown authors.

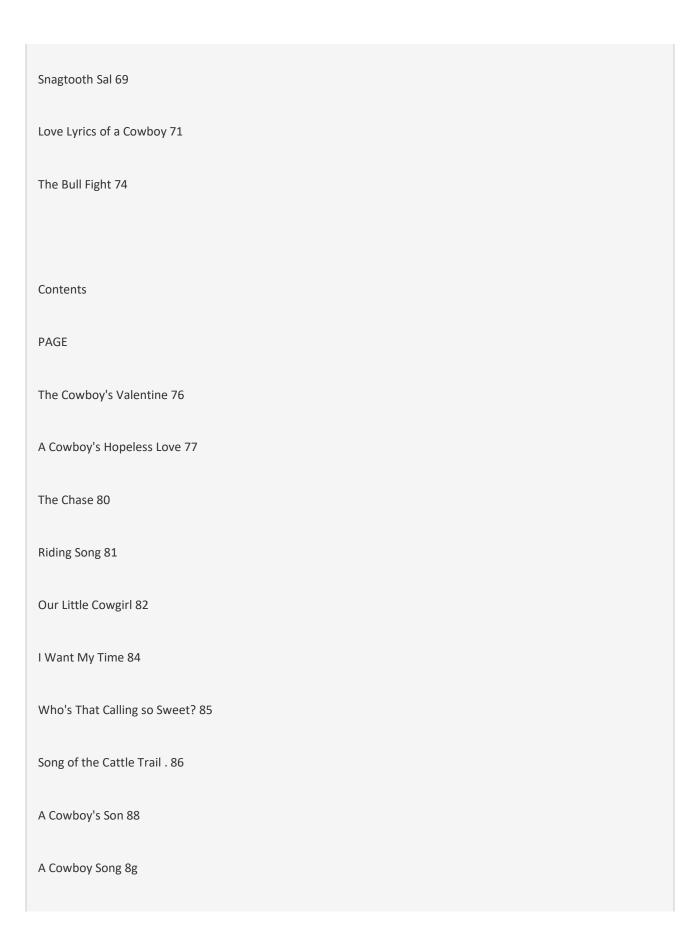
All those who found "Cowboy Songs "diverting, it is believed, will make welcome "The Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp." Many of these have this claim to be called songs: they have been set to

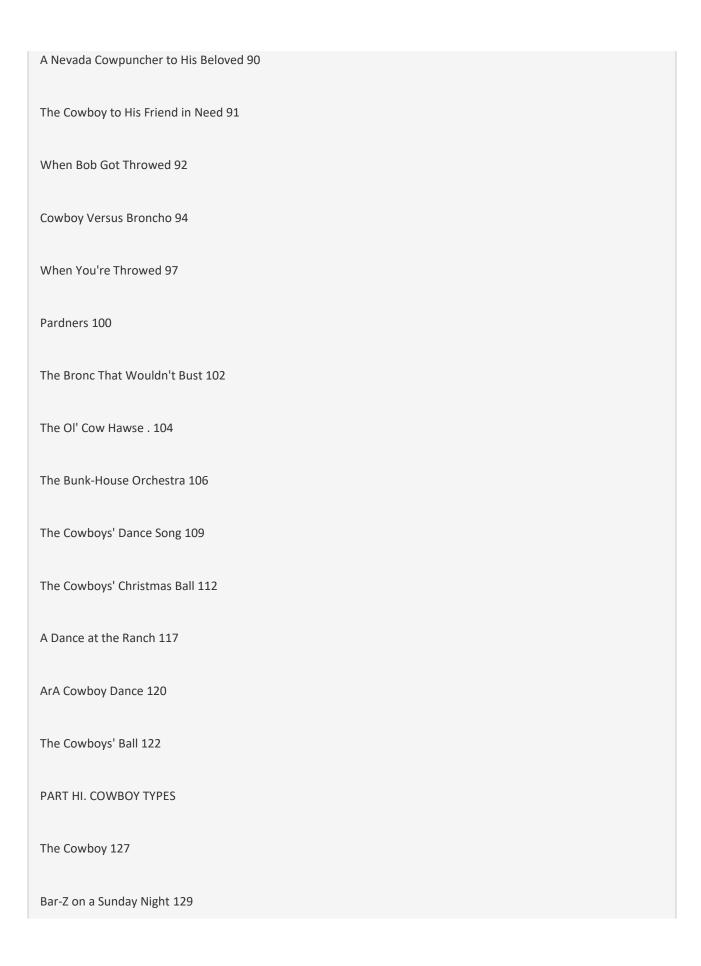
Introduction

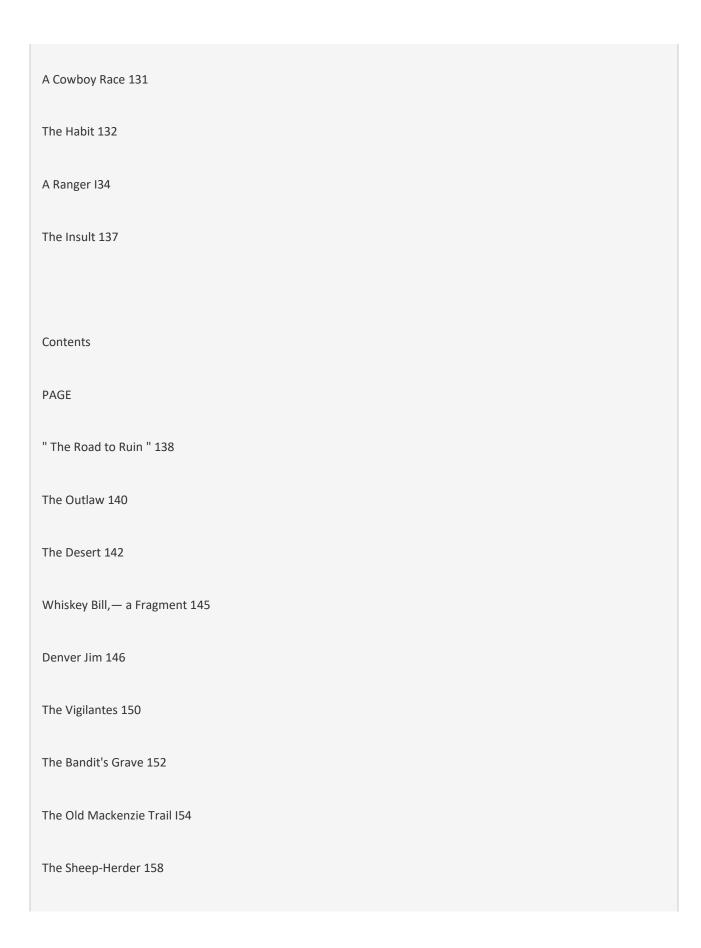
music by the cowboys, who, in their isolation and loneliness, have found solace in narrative or descriptive verse devoted to cattle scenes. Herein, again, through these quondam songs we may come to appreciate something of the spirit of the big West — its largeness, its freedom, its wholehearted hospitality, its genuine friendship. Here again, too, we may see the cowboy at work and at play; hear the jingle of his big bell spurs, the swish of his rope, the creaking of his saddle gear, the thud of thousands of hoofs on the long, long trail winding from Texas to Montana; and know something of the life that attracted from the East some of its best young blood to a work that was necessary in the winning of the West. The trails are becoming dust covered or grass grown or lost underneath the farmers' furrow; but in the selections of this volume, many of them poems by courtesy, men of today and those who are to follow, may sense, at least in some small

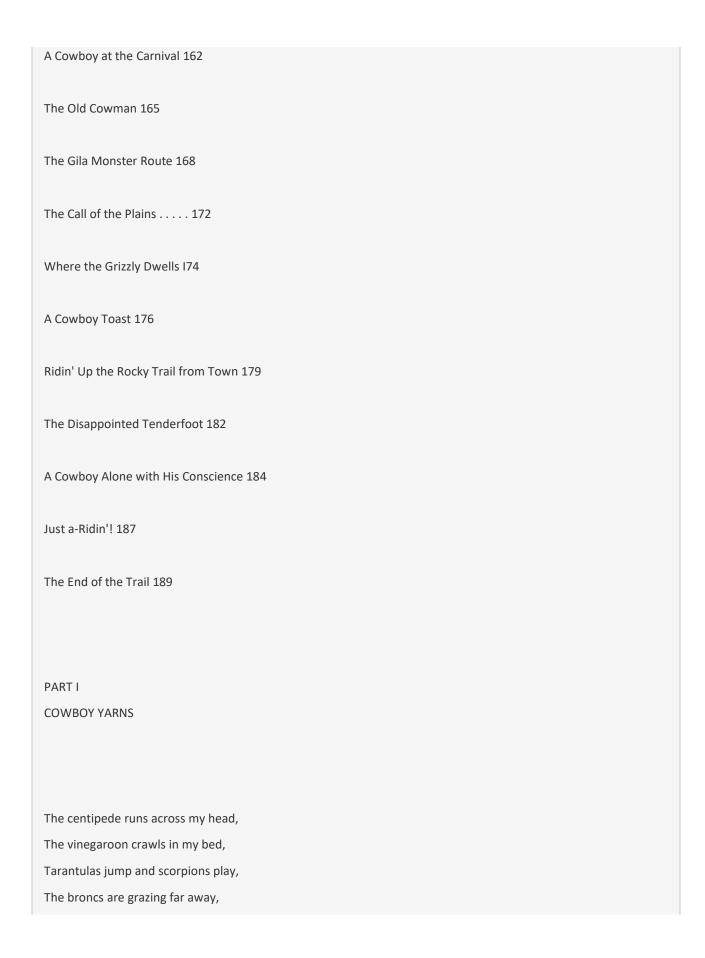






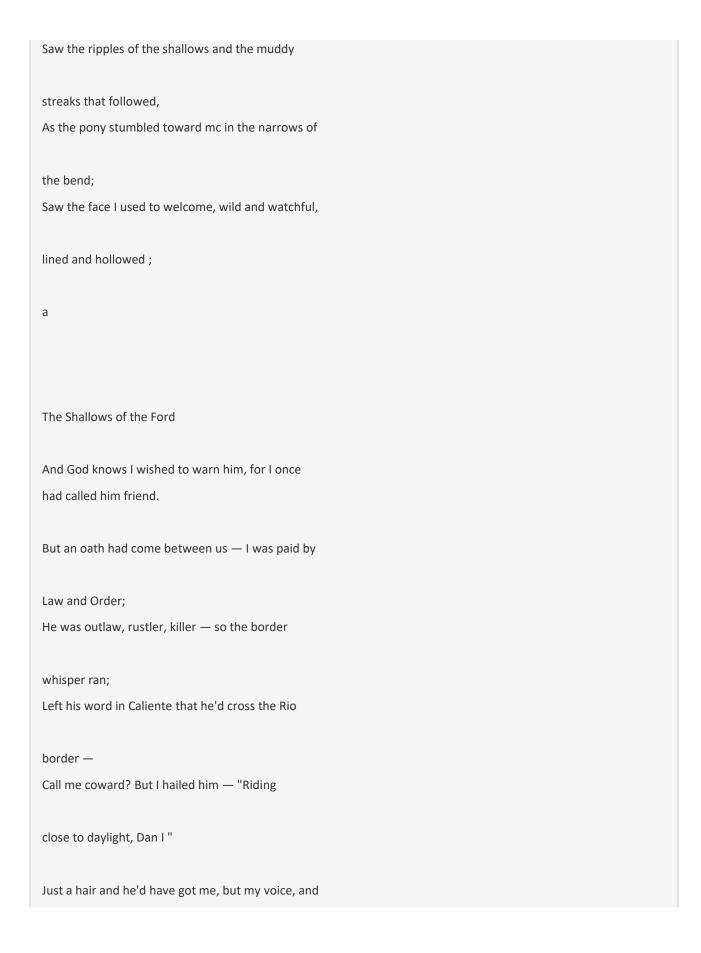


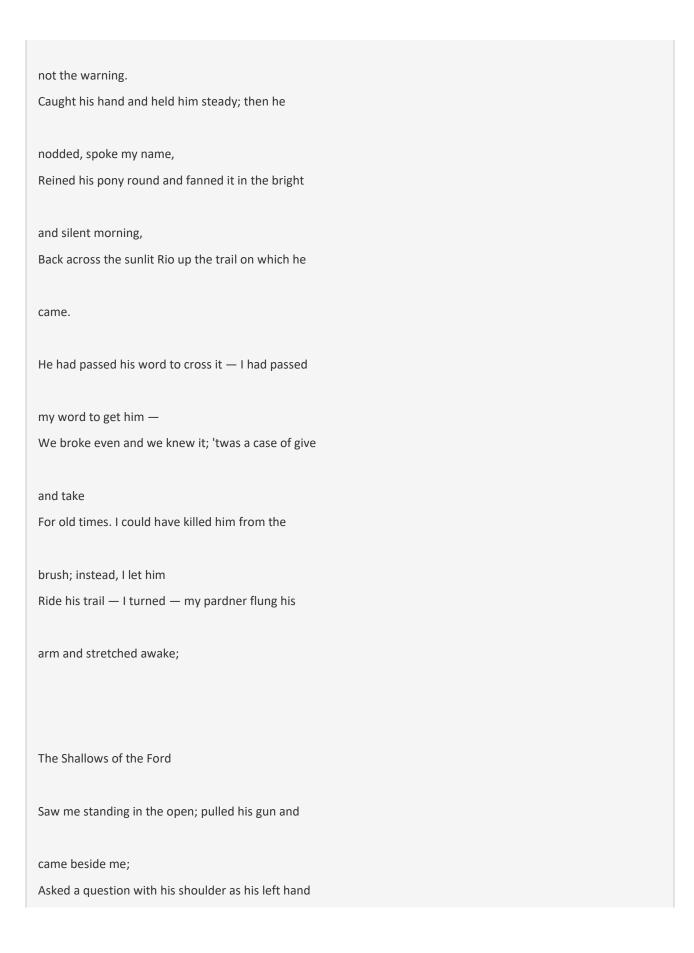


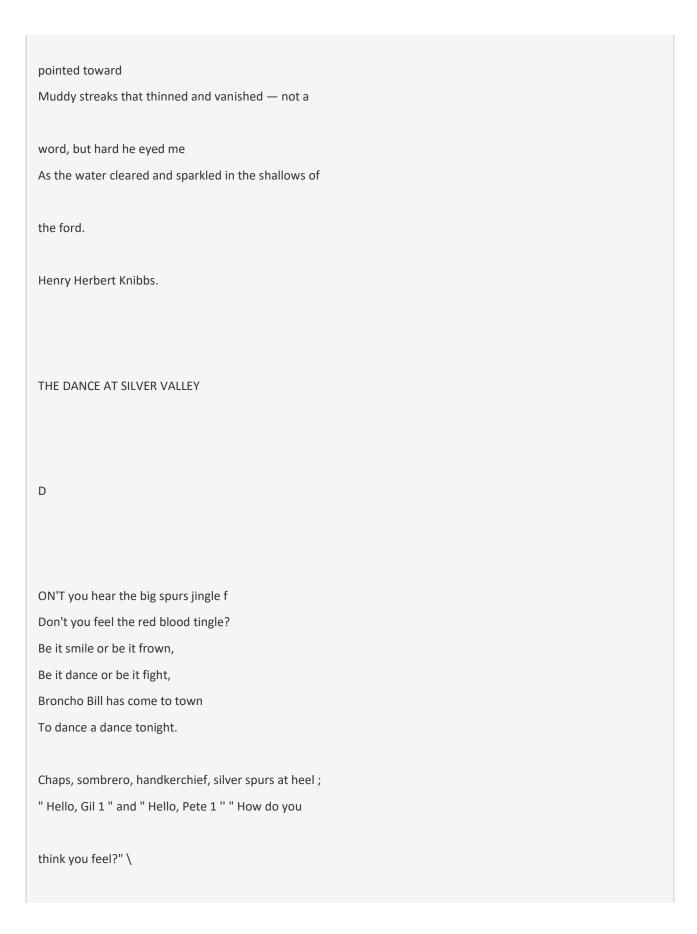


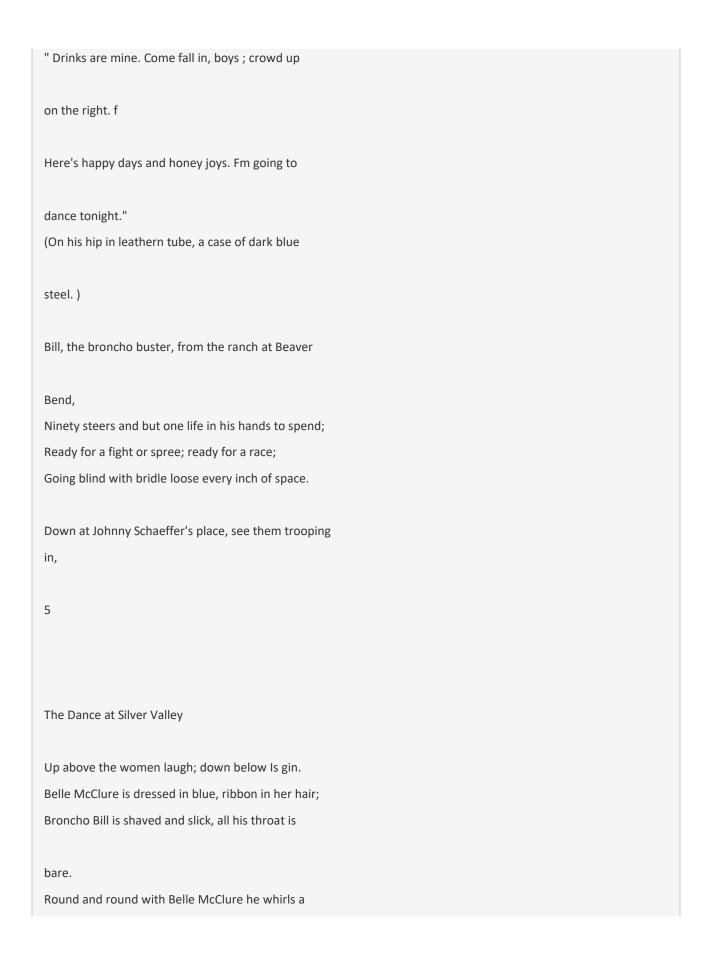
The rattlesnake gives his warning cry, And the coyotes sing their lullaby, While I sleep soundly beneath the sky. **OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS** OUT where the handclasp's a little stronger, Out where the smile dwells a little longer, That's where the West begins; Out where the sun is a little brighter. Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter. Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter, That's where the West begins. Out where the skies are a trifle bluer, Out where friendship's a little truer. That's where the West begins; Out where a fresher breeze is blowing. Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing. Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing. That's where the West begins. Out where the world is in the making, Where fewer hearts in despair are aching. That's where the West begins; Where there's more of singing and less of sighing, Where there's more of giving and less of buying. And a man makes friends without half trying,

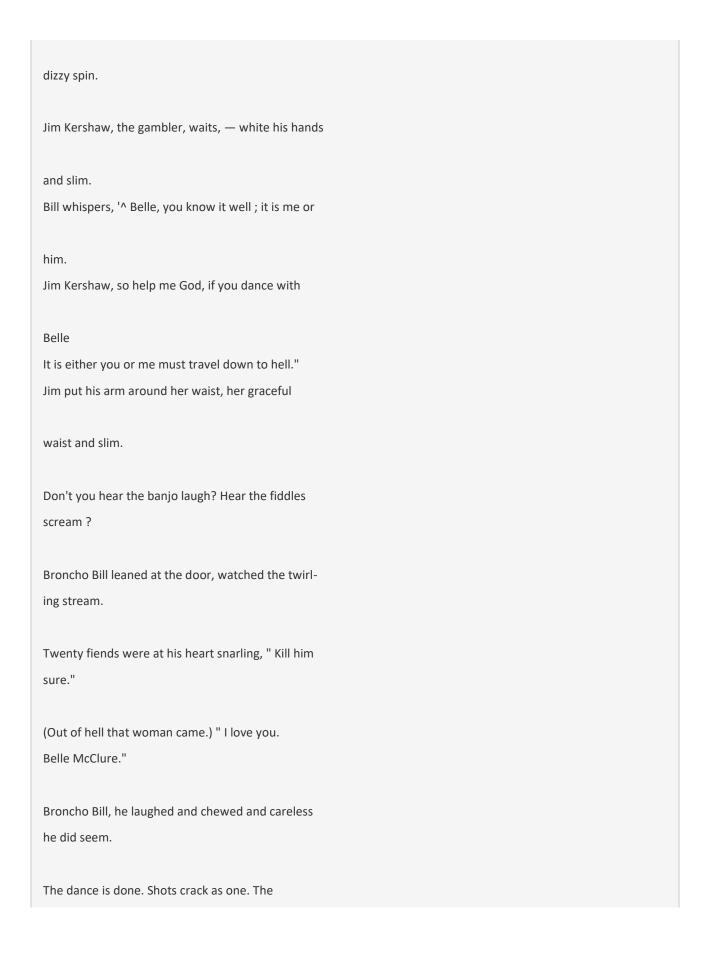
That's where the West begins.
Arthur Chapman.
THE SHALLOWS OF THE FORD
DID you ever wait for daylight when the stars
along the river Floated thick and white as snowflakes in the water
deep and strange,
Till a whisper through the aspens made the current
break and shiver
As the frosty edge of morning seemed to melt and
spread and change?
Once I waited, almost wishing that the dawn would
never find me ;
Saw the sun roll up the ranges like the glory of the
Lord;
Was about to wake my pardner who was sleeping
close behind me.
When I saw the man we wanted spur his pony to
the ford.

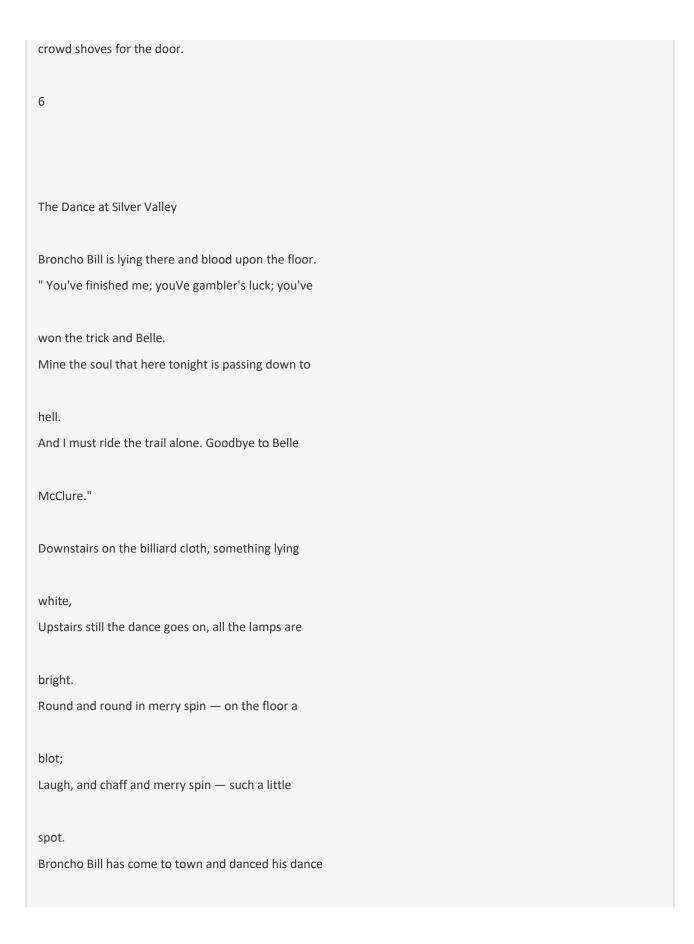












tonight.

Don't you hear the fiddle shrieking?

Don't you hear the banjo speaking?

Don't you hear the big spurs jingle?

Don't you feel the red blood tingle?

Faces dyed with desert brown,

(One that's set and white);

Broncho Bill has come to town

And danced his dance tonight.

fVilliam Maxwell.

THE LEGEND OF BOASTFUL BILL

AT a round-up on the Gila

One sweet morning long ago,

Ten of us was throwed quite freely

By a hoss from Idaho.

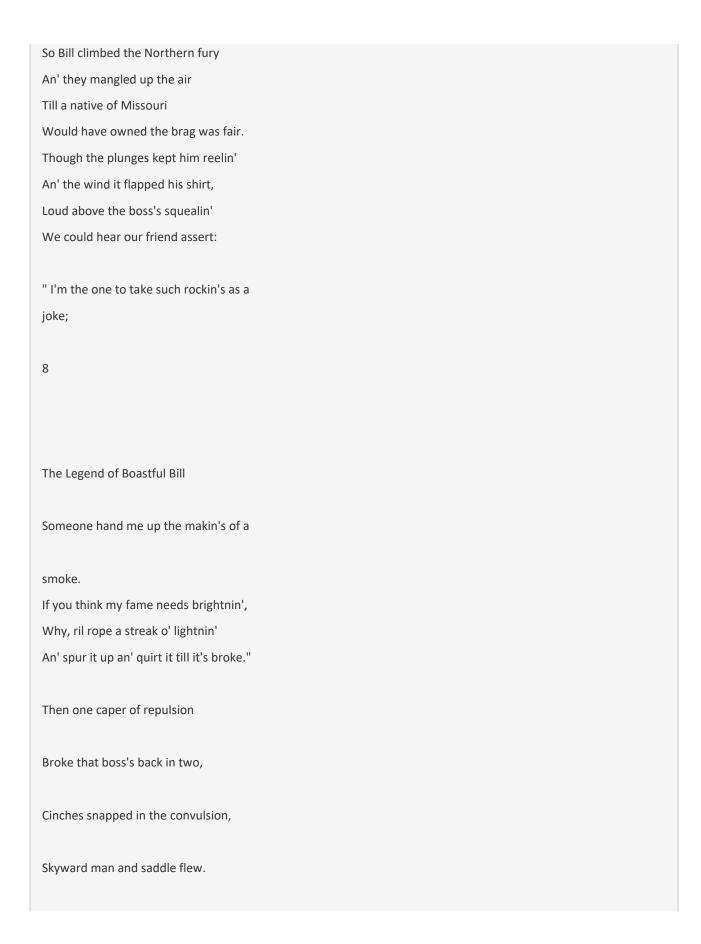
An' we 'lowed he'd go a-beggin'

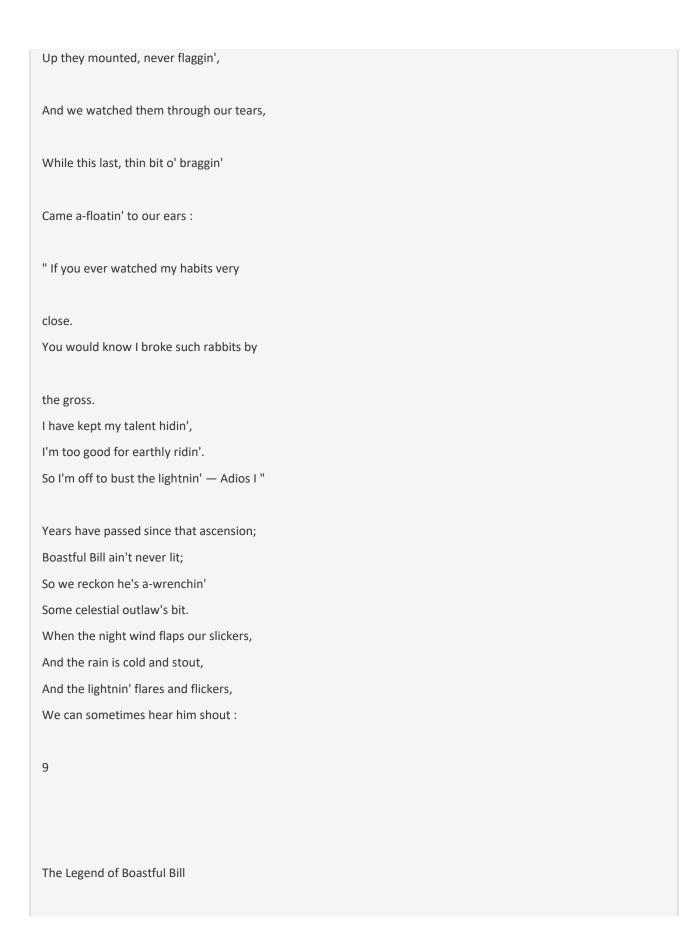
For a man to break his pride

Till, a-hitchin' up one leggin',

Boastful Bill cut loose an' cried:

" I'm a ornery proposition for to hurt,
I fulfil my earthly mission with a quirt,
I can ride the highest liver
'Twixt the Gulf an' Powder River,
An' I'll break this thing as easy as I'd
flirt"





" rm a ridin' son o' thunder o' the sky,
I'm a broncho twistin' wonder on the fly.
Hey, you carthlin's, shut your winders,
We're a-rippin' clouds to flinders.
If this blue-eyed darlin' kicks at you, you
die."

Star-dust on his chaps and saddle,
Scornful still of jar and jolt.
He'll come back sometime a-straddle
Of a bald-faced thunderbolt;
And the thin-skinned generation
Of that dim and distant day
Sure will stare with admiration
When they hear old Boastful say:

" I was first, as old raw-hiders all confest, I'm the last of all rough riders, and the

best.

Huh! you soft and dainty floaters
With your aeroplanes and motors.
Huh! are you the greatgrandchildren of
the West?"

From recitation[^] original[^] by Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

THE TEXAS COWBOY AND THE MEXICAN GREASER 1 THINK we can all remember when a Greaser hadn't no show In Palo Pinto particular, — it ain't very long ago; A powerful feelin' of hatred ag'in the whole Greaser race That murdered bold Crockett and Bowie pervaded all in the place. Why, the boys would draw on a Greaser as quick as they would on a steer; They was shot down without warnin' often, in the memory of many here. One day the bark of pistols was heard ringin' out in the air, And a Greaser, chased by some ranchmen, tore round here into the square. I don't know what he's committed, — 'tain't likely ^ anyone knew, — But I wouldn't bet a check on the issue; if you knew the gang, neither would you. Breathless and bleeding, the Greaser fell down by

```
the side of the wall;
And a man sprang out before him, — a man both
strong and tall, —
By his clothes I should say a cowboy, — a stranger
in town, I think, -
П
The Texas Cowboy and the Mexican Greaser
With his pistol he waved back the gang, who was
wild with rage and drink.
"I warn ye, get back I " he said, " or I'll blow your
heads in two!
A dozen on one poor creature, and him wounded
and bleeding, too 1 "
The gang stood back for a minute; then up spoke
Poker Bill:
** Young man, ycr a stranger, I reckon. We don't
wish yer any ill;
But come out of the range of the Greaser, or, as
sure as I live, you'll croak; "
And he drew a bead on the stranger. I'll tell yer
```

it wa ^l alt na iaka
it wa'n't no joke. But the stranger moven' no muscle as he looked in
but the stranger movem no muscle as he looked in
the bore of Bill's gun;
He hadn't no thought to stir, sir; he hadn't no
thought to run;
But he spoke out cool and quiet, " I might live for
a thousand year
And not die at last so nobly as defendin' this
And not die at last so hobily as defending this
Greaser here;
For he's wounded, now, and helpless, and hasn't
had no fair show;
And the first of ye boys that strikes him, I'll lay
that first one low."
The gang respected the stranger that for another
was willing to die;
They respected the look of daring they saw in that
cold, blue eye.
cold, blue eye.
12

The Texas Cowboy and the Mexican Greaser

They saw before them a hero that was glad in the
right to fall;
And he was a Texas cowboy, — never heard of Rome
at all. Don't tell me of yer Romans, or yer bridge bein'
bon t ten me of yer komans, or yer bridge ben
held by three;
True manhood's the same in Texas as it was in
Rome, d'ye see?
Did the Greaser escape? Why certain. I saw the
hull crowd over thar
At the ranch of Bill Simmons, the gopher, with their
glasses over the bar.
From recitation. Anonymous.
13
BRONCHO VERStJS BICYCLE
BRONGHO VERGES DICICLE
THE first that we saw of the high-tone tramp

War over thar at our Pecos camp ;
He war comin' down the Santa Fe trail
Astride of a wheel with a crooked tail,
A-skinnin' along with a merry song
An' a-ringin' a little warnin' gong.*
He looked so outlandish, s^ange aifU queer
That all of us grinned from ear to ear,
And every boy on the round-up swore
He never seed sich a hoss before.
Wal, up he rode with a sunshine smile
An' a-smokin' a cigarette, an' I'll
Be kicked in the neck if I ever seen
Sich a saddle as that on his queer machine.
Why, it made us laugh, fer it wasn't half
willy, it made us laugh, let it wash t han
Big enough fer the back of a suckin' calf.
big chough let the back of a suckin can.
He tuk our fun in a keerless way,
A-venturin' only once to say
Thar wasn't a broncho about the place
Could down that wheel in a ten-mile race.
I'd a lightnin' broncho out in the herd
That could split the air like a flyin' bird,

Broncho Versus Bicycle

An' I hinted round in an off-hand way,

That, providin' the enterprize would pay,

I thought as I might jes' happen to light

On a hoss that would leave him out er sight.

In less'n a second we seen him yank

A roll o' greenbacks out o' his flank,

An' he said if we wanted to bet, to name

Jes' a week before we had all been down

The limit, an' he would tackle the game.

On a jamboree to the nearest town.

An' the whiskey joints and the faro games

An' a^shakin' our hoofs with the dance hall dames,

Made a wholesale bust; an', pard, I'll be cussed

If a man in the outfit had any dust.

An' so I explained, but the youth replied

That he'd lay the money matter aside.

An' to show that his back didn't grow no moss

He'd bet his machine against my hoss.

I tuk him up, an' the bet war closed.
An' me a-chucklin', fer I supposed
I war playin' in dead-sure, winnin' luck
In the softest snap I had ever struck.
An' the boys chipped in with a knowin' grin,
Fer they thought the fool had no chance to win.
An' so we agreed fer to run that day
To the Navajo cross, ten miles away, —
As handsome a track as you ever seed
Fer testin' a bosses prettiest speed.
15
Broncho Versus Bicycle
Apache Johnson and Texas Ned
Saddled up their hosses an' rode ahead
To station themselves ten miles away
An' act as judges an' see fair play;
While Mexican Bart and big Jim Hart
Stayed back fer to give us an even start.
Stayed back let to give us all evell start.
I got aboard of my broncho bird
1 BOL ADOLLA OF THE DIVINITION DITA
An' we came to the scratch an' got the word;
And we came to the solution and Bot the word,

An' I laughed till my mouth spread from ear to ear

To see that tenderfoot drop to the rear.

The first three miles slipped away first-rate;
Then bronc began fer to lose his gait.
But I warn't oneasy an' didn't mind
With tenderfoot more'n a mile behind.
So I jogged along with a cowboy song
Till all of a sudden I heard that gong
A-ringin' a warnin' in my ear —
Ting, ting, ting, ting, — too infernal near;
An' lookin' backwards I seen that chump

I hit old bronc a cut with the quirt

An' once more got him to scratchin' dirt;

But his wind got weak, an' I tell you, boss,
I seen he wasn't no ten-mile boss.

Still, the plucky brute took another shoot

An' pulled away from the wheel galoot.

But the animal couldn't hold his gait;

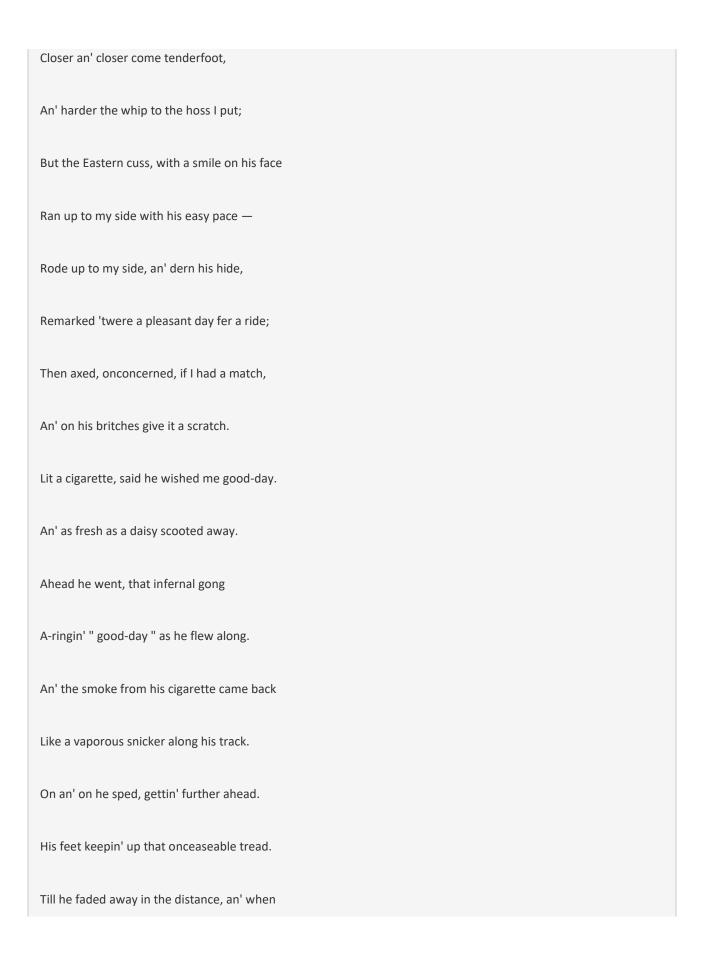
An' the idea somehow entered my pate

Of a tenderfoot gainin' every jump.

i6

Broncho Versus Bicycle

That if tenderfoot's legs didn't lose their grip
He'd own that hoss at the end of the trip.



I seed the condemned Eastern rooster again

He war thar with the boys at the end of the race.

That same keerless, onconsarned smile on his face.

Now, pard, when a cowboy gits licked he don't swar

Nor kick, if the beatin' are done on the squar;

So I tuck that Easterner right by the hand

An' told him that broncho awaited his brand.

Then I axed him his name, an' where from he came,

17

Broncho Versus Bicycle

An' how long he'd practiced that wheel-roUin' game.

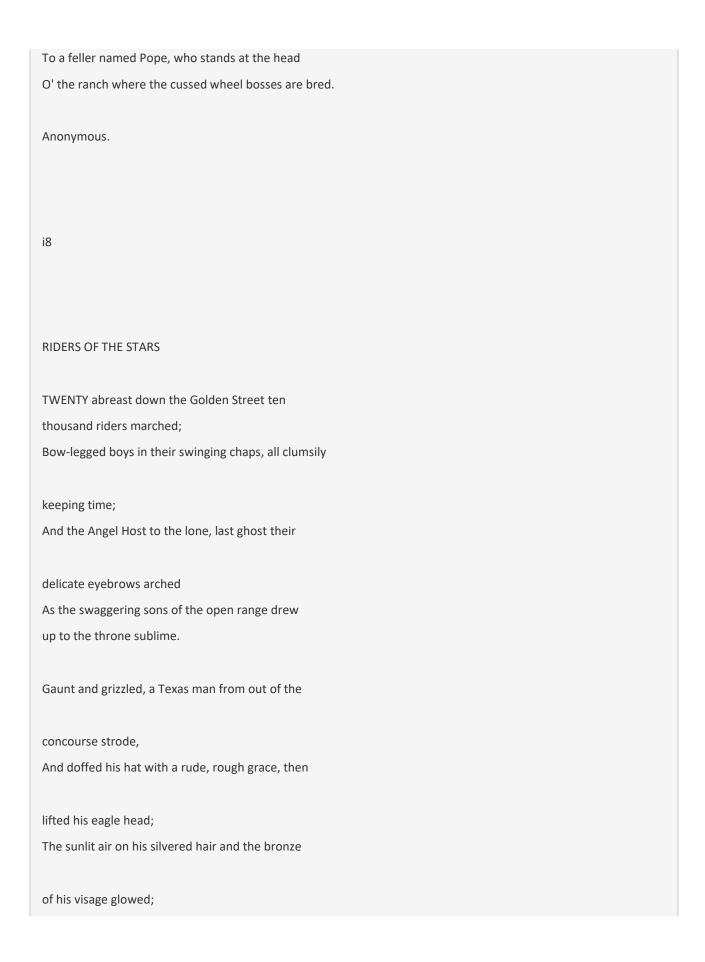
Tom Stevens he said war his name, an' he come

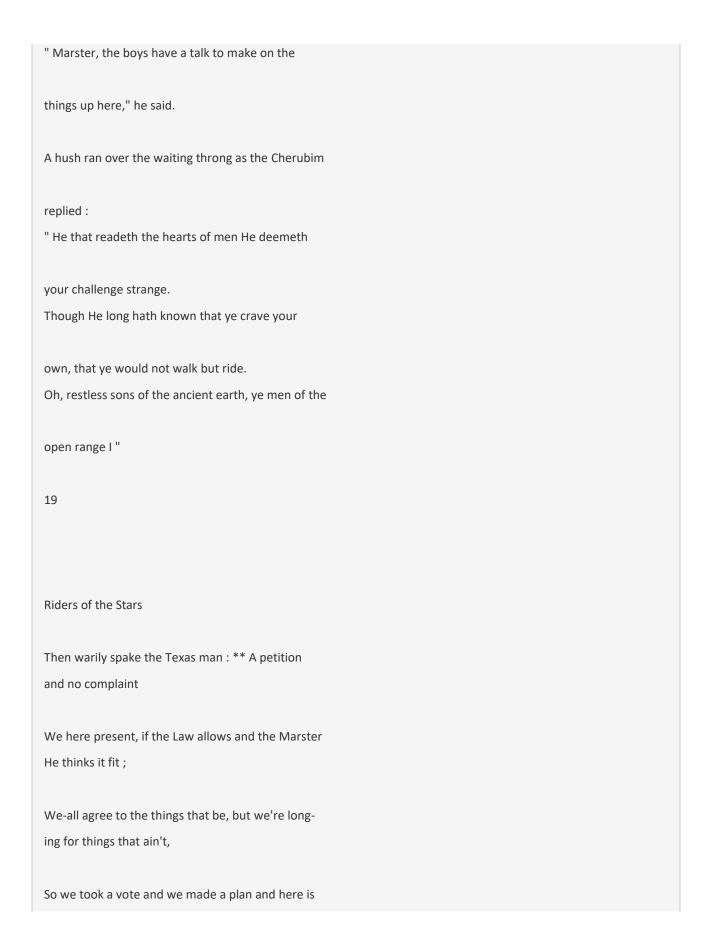
From a town they call Bosting, in old Yankeedom.

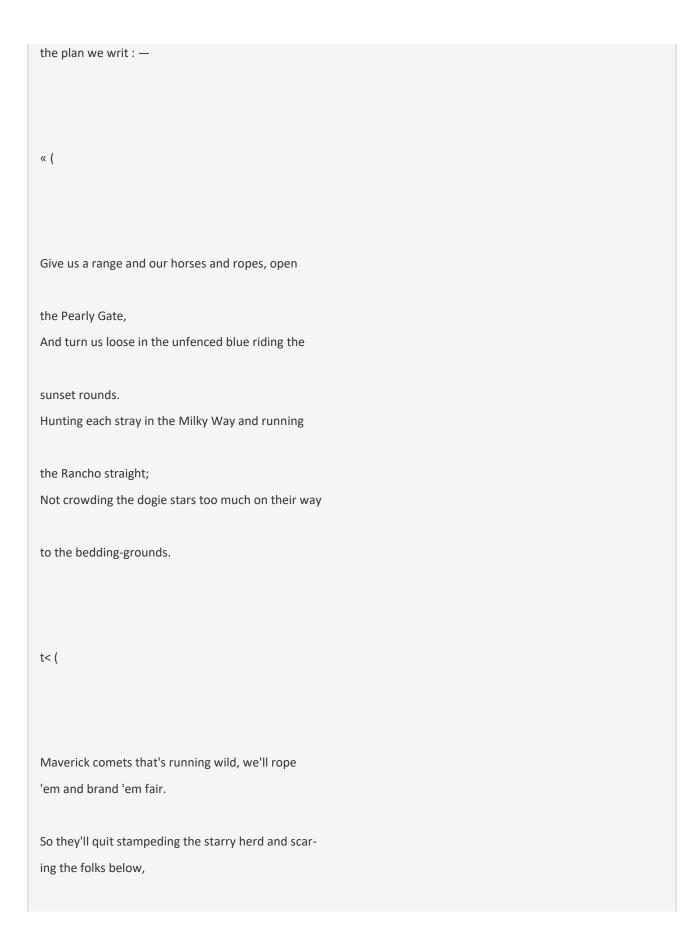
Then he jist paralyzed us by sayin' he'd whirled

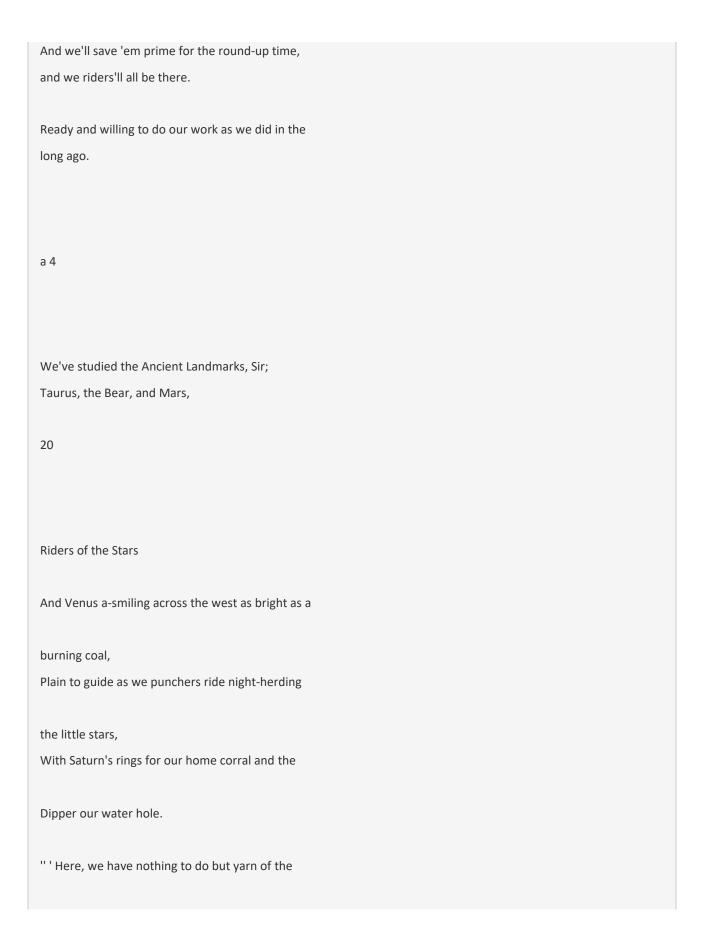
That very identical wheel round the world.

Wal, pard, that's the story of how that smart chap
Done me up w'en I thought I had sich a soft snap,
Done me up on a race with remarkable ease,
An' lowered my pride a good many degrees.
Did I give him the boss ? W'y o' course I did, boss,
An' I tell you it warn't no diminutive loss.
He writ me a letter from back in the East,
An' said he presented the neat little beast





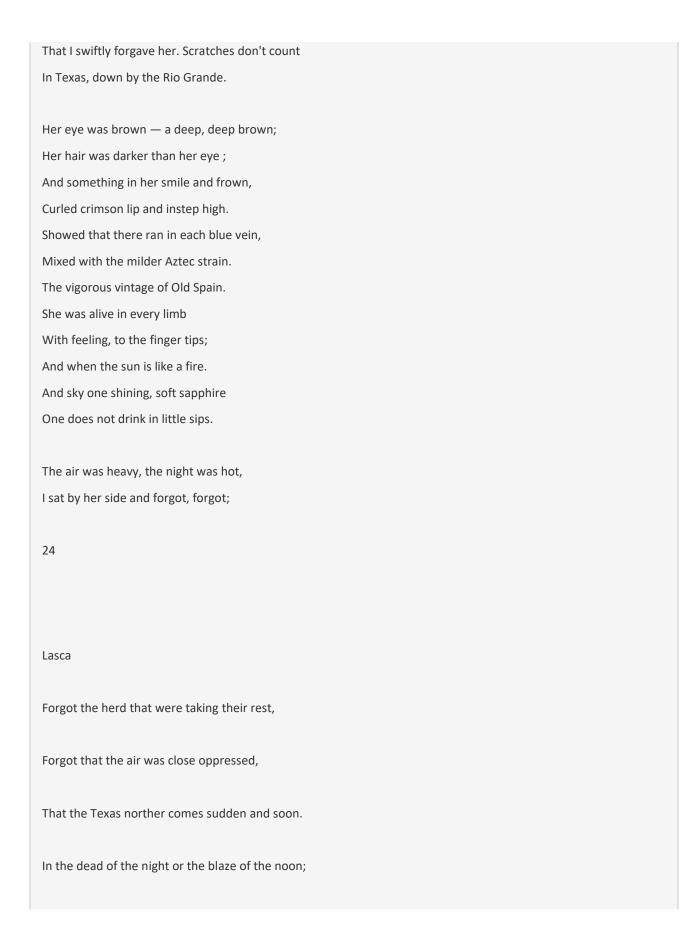




days that have long gone by. And our singing it doesn't fit in up here though we tried it for old time's sake; Our hands are itching to swing a rope and our legs are stiff; that's why We ask you, Marster, to turn us loose — just give us an even break! ' " Then the Lord He spake to the Cherubim, and this was His kindly word: " He that keepeth the threefold keys shall open and let them go; Turn these men to their work again to ride with the starry herd; My glory sings in the toil they crave; 'tis their right I would have it so." Have you heard in the starlit dusk of eve when the lone coyotes roam, The Yip! Yip! of a hunting cry and the echo that shrilled afar, 21

Riders of the Stars As you listened still on a desert hill and gazed at the twinkling dome, And a viewless rider swept the sky on the trail of a shooting star? Henry Herbert Knibbs. 22 LASCA I WANT free life, and I want fresh air; And I sigh for the canter after the cattle, The crack of the whips like shots in battle, The medley of hoofs and horns and heads That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads; The green beneath and the blue above. And dash and danger, and life and love — And Lasca! Lasca used to ride On a mouse-grey mustang close to my side, With blue serape and bright-belled spur;

I laughed with joy as I looked at herl Little knew she of books or creeds; An Ave Maria sufficed her needs; Little she cared save to be at my side. To ride with me, and ever to ride. From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide. She was as bold as the billows that beat. She was as wild as the breezes that blow: From her little head to her little feet. She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro By each gust of passion; a sapling pine That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff And wars with the wind when the weather is rough. Is like this Lasca, this love of mine. 23 Lasca She would hunger that I might eat, Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet; But once, when I made her jealous for fun At something I whispered or looked or done, One Sunday, in San Antonio, To a glorious girl in the Alamo, She drew from her garter a little dagger. And — sting of a wasp — it made me stagger! An inch to the left, or an inch to the right, And I shouldn't be maundering here tonight; But she sobbed, and sobbing, so quickly bound Her torn rebosa about the wound



That, once let the herd at its breath take fright. Nothing on earth can stop their flight; And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed. That falls in front of their mad stampede 1 Was that thunder? I grasped the cord Of my swift mustang without a word. I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind. Away 1 on a hot chase down the wind I But never was fox-hunt half so hard. And never was steed so little spared. For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared In Texas, down by the Rio Grande. The mustang flew, and we urged him on; There was one chance left, and you have but one Halt, jump to the ground, and shoot your horse; Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance; And if the steers in their frantic course Don't batter you both to pieces at once, You may thank your star; if not, goodbye

To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh.

And the open air and the open sky,

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

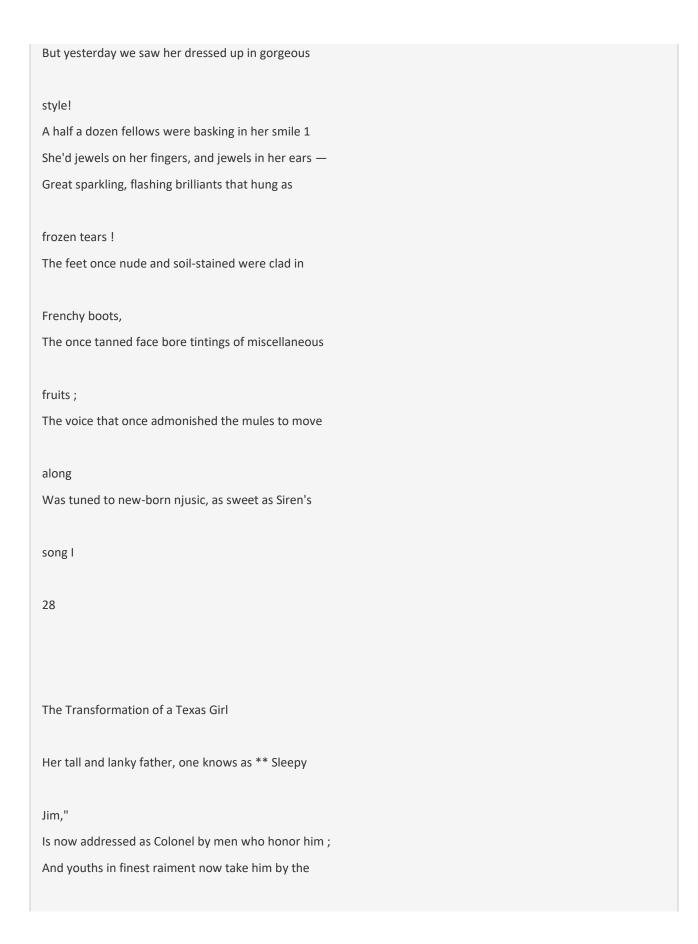
Lasca The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt For my old six-shooter behind in my belt, Down came the mustang, and down came we. Clinging together — and, what was the rest? A body that spread itself on my breast. Two arms that shielded my dizzy head. Two lips that hard to my lips were prest; Then came thunder in my ears, As over us surged the sea of steers, Blows that beat blo6d into my eyes, And when I could rise -. — Lasca was dead! I gouged out a grave a few feet deep. And there in the Earth's arms I laid her to sleep; And there she is lying, and no one knows; And the summer shines, and the winter snows;

For many a day the flowers have spread

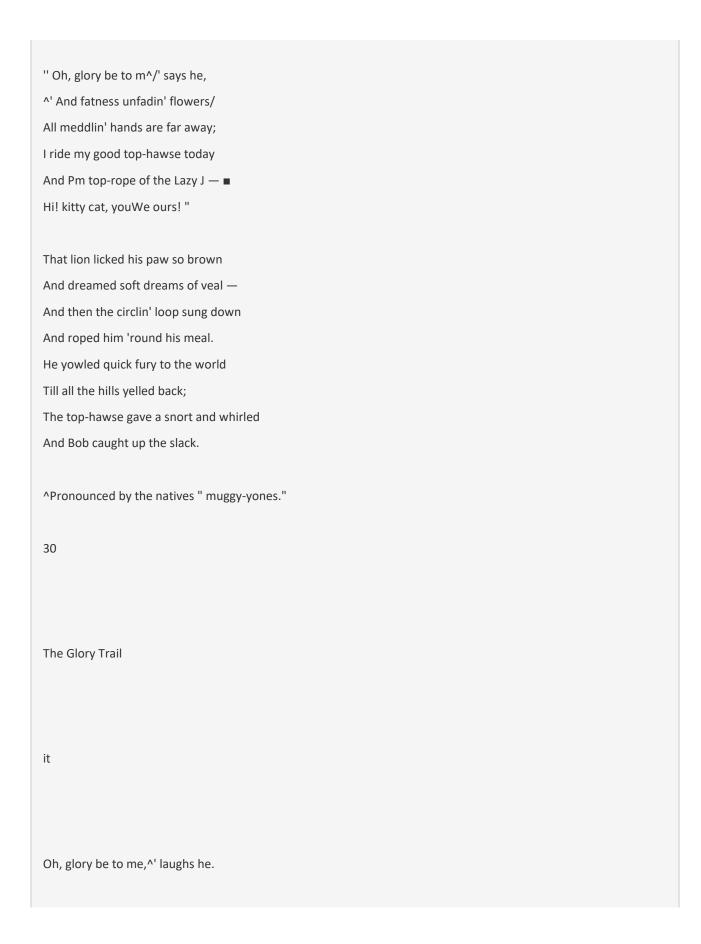
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little grey hawk hangs aloft in the air.
And the sly coyote trots here and there.
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into the rift of a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on.
And comes and is gone.
Stately and still, like a ship at sea.
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are, like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?
Frank Desprez.
26
THE TRANSFORMATION OF A TEXAS

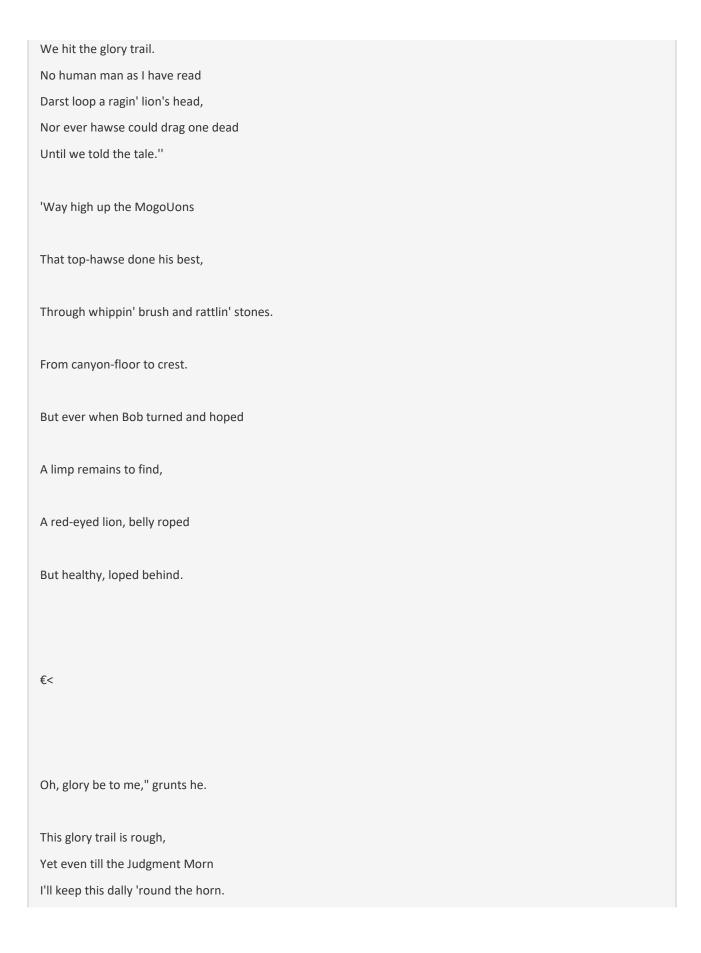
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GIRL
SHE was a Texas maiden, she came of low degree,
Her clothes were worn and faded, her feet from
shoes were free;
Her face was tanned and freckled, her hair was
sun-burned, too.
Her whole darned tout ensemble was painful for to
view!
She drove a lop-eared mule team attached unto a
plow,
The trickling perspiration exuding from her brow;
And often she lamented her cruel, cruel fate.
As but a po' white's daughter down in the Lone Star
State.
No courtiers came to woo her, she never had a
beau.
Her misfit face precluded such things as that, you
know, -
She was nobody's darling, no feller's solid girl.
And poets never called her an uncut Texas pearl.
Her only two companions was those two flea-bit
mules,
And these she but regarded as animated tools
To plod along the furrows in patience up and down
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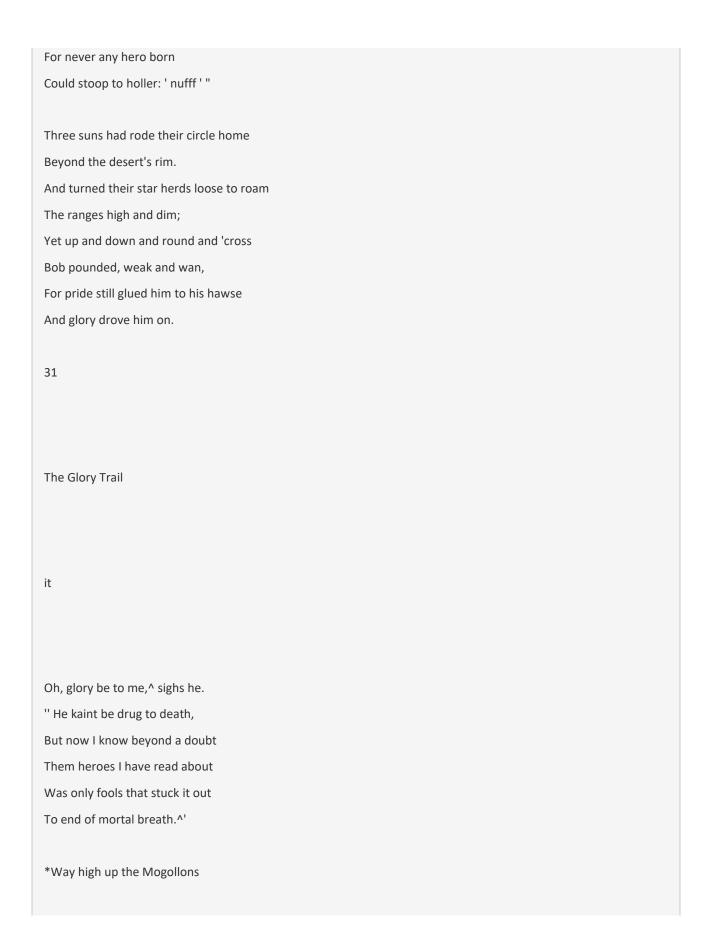
And pull the ancient wagon when pap'd go to town.
27
The Transformation of a Texas Girl
No fires of wild ambition were flaming in her soul,
Her eyes with tender passion she'd never upward
roll;
The wondrous world she'd heard of, to her was but
a dream
As walked she in the furrows behind that lop-eared
team.
Born on that small plantation, 'twas there she
thought she'd die;
She never longed for pinions that she might rise and
To other lands far distant, where breezes fresh and
To other lands for distant, where breezes fresh and
cool
Would never shake and tremble from brayings of a
mule.



paw.
Each in the hope that some day he'll call him dad-
in-law.
Their days of toil are over, their sun has risen at
last,
A gold-embroidered curtain now hides their rocky
past;
For was it not discovered their little patch of soil
Had rested there for ages above a flow of oil?
James Barton Adams.
29
THE GLORY TRAIL
THE GLOKE TRAIL
>TT 7AY high up the Mogollons,^
VV Among the mountain tops,
A lion cleaned a yearlin's bones
And licked his thankful chops,
When on the picture who should ride,
A-trippin' down the slope.
But High-Chin Bob, with sinful pride
And ma v' rick-hungry rope.





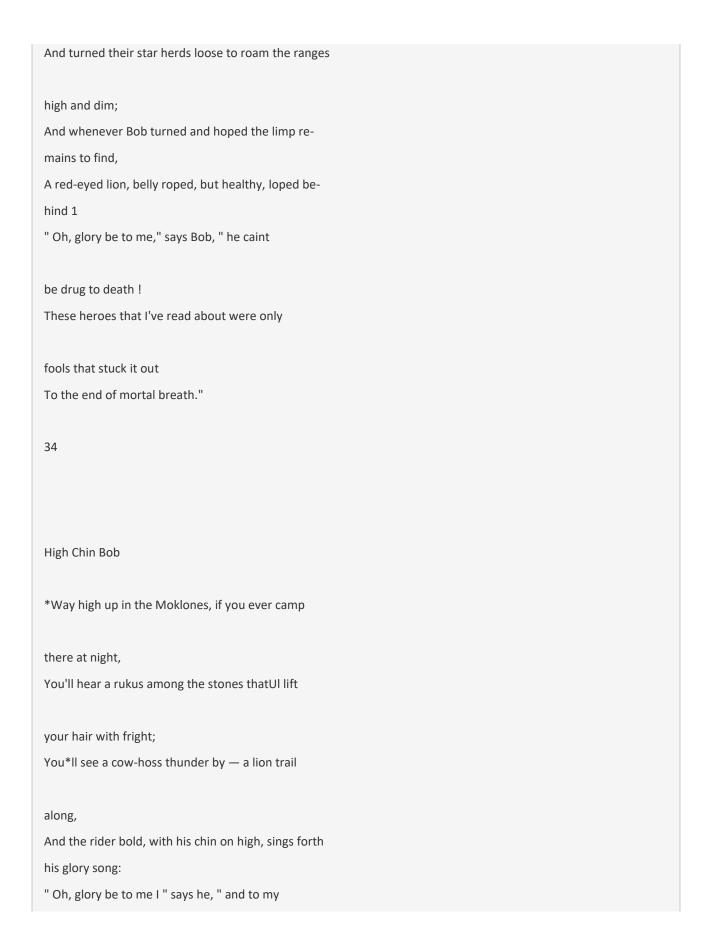


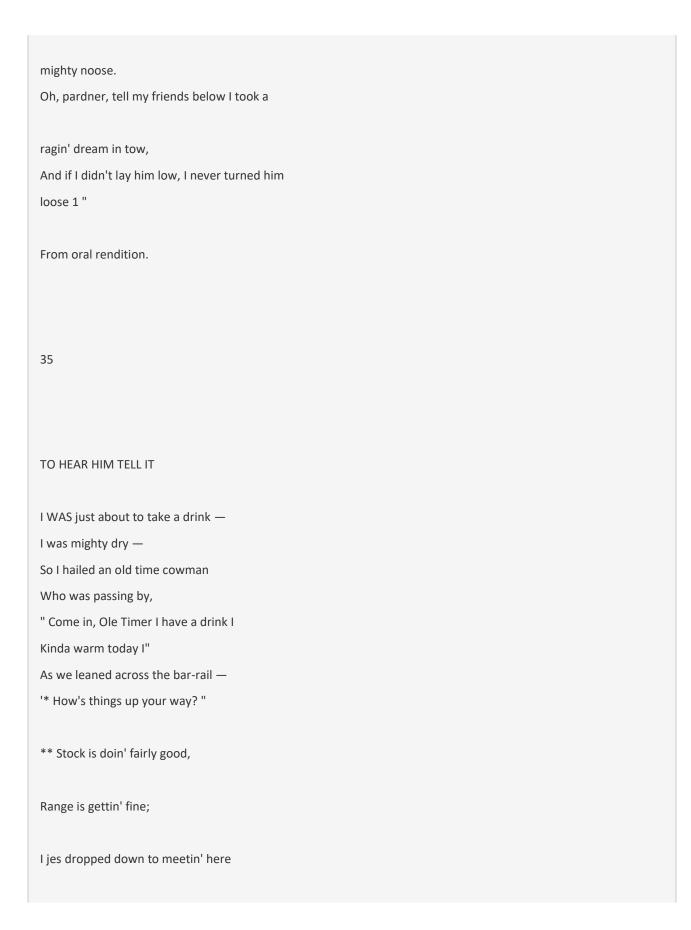
A prospect man did swear
That moon dreams melted down his bones
And hoisted up his hair:
A ribby cow-hawse thundered by,
A lion trailed along,
A rider, ga'nt, but chin on high,
Yelled out a crazy song.
^' Oh, glory be to me/ " cries he,
^' And to my noble noosel
stranger, tell my pards below
1 took a rampin' dream in tow,
And if I never lay him low,
ril never turn him loose/ "
Charles Badger Clark,
32
HIGH CHIN BOB

```
*T¥ 7AY high up in the Mokiones, among the
VV mountain tops,
A lion cleaned a yearling's bones and licks his thank-
ful chops;
And who upon the scene should ride, a-trippin' down
the slope,
But High Chin Bob of sinful pride and maverick-
hungry rope.
" Oh, glory be to me 1 " says he, " an' fame's
unfadin' flowers;
I ride my good top boss today and I'm top hand
of Lazy-J,
So, kitty-cat, you're ours 1 "
The lion licked his paws so brown, and dreamed soft
dreams of veal.
As High Chin's rope came circlin' down and roped
him round his meal;
She yowled quick fury to the world and all the hills
yelled back;
That top horse gave a snort and whirled and Bob
took up the slack.
" Oh, glory be to me I " says he, ** we'll hit the
glory trail.
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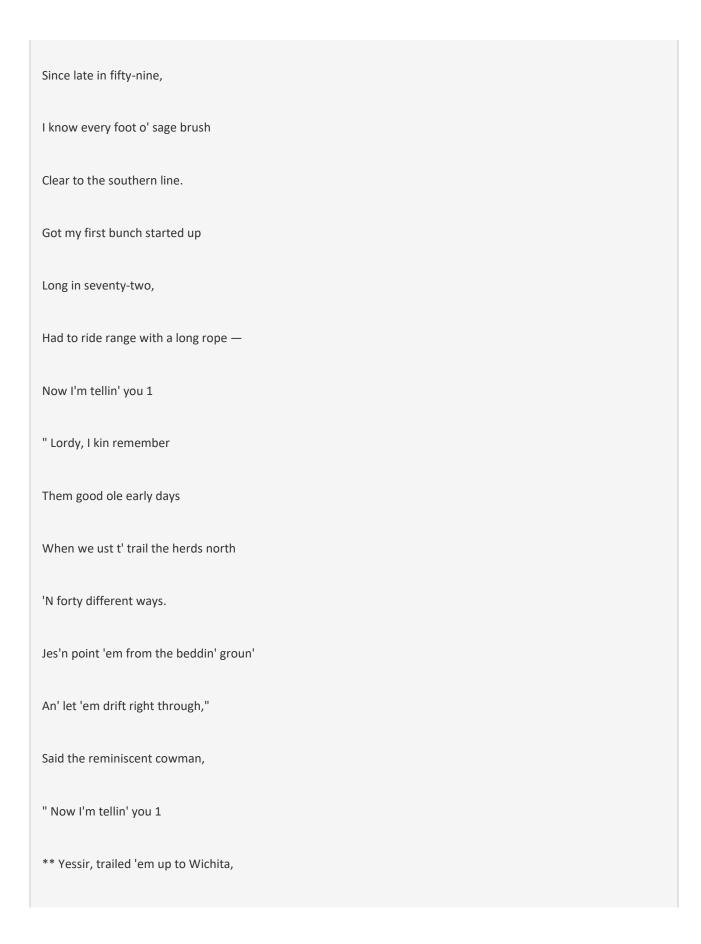
Hiffh Chin Bob No man has looped a lion's head and lived to drag the critter dead Till I shall tell the tale." 'Way high up in the Mokiones that top hoss done his best, 'Mid whippin' brush and rattlin*^ stones from canonfloor to crest; Up and down and round and cross Bob pounded weak and wan, But pride still glued him to his hoss and glory spurred him on. '* Oh, glory be to me I " says he, " this glory trail is rough I But I'll keep this dally round the horn until the toot of judgment mom Before I'll holler 'nough!" Three suns had rode their circle home, beyond

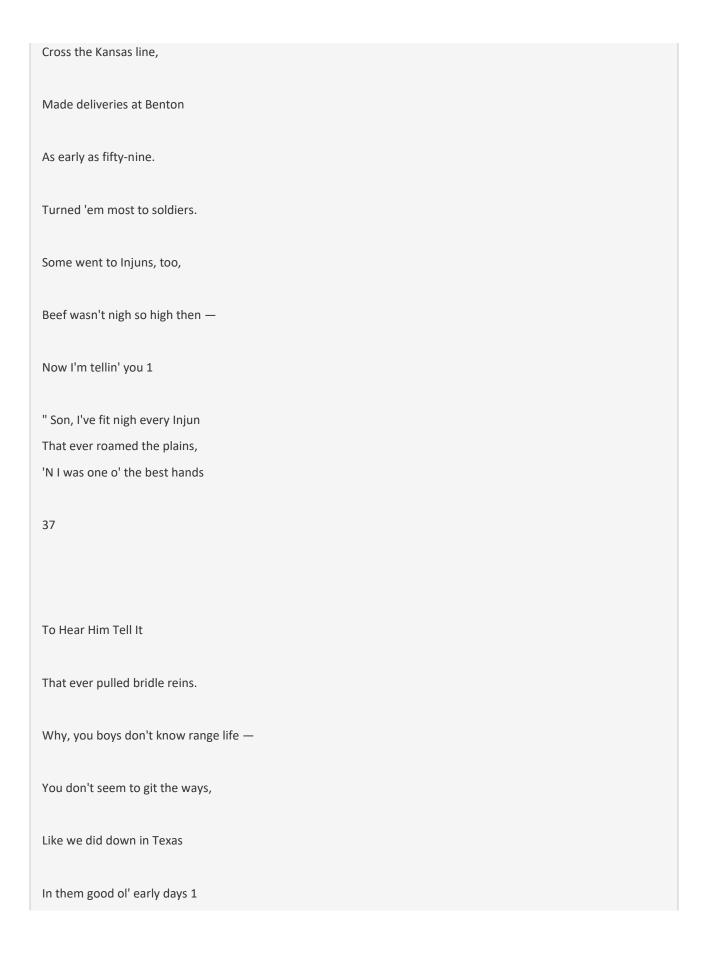
the desert rim.

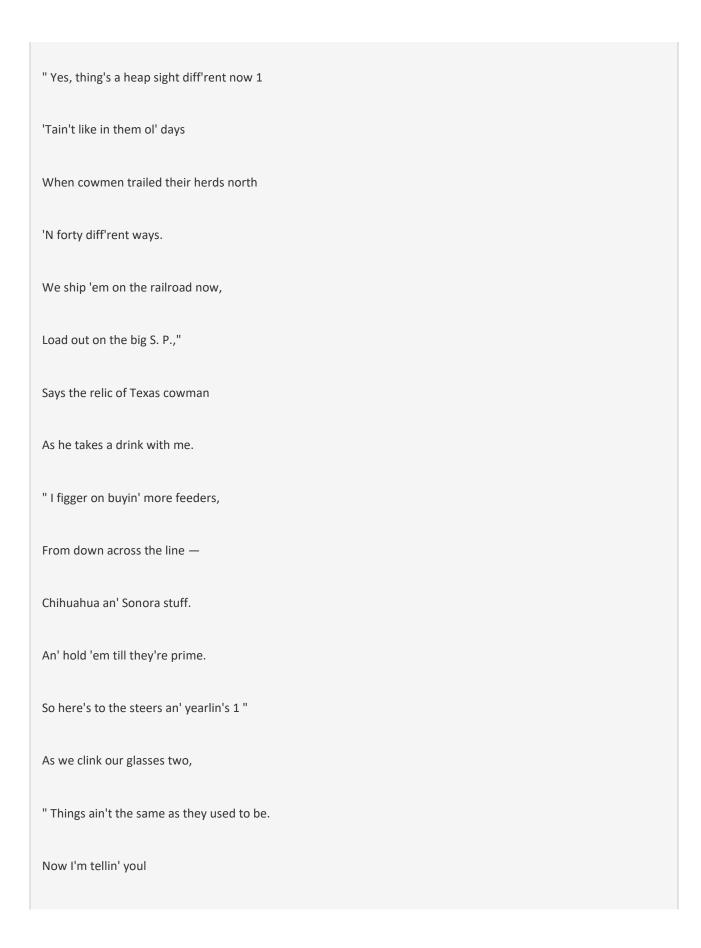


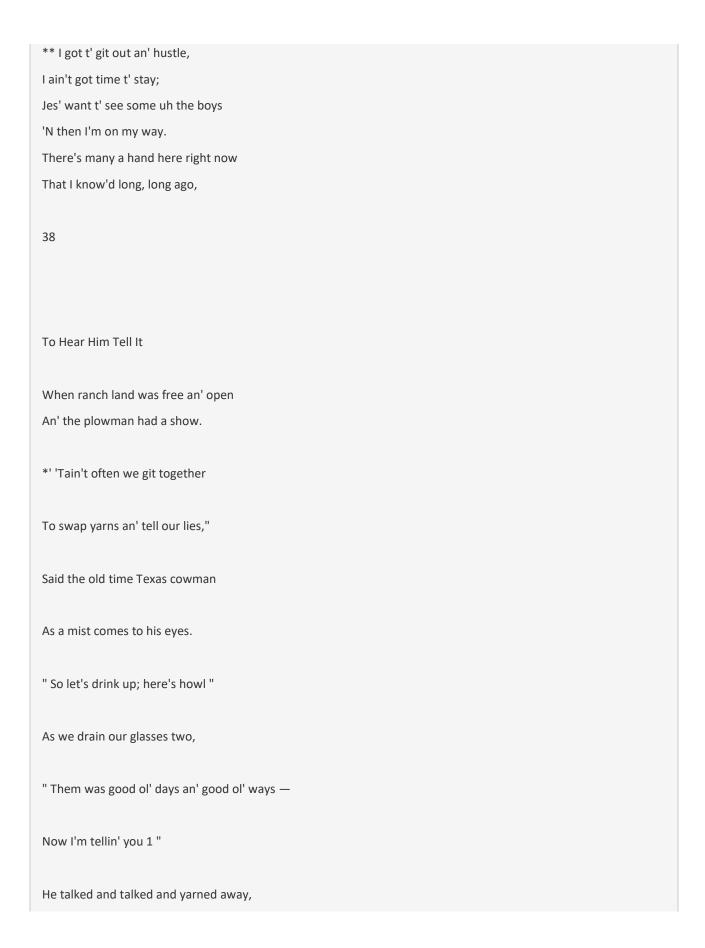


To spend a little time.
Con'sidable stuff a-movin' now —
Cows an' bosses, too.
Prices high an' a big demand —
Now I'm tellin' you!
** I've loaded out my feeders.
Got a good price all aroun';
Sold 'em in Kansas City
To a commission man named Brown.
A thousand told o' mixed stuff.
In pretty fair shape, too,"
Said the old Texas cowman,
" Now I'm tellin' you !
36
To Hear Him Tell It
" I've been in this yere country



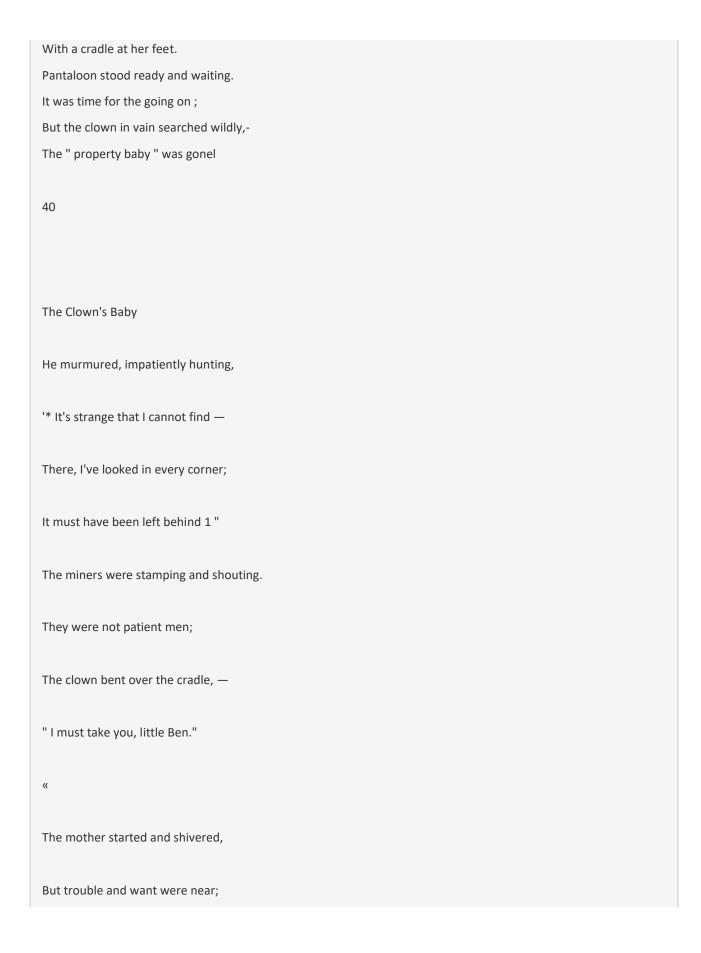


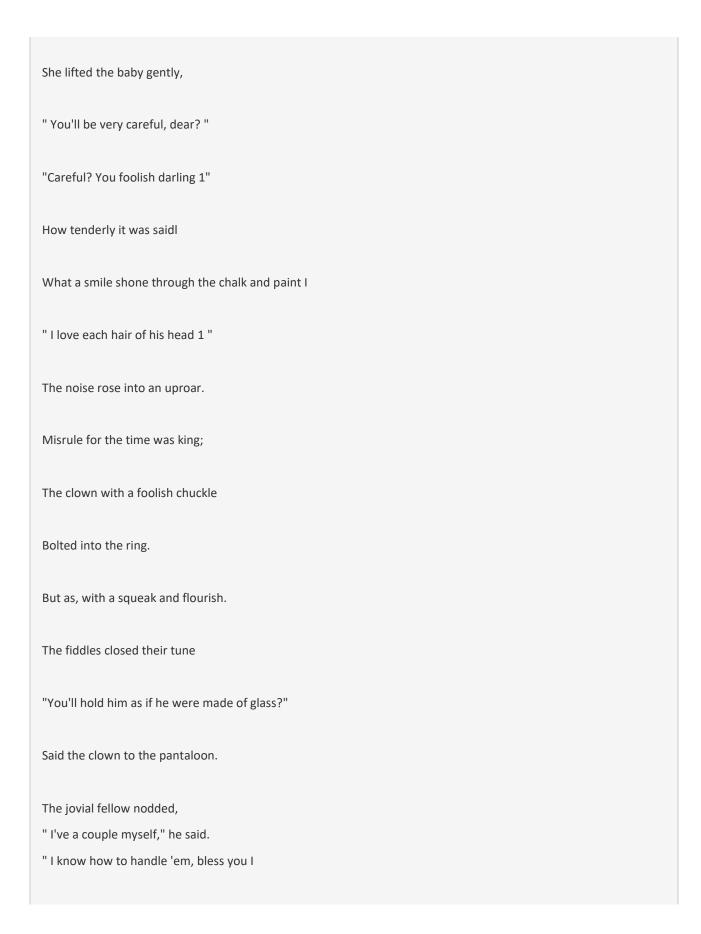




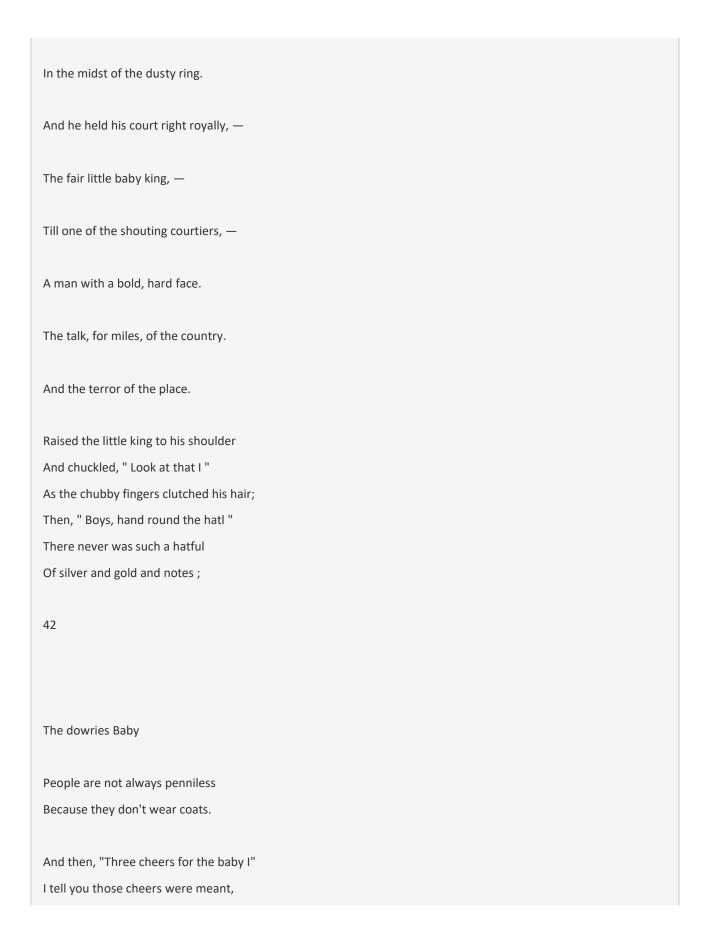
He harped on days of yore —
My head it ached and I grew faint;
My legs got tired and sore.
Then a woman yelled, "You come here, John!"
And Lordyl how he flewl
And the last I heard as he broke and ran
Was, " Now I'm tellin' you 1 "
I won't never hail old timers
To have a drink with me,
To learn the history of the range
As far back as seventy-three.
And the next time that I'm thirsty
And feeling kind of blue,
I'll step right up and drink alone —
Now I'm tellin' youl
From the Wild Bunch. 39

THE CLOWN'S BABY IT was on the western frontier, — The miners, rugged and brown, Were gathered round the posters, The circus had come to townl The great tent shone in the darkness Like a wonderful palace of light. And rough men crowded the entrance,-Shows didn't come every night 1 Not a woman's face among them; Many a face that was bad, And some that were only vacant, And some that were very sad. And behind a canvas curtain. In a corner of the place. The clown, with chalk and vermiUion, Was " making up " his face. A weary looking woman With a smile that still was sweet, Sewed on a little garment.





He was thronged with kneeling suitors



And the way that they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence
And a gruff old miner said,
** Come boys, enough of this rumpus;
It's time it was put to bed."
So, looking a little sheepish.
But with faces strangely bright.
The audience, somewhat lingering,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
" He wasn't a bit afraid 1
He's as game as he's good-looking I
Boys, that was a show that pmd! '^
Margaret Vandergrift.
43
MARTA OF MILRONE

1SHOT him where the Rio flows; I shot him when the moon arose; And where he lies the vulture knows Along the Tinto River. In schools of eastern culture pale My cloistered flesh began to fail; They bore me where the deserts quail To winds from out the sun. I looked upon the land and sky, Nor hoped to live nor feared to die; And from my hollow breast a sigh Fell o'er the burning waste. But strong I grew and tall I grew; I drank the region's balm and dew, -It made me lithe in limb and thew, — How swift I rode and rani And oft it was my joy to ride Over the sand-blown ocean wide While, ever smiling at my side, Rode Marta of Milrone. 46 Marta of Milrone A flood of horned heads before,

The trampled thunder, smoke and roar,

Of full four thousand hoofs, or more —
A cloud, a sea, a storm 1

Oh, wonderful the desert gleamed.

As, man and maid, we spoke and dreamed

Of love in life, till white wastes seemed

Like plains of paradise.

Her eyes with Love's great magic shone.

** Be mine, O Marta of Milrone, —
Your hand, your heart be all my own!"
Her lips made sweet response.

"I love you, yes; for you are he
Who from the East should come to me —
And I have waited long I " Oh, we
Were happy as the sun.

There came upon a hopeless quest.
With hell and hatred in his breast,
A stranger, who his love confessed
To Marta long in vain.

To me she spoke: '^ Chosen mate,
His eyes are terrible with fate, —
I fear his love, I fear his hate, —
I fear some looming ill! "

47

Marta of Milrone

Then to the church we twain did ride,
I kissed her as she rode beside.
How fair — how passing fair my bride
With gold combs in her hair 1

Before the Spanish priest we stood

Of San Gregorio's brotherhood —

A shot rang out 1 — and in her blood

My dark-eyed darling lay.

Godl I carried her beside

The Virgin's altar where she cried, — ^
Smiling upon me ere she died,—
*' Adieu, my love, adieu 1 "

1 knelt before St. Mary's shrine

And held my dead one's hand in mine,

"Vengeance," I cried, "O Lord, be thine,
But I thy minister h"

I kissed her thrice and sealed my vow, —

Her eyes, her sea-cold lips and brow, —

" Farewell, my heart is dying now,

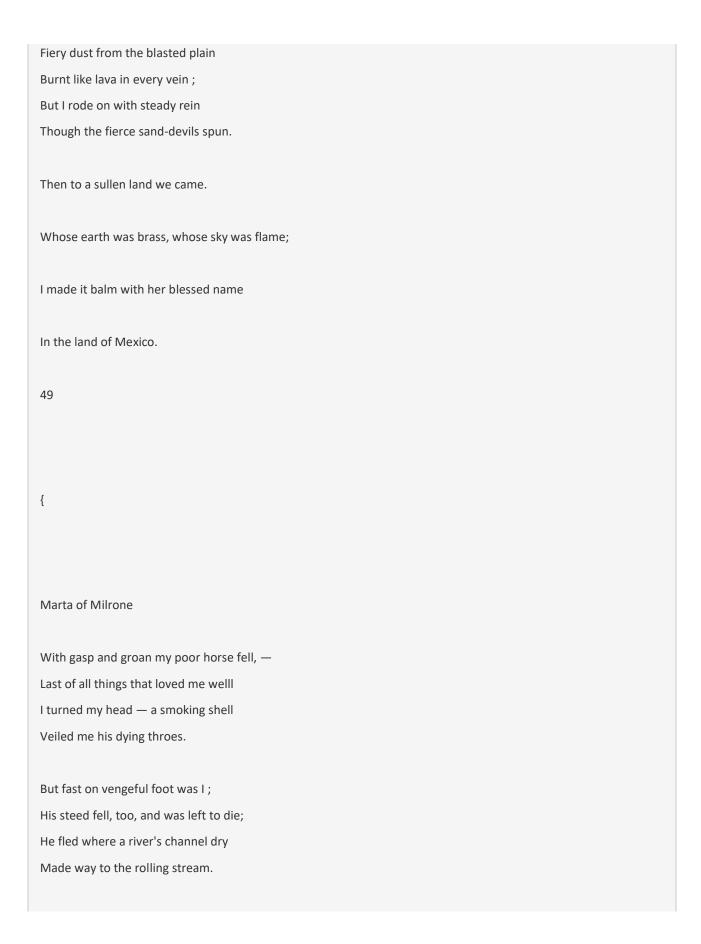
Marta of Milrone 1 "

Then swift upon my steed I lept;

My streaming eyes the desert swept;

1 saw the accursed where he crept

Against the blood-red sun.
48
Marta of Milrone
I galloped straight upon his track,
And never more my eyes looked back;
The world was barred with red and black;
My heart was flaming coal.
Through the delirious twilight dim
And the black night I followed him;
Hills did we cross and rivers swim, —
My fleet foot horse and I.
The morn burst red, a gory wound,
O'er iron hills and savage ground;
And there was never another sound
Save beat of horses' hoofs.
Unto the murderer's ear they said,
" Thou'rt of the dead! ThouWt of the dead! "
Still on his stallion black he sped
While death spurred on behind.



Red as my rage the huge sun sank. My foe bent low on the river's bank And deep of the kindly flood he drank While the giant stars broke forth. Then face to face and man to man I fought him where the river ran, While the trembling palm held up its fan And the emerald serpents lay. The mad, remorseless bullets broke From tongues of flame in the sulphur smoke; The air was rent till the desert spoke To the echoing hills afar. Hot from his lips the curses burst; He fclll The sands were slaked of thirst; A stream in the stream ran dark at first, And the stones grew red as hearts. 50 Marta of Milrone I shot him where the Rio flows; I shot him when the moon arose; And where he lies the vulture knows Along the Tinto River.

But where she lies to none is known

Save to my poor heart and a lonely stone

On which I sit and weep alone

Where the cactus stars are white.

Where I shall lie, no man can say;

The flowers all are fallen away;

The desert is so drear and grey,

Herman Schefauer.

O Marta of Milrone 1

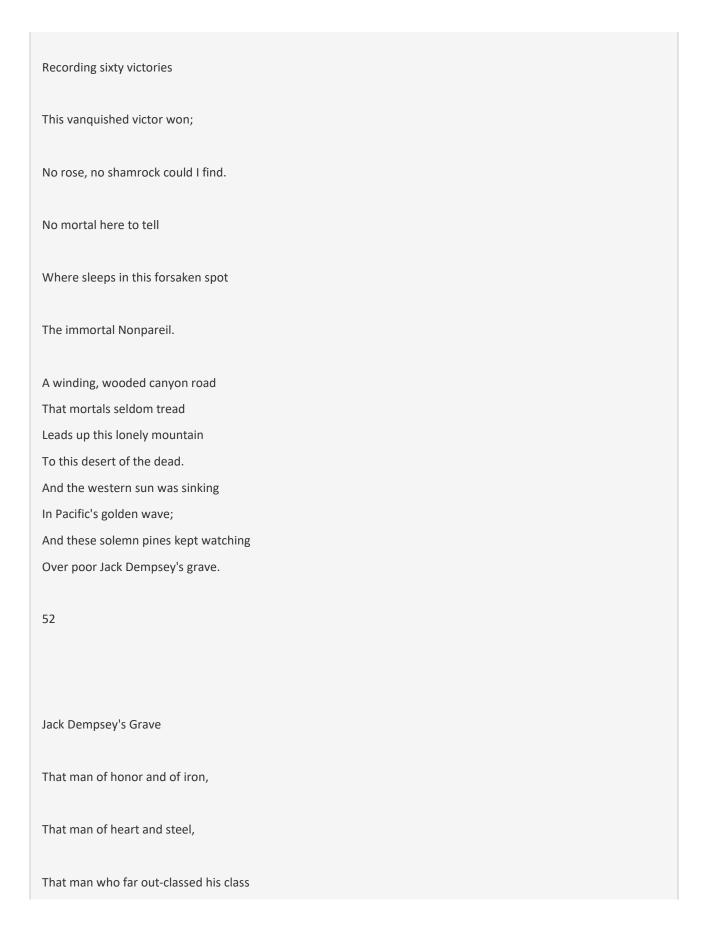
51

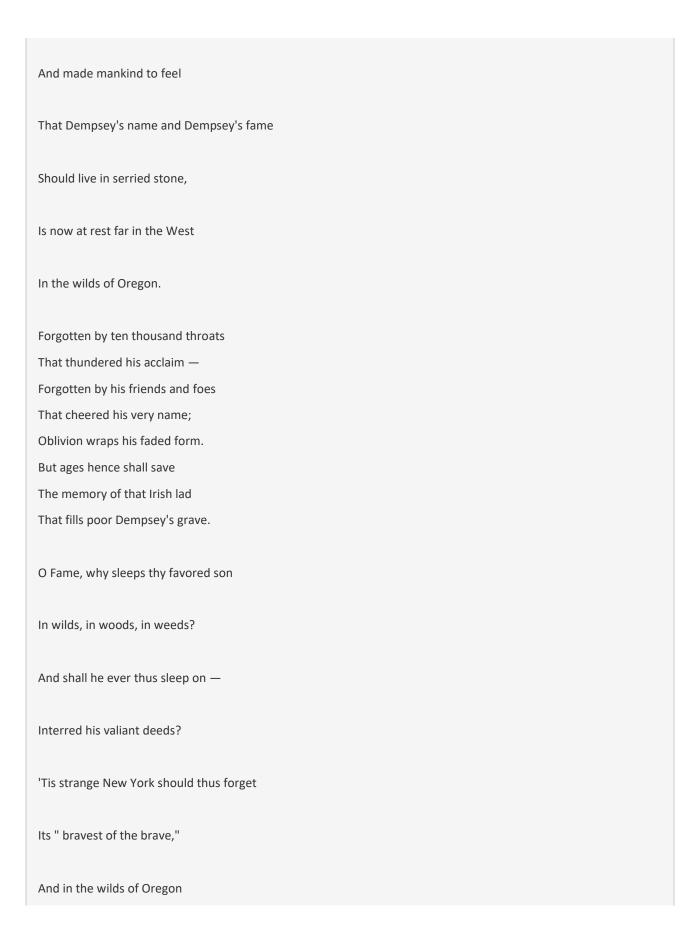
JACK DEMPSEY'S GRAVE

FAR out in the wilds of Oregon,
On a lonely mountain side,
Where Columbia's mighty waters
Roll down to the Ocean's tide;
Where the giant fir and cedar
Are imaged in the wave,
O'ergrown with ferns and lichens,
I found poor Dempsey's grave.

I found no marble monolith,

No broken shaft nor stone.



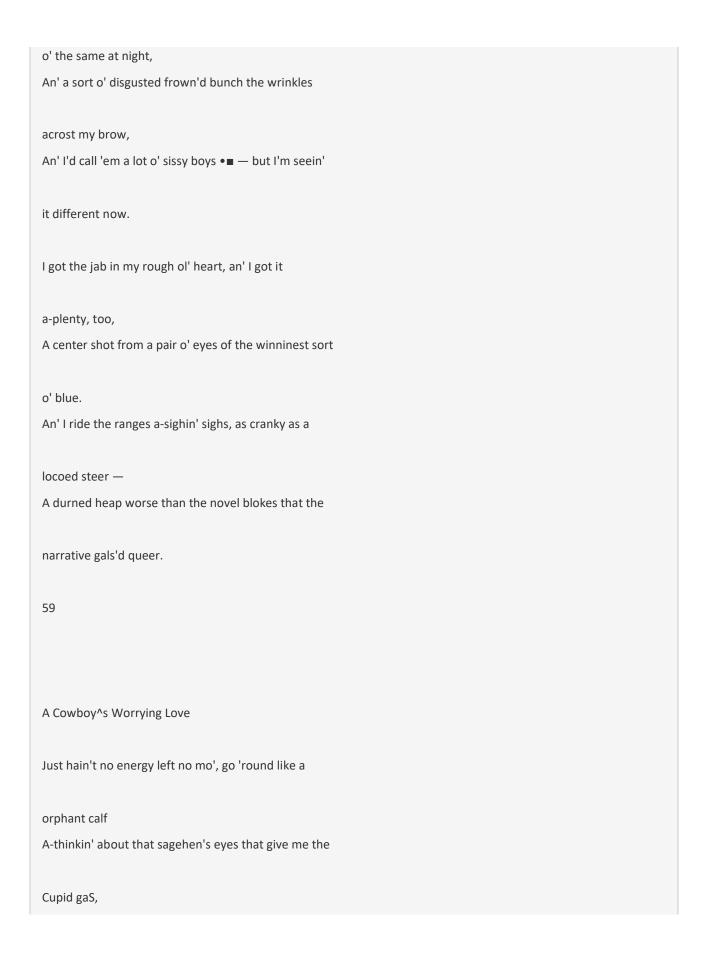


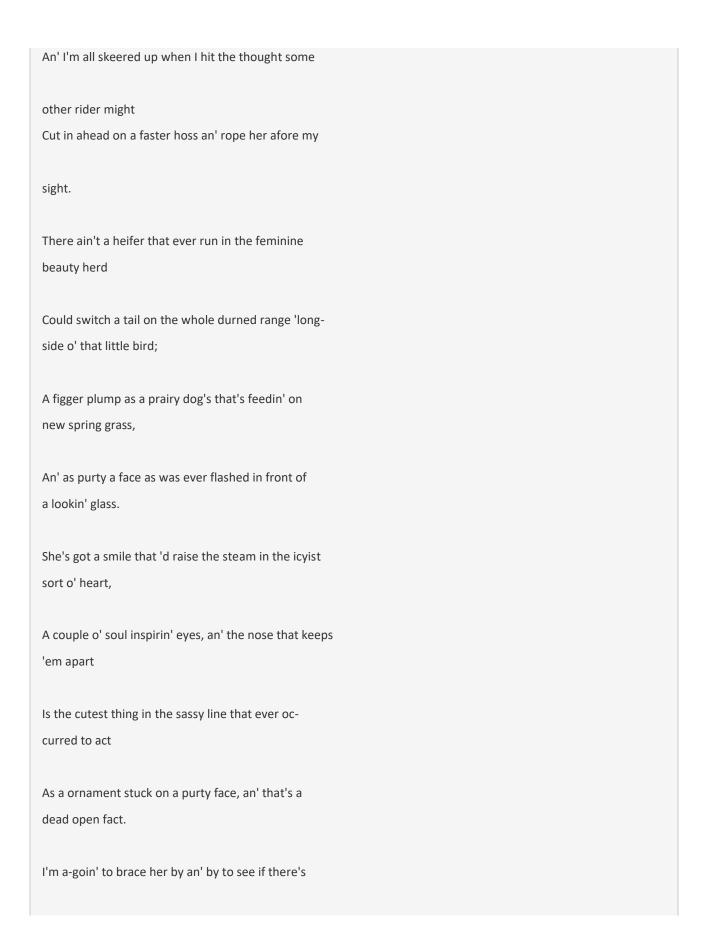
Unmarked, leave Dempsey's grave. MacMahon. 53 THE CATTLE ROUND-UP ONCE more are we met for a season of pleasure, That shall smooth from our brows every furrow of care, For the sake of old times shall we each tread a measure And drink to the lees in the eyes of the fair. Once more let the hand-clasp of years past be given; Let us once more be boys and forget we are men; Let friendships the chances of fortune have riven Be renewed and the smiling past come back again. The past, when the prairie was big and the cattle Were as "scary" as ever the antelope grew — When to carry a gun, to make our spurs rattle. And to ride a blue streak was the most that we knew; The past when we headed each year for Dodge City And punched up the drags on the old Chisholm Trail;

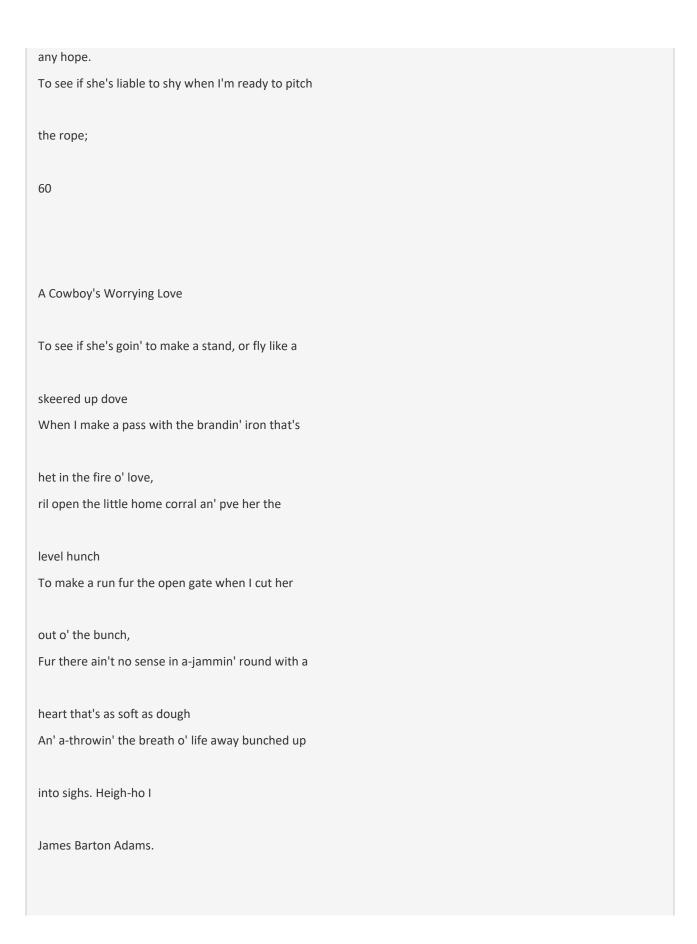
When the world was all bright and the girls were all

pretty. And a feller could ** mav'rick " and stay out of jail.
Then here's to the eyes that like diamonds are gleaming,
And make the lamps blush that their duties are o'er;
And here's to the lips where young love lies a-dreaming;
54
The Cattle Round-Up
And here's to the feet light as air on the floor ;
And here's to the memories — fun's sweetest sequel;
And here's to the night we shall ever recall;
And here's to the time — time shall know not its
equal
When we danced the day in at the Cattlemen's Ball.
H. D. C. McLaclachlan.
55

PART II
THE COWBOY OFF GUARD
/ am the plain, barren since time began.
Yet do I dream of motherhood, when man
One day at last shall look upon my charms
And give me towns, like children, for my arms.
A COWBOY'S WORRYING LOVE
IUST to read in the novel books 'bout fellers
that got the prod
that got the prod From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the hand o' the Cupid god, An' I'd laugh at the cussed chumps they was
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the hand o' the Cupid god, An' I'd laugh at the cussed chumps they was a-wastin' their breath in sighs
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the hand o' the Cupid god, An' I'd laugh at the cussed chumps they was
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the hand o' the Cupid god, An' I'd laugh at the cussed chumps they was a-wastin' their breath in sighs An' goin' around with a locoed look a-campin'
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the hand o' the Cupid god, An' I'd laugh at the cussed chumps they was a-wastin' their breath in sighs An' goin' around with a locoed look a-campin' inside their eyes.
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the hand o' the Cupid god, An' I'd laugh at the cussed chumps they was a-wastin' their breath in sighs An' goin' around with a locoed look a-campin'
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the hand o' the Cupid god, An' I'd laugh at the cussed chumps they was a-wastin' their breath in sighs An' goin' around with a locoed look a-campin' inside their eyes.
From an arrer shot from his hidin' place by the hand o' the Cupid god, An' I'd laugh at the cussed chumps they was a-wastin' their breath in sighs An' goin' around with a locoed look a-campin' inside their eyes. I've read o' the gals that broke 'em up a-sailin' in







THE COWBOY AND THE MAID

FUNNY how it come about I

Me and Texas Tom was out

Takin' of a moonlight walk,

Fillin' in the time with talk.

Every star up in the sky

Seemed to wink the other eye

At each other, 'sif they

Smelt a mouse around our way I

Me and Tom had never grew

Spoony like some couples do;

Never billed and cooed and sighed;

He was bashful like and I'd

Notions of my own that it

Wasn't policy to git

Too abundant till I'd got

Of my feller good and caught.

As we walked along that night

He got talkin' of the bright

Prospects that he had, and I

Somehow felt, I dunno why.

That a-fore we cake-walked back

To the ranch he'd make a crack

The Cowboy and the Maid

Fer my hand, and I was plum

Achin' fer the shock to come.

By and by he says, " I've got
Fifty head o' cows, and not
One of 'em but, on the dead,
Is a crackin' thoroughbred.
Got a daisy claim staked out,
And I'm thinkin' it's about
Time fer me to make a shy
At a home." " O Tom I " says I.

"Bin a-lookin' round," says he,

" Quite a little while to see

'F I could git a purty face

Fer to ornament the place.

Plenty of 'em in the land;

But the one 'at wears my brand

Must be sproutin' wings to fly I "

" You deserve her, Tom," says I.

'* Fills the bill, and mebbe she

Might shy off and bust my hope

If I should pitch the poppin' rope.

Mebbe she'd git hot an' say

[&]quot; Only one so fur," says he,

That it was a silly play
Askin' her to make a tie."
** She would be a fool," says I.
63
(
The Cowboy and the Maid
'Tain't nobody's business what
Happened then, but I jist thought
I could see the moon-man smile
Cutely down upon us, while
Me and him was walkin' back, —
Stoppin' now and then to smack
Lips rejoicin' that at last
The dread crisis had been past
Anonymous.
64
A COWBOY'S LOVE SONG

OH, the last steer has been branded
And the last beef has been shipped,
And I'm free to roam the prairies
That the round-up crew has stripped;
I'm free to think of Susie, —
Fairer than the stars above, —
She's the waitress at the station
And she is my turtle dove.

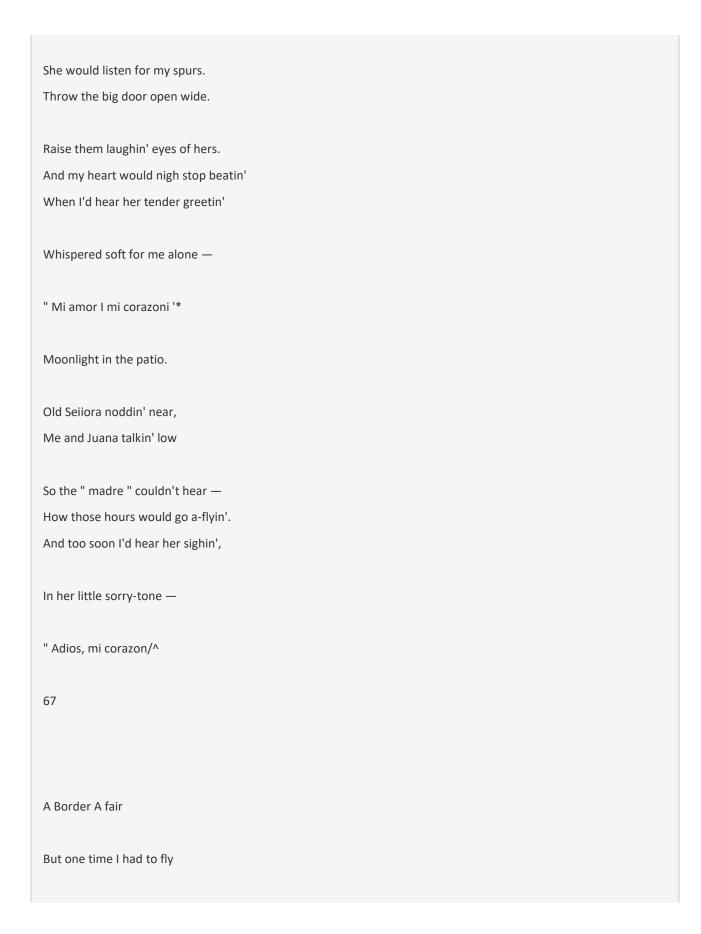
Biscuit-shootin' Susie, —
She's got us roped and tied;
Sober men or woozy
Look on her with pride.
Susie's strong and able,
And not a one gits rash
When she waits on the table
And superintends the hash.

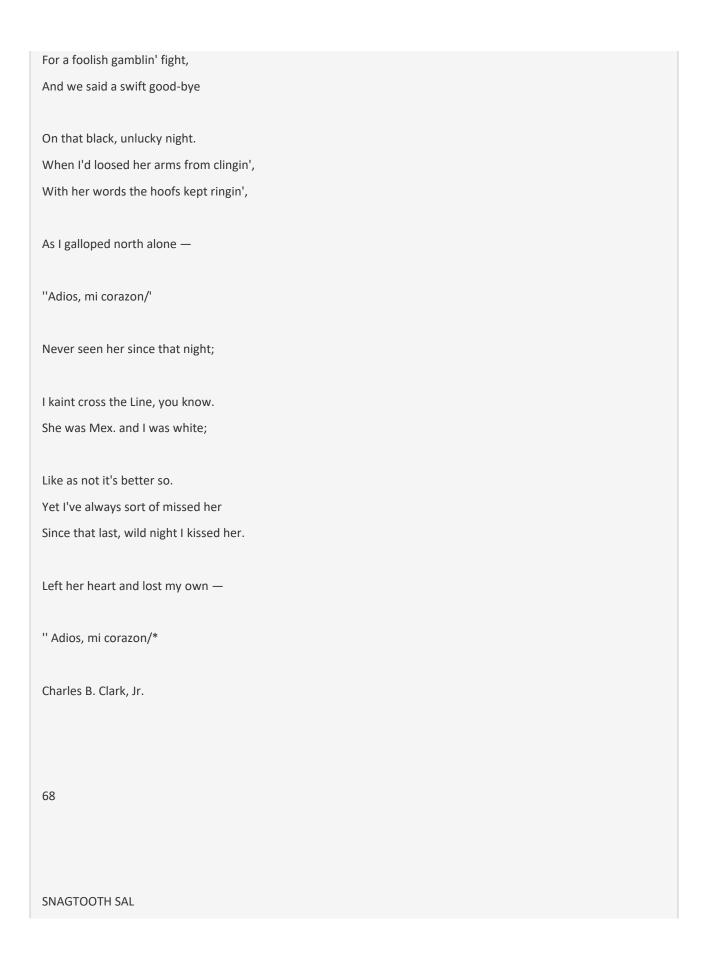
Oh, I sometimes think I'm locoed
An' jes fit fer herdin' sheep,
'Cause I only think of Susie
When I'm wakin' or I'm sleep.
I'm wearin' Cupid's hobbles.
An' I'm tied to Love's stake-pin,
And when my heart was branded
The irons sunk deep in.

65

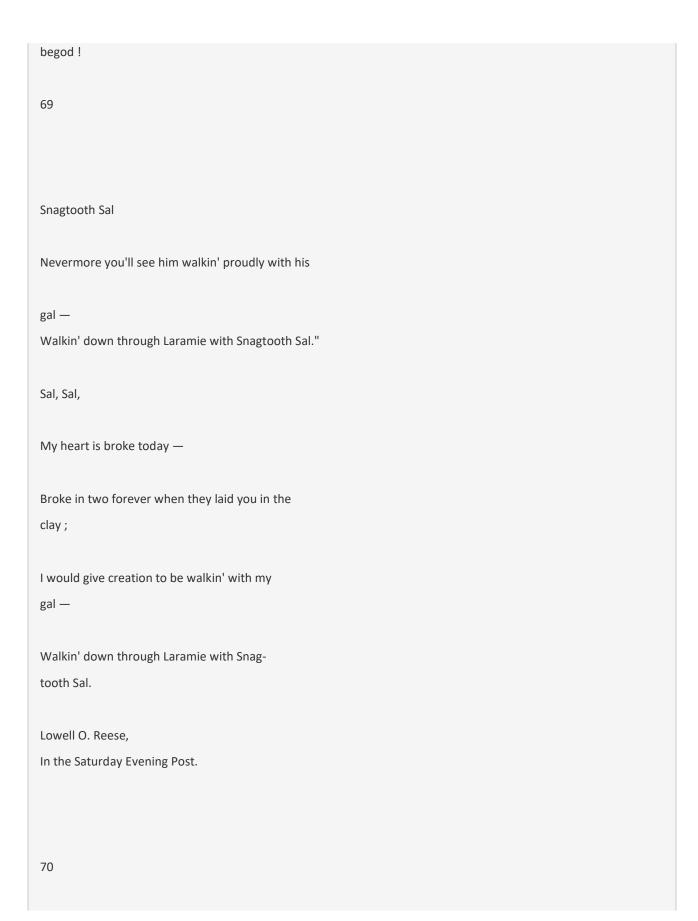
A Cowboy's Love Song

Chorus : —
I take my saddle, Sundays, —
The one with inlaid flaps, —
And don my new sombrero
And my white angora chaps;
Then I take a bronc for Susie
And she leaves her pots and pans
And we figure out our future
And talk o'er our homestead plans.
Chorus : —
Anonymous.
66
A BORDER AFFAIR
SPANISH is the lovin' tongue,
Soft as music, light as spray;
'Twas a girl I learnt it from
Livin' down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover,
Yet I say her love-words over
Often, when I'm all alone —
'* Mi amor, mi corazon.*'
Nights when she knew where I'd ride





I WAS young and happy and my heart was light and gay, Singin', always singin' through the sunny summer
day; Happy as a lizard in the wavin' chaparral, Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal.
Sal, Sal,
My heart is broke today —
Broke in two forever when they laid you in the clay ;
I would give creation to be walkin' with my gal —
Walkin' down through Laramie with Snag- tooth Sal.
Bury me tomorrow where the lily blossoms spring Underneath the willows where the little robins sing. You will yearn to see me — but ah, nevermore you
shall — Walkin' down through Laramie with Snagtooth Sal.
Refrain : —
Plant a little stone above the little mound of sod; Write: ** Here lies a lovin' an' a busted heart,



LOVE LYRICS OF A COWBOY

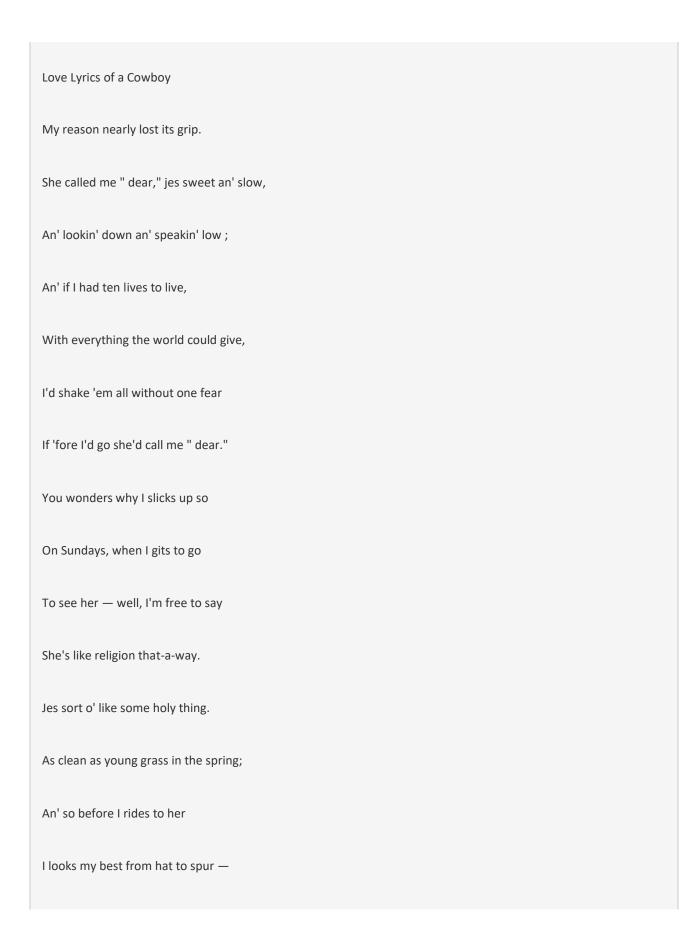
IT hain^t no use fer me to say
There's others with a style an' way
That beats hers to a fare-you-well,
Fer, on the square, I'm here to tell
I jes can't even start to see
But what she's perfect as kin be.
Fer any fault I finds excuse —
I'll tell you, pard, it hain't no use
Fer me to try to raise a hand,
When on my heart she's run her brand.

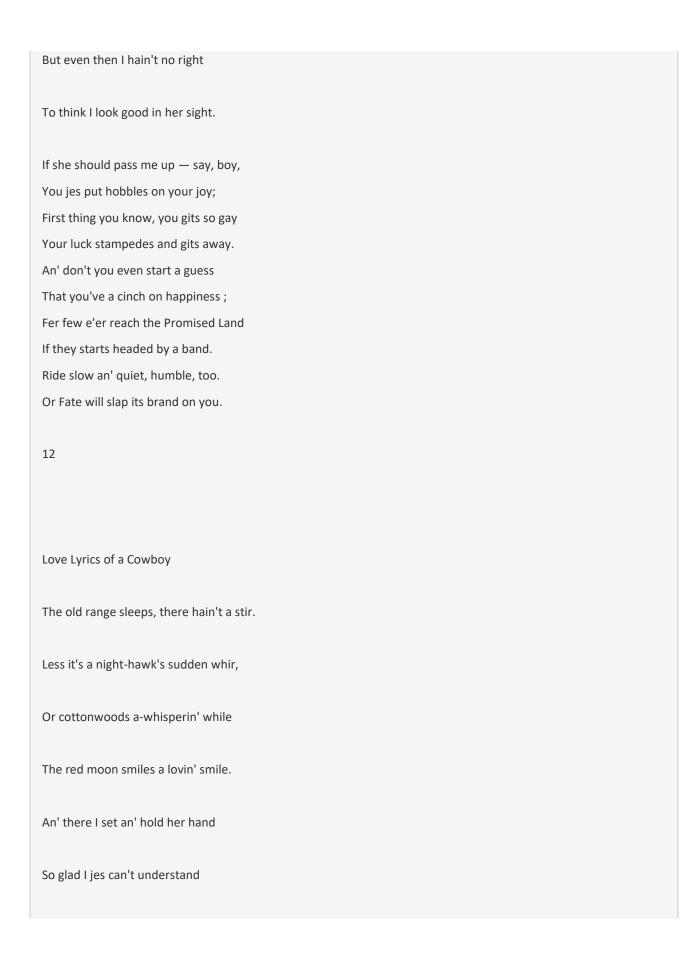
The bunk-house ain't the same to me;
The bunch jes makes me weary — Gee I
I never knew they was so coarse —
I warps my face to try to force
A smile at each old gag they spring;
Fer I'd heap ruthfer hear her sing
" Sweet Adeline," or softly play
The " Dream o' Heaven " that-a-way.
Besides this place, most anywhere
I'd ruther be — so she was there.

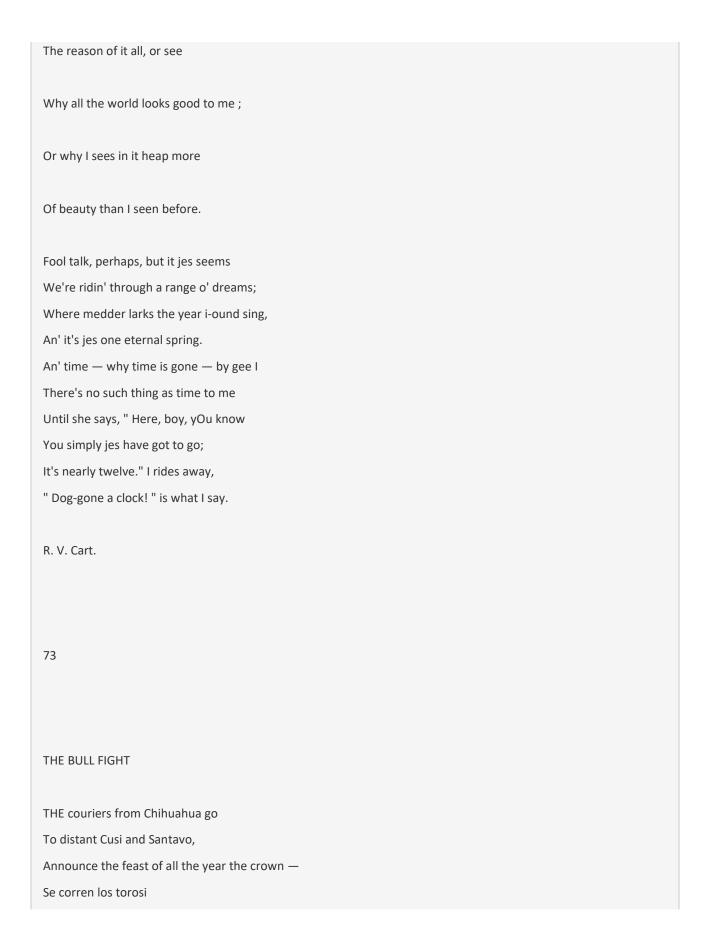
She called me " dear," an' do you know,

My heart jes skipped a beat, an' tho'

I'm hard to feaze, I'm free to yip







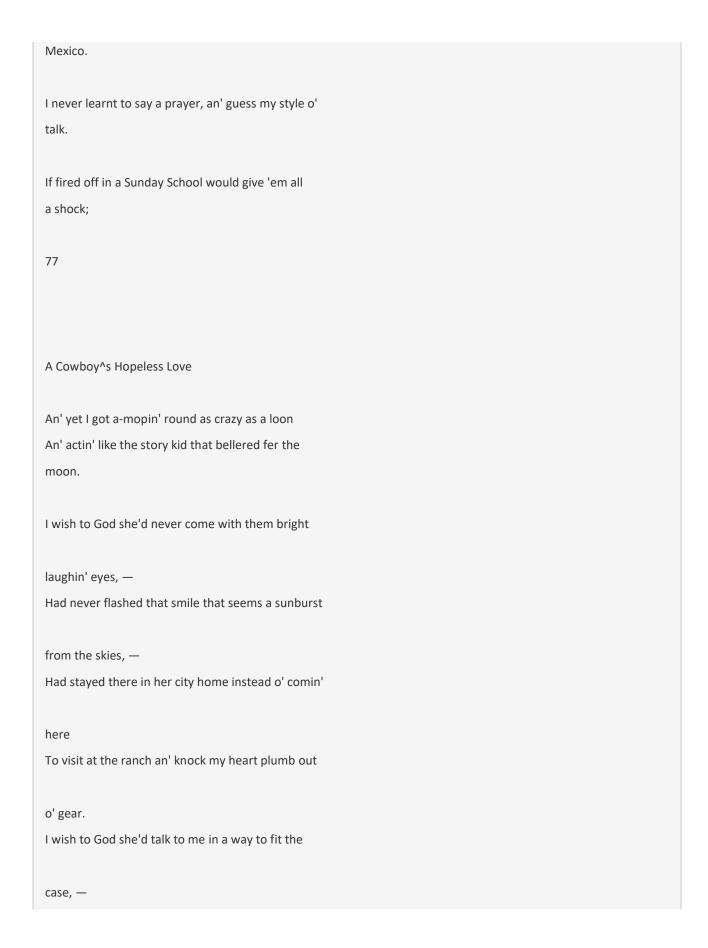
And Juan brings his Pepita into town.
The rancherias on the mountain side,
The haciendas of the Llano wide,
Are quickened by the matador's renown.
Se corren los torosi
And Juan brings his Pepita into town.
The women that on ambling burros ride,
The men that trudge behind or close beside
Make groups of dazzling red and white and brown.
Se corren los torosi
And Juan brings his Pepita into town.
Or else the lumbering carts are brought in play.
That jolt and scream and groan along the way,
But to their happy tenants cause no frown.
Se corren los torosi
And Juan brings his Pepita into town.
The Plaza De Los Toros offers seats.
Some deep in shade, on some the fierce sun beats ;

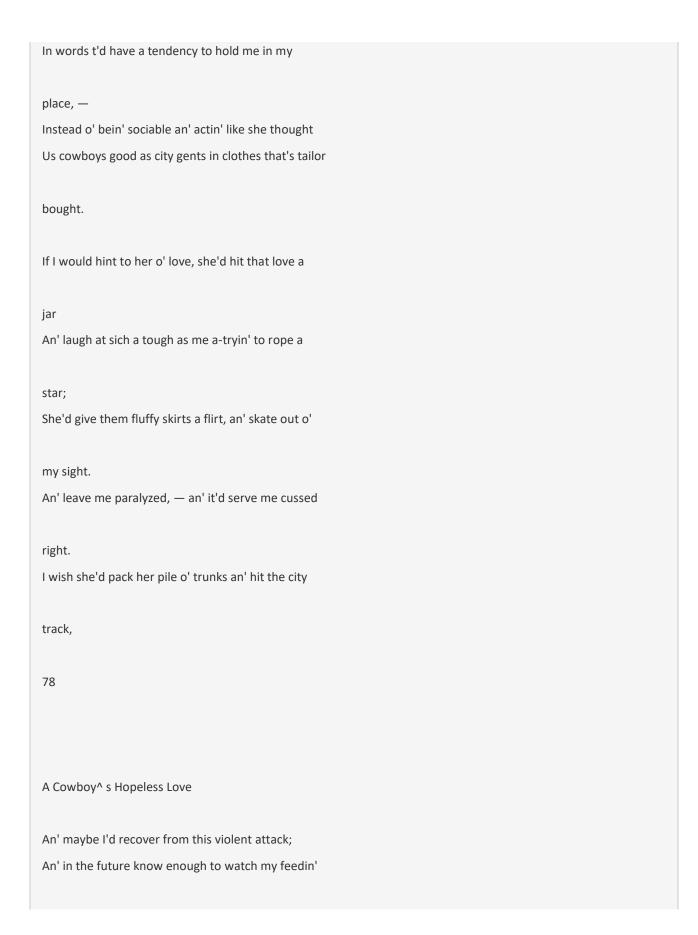
The Bull Fight	
These for the don, those for the rustic clown.	
Se corren los toros!	
And Juan brings his Pepita into town.	
Pepita sits, so young and sweet and fresh,	
The sun shines on her hair's dusky mesh.	
Her day of days, how soon it will be flown I	
Se corren los toros!	
And Juan's brought his Pepita into town.	
The bull is harried till the governor's word	
Bids the Diestro give the agile sword;	
Then shower the bravos and the roses down I	
'Sta muerto el tor of	
And Juan takes his Pepita back from the town.	
L. fVorthington Green.	
voi a,g.e.r. e/ce.r.	
75	
THE COWBOY'S VALENTINE	

SAY, Moll, now don't you 'How to quit
A-playin' maverick?
Sech stock should be corralled a bit
An' hev a mark 't '11 stick.
Old Val's a-roundin'-up today
Upon the Sweetheart Range,
'N me a-helpin', so to say.
Though this yere herd is strange
•
To me — 'n yit, ef I c'd rope
Jes one to wear my brand
I'd strike f'r Home Ranch on a lope,
a same in mome name in a tope,
The happiest in the land.
Yo' savvy who I'm runnin' so,
Yo' savvy who I be;
Now, can't yo' take that brand — yo' know, —
The V M-I-N-E.
C F. Lummis,

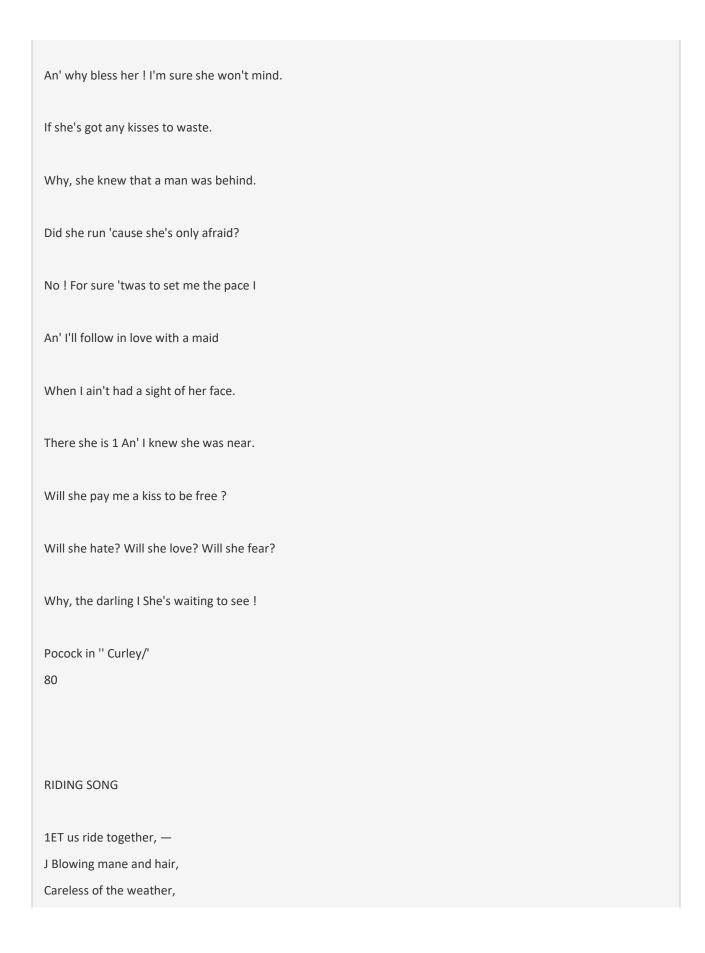
A COWBOY'S HOPELESS LOVE I'VE heard that story ofttimes about that little chap A-cryin' for the shiney moon to fall into his lap, An' jes a-raisin' merry hell because he couldn't git The same to swing down low so's he could nab a-holt of it, An' I'm a-feelin' that-a-way, locoed I reckon, wuss Than that same kid, though maybe not a-makin' sich a fuss, — A-goin' round with achin' eyes a-hankerin' fer a peach That's hangin' on the beauty tree, too high fer me to reach. I'm jes a rider of the range, plumb rough an' onrefined. An' wild an' keerless in my ways, like others of my kind; A reckless cuss in leather chaps, an' tanned an' blackened so

You'd think I wuz a Greaser from the plains of





ground
An' shun the loco weed o' love when there's an angel
round.
James Barton Adams.
79
THE CHASE
HERE'S a moccasin track in the drifts,
It's no more than the length of my hand;
An* her instep, — just see how it lifts I
If that ain't the best in the land I
For the maid ran as free as the wind
And her foot was as light as the snow.
Why, as sure as I follow, I'll find
Me a kiss where her red blushes grow.
Here's two small little feet and a skirt;
Here's a soft little heart all aglow.
See me trail down the dear little flirt
By the sign that she left in the snow I
Did she run? 'Twas a sign to make haste.



Miles ahead of care,			
Ring of hoof and snaffle,			
Swing of waist and hip,			
Trotting down the twisted ro	ad		
With the world let slip.			
Let us laugh together, —			
Merry as of old			
To the creak of leather			
And the morning cold.			
Break into a canter ;			
Shout to bank and tree;			
Rocking down the waking tra	il,		
Steady hand and knee.			
Take the life of cities, —			
Here's the life for me.			
'Twere a thousand pities			
Not to gallop free.			
*So we'll ride together,			
Comrade, you and I,			
Careless of the weather.			
Letting care go by.			
8i			
Anonymous.			

OUR LITTLE COWGIRL

THAR she goes a-lopin', stranger, Khaki-gowned, with flyin' hair, Talk about your classy ridin', — Wal, you're gettin' it right thar. Jest a kid, but lemme tell you When she warms a saddle seat On that outlaw bronc a-straddle She is one that can't be beat!

Every buckaroo that sees her

Tearin' cross the range astride

Has some mighty jealous feelin's

Wishin' he knowed how to ride.

Why, she'll take a deep barranca

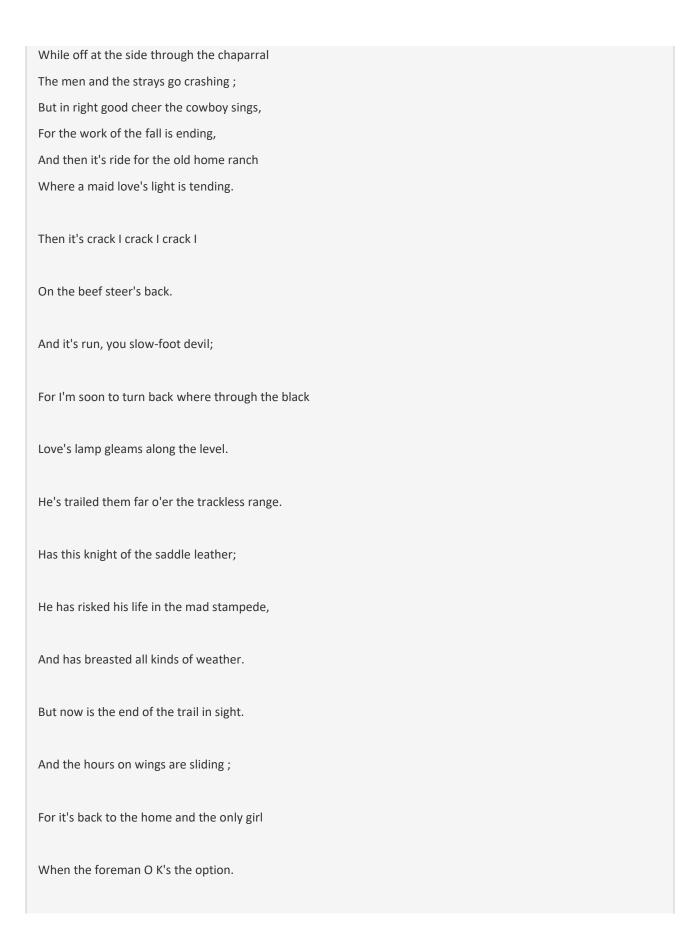
Six-foot wide and never peep;

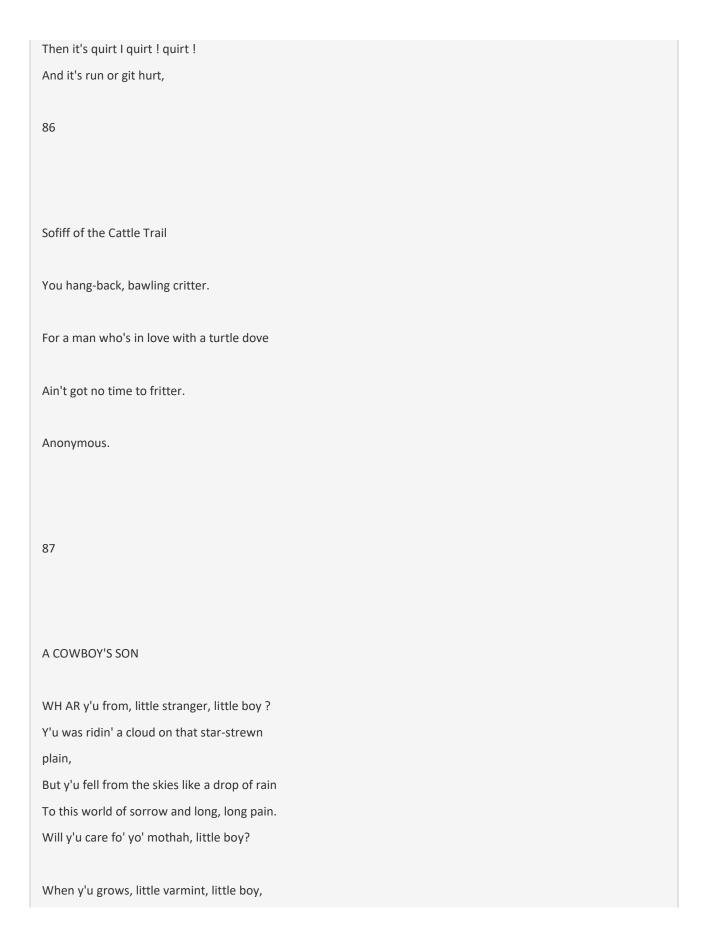
That 'ere cayuse she's a-forkin*

Sure 's somethin' on the leap.

Ride? Why, she can cut a critter
From the herd as neat as pie.
Read a brand out on the ranges
Just as well as you or I.
Ain't much yet with the riata,
But you give her a few years
And no puncher with the outfit
Will beat her a-ropin' steers.

Our Little Cowgirl
Proud o' her ? Say, lemme tell you,
She's the queen of all the range ;
Got a grip upon our heart-strings
Mighty strong, but that ain't strange;
'Cause she loves the lowin' cattle,
Loves the hills and open air,
Dusty trails on blossomed canons
God has strung around out here.
Hoof-beats poundin' down the mesa.
Chicken-time in lively tune.
Jest below the trail to Keeber's, —
Wait, you'll see her pretty soon.
You kin bet I know that ridin', —
Now she's toppin' yonder swell.
Thar she is ; that's her a-smilin'
At the bars of the corral.
Anonymous.
83
SONG OF THE CATTLE TRAIL
THE dust hangs thick upon the trail
And the horns and the hoofs are clashing,





Y' u'll be ridin' a boss by yo'* fathah's side
With yo' gun and yo' spurs and yo' howstrong pride.
Will y'u think of yo' home when the world rolls
wide?
Will y'u wish for yo' mothah, little boy ?
When y'u love in yo' manhood, little boy, —
When y'u dream of a girl who is angel fair, —
When the stars are her eyes and the wind is her
hair, —
When the sun is her smile and yo' heaven's there, —
Will y'u care for yo' mothah, little boy ?
Pocock in " CurleyJ
}f
88
A COWBOY SONG
I COULD not be so well content,
So sure of thee,
Senorita,

But well I know you must relent
And come to me,
Lolita I
The Caballeros throng to see
Thy laughing face,
Tily laugilling lace,
Senorita,
Lolita.
But well I know thy heart's for me.
Thy charm, thy grace,
Lolita!
I ride the range for thy dear sake.
To earn thee gold,
Senorita,
Lolita ;
And steal the gringo's cows to make
This seed the grings seems to make
A ranch to hold
A failelt to floid
Lolita!
Pocock in " Curley/*

A NEVADA COWPUNCHER TO HIS

BELOVED

10NESOME? Well, I guess so I

J This place is mighty blue;

The silence of the empty rooms

Jes' palpitates with — you.

The day has lost its beauty,
The sun's a-shinin' pale;
I'll round up my belongin's
An' I guess I'll hit the trail.

Out there in the sage-brush
A-harkin' to the "Coo-oo"
Of the wild dove in his matin'
I can think alone of you.

Perhaps a gaunt coyote

Will go a-lopin' by

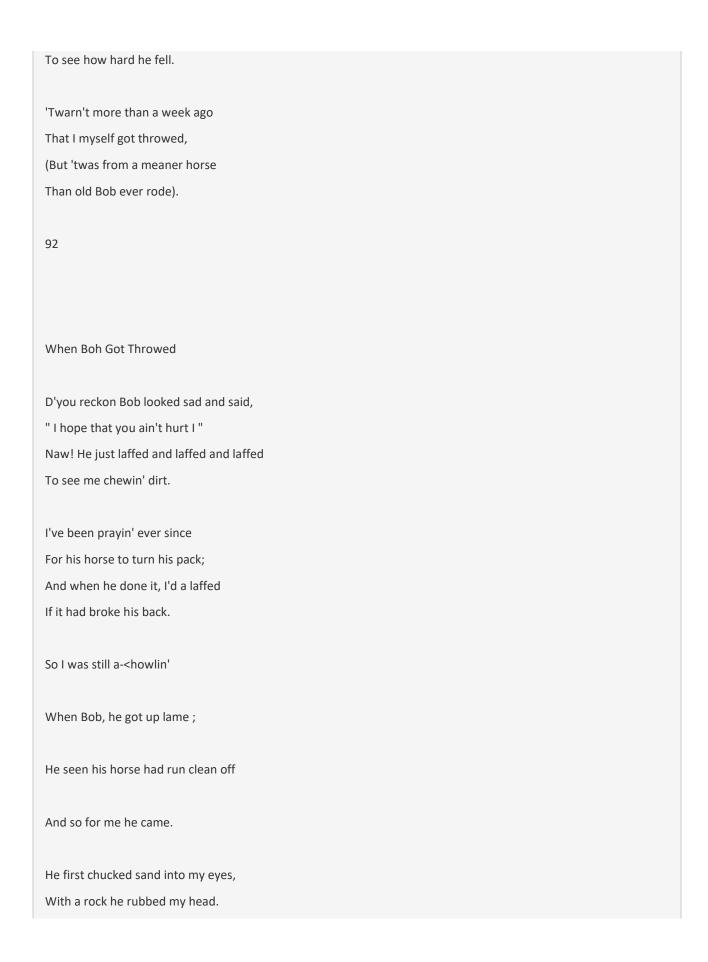
An' linger on the mountain ridge

An' cock his wary eye.

```
An' when the evenin' settles,
A-waitin' for the dawn
Perhaps I'll hear the ground owl:
" She's gone — she's gone — she's gone I "
Anon'jmous.
90
THE COWBOY TO HIS FRIEND IN NEED
YOU'RE very well polished, Fm free to confess,
Well balanced, well rounded, a power for right;
But cool and collected, — no steel could be less;
You're primed for continual fight.
Your voice is a bellicose bark of ill-will,
On hatred and choler you seem to have fed;
But when I control you, your temper is nil;
In fact, you're most easily led.
Though lead is your diet and fight is your fun,
I simply can't give you the jolt;
For I love you, you blessed old son-of-a-gun, —
```

You forty-five caliber Colt 1

Burke Jenkins.
91
\
WHEN BOB GOT THROWED
THAT time when Bob got throwed I thought I sure would bust.
I like to died a-laffin' To see him chewin' dust.
He crawled on that Andy bronc And hit him with a quirt. The next thing that he knew He was wallowin' in the dirt.
Yes, it might a-killed him, I heard the old ground pop; But to see if he was injured You bet I didn't stop.
I just rolled on the ground And began to kick and yell; It like to tickled me to death



" Now go fetch that horse," he said. So I went and fetched him back. But I was feelin' good all day; For I sure enough do love to see A feller get throwed that way. Ray. 93 **COWBOY VERSUS BRONCHO** HAVEN'T got no special likin' fur the toney sorts o' play, Chasin' foxes or that hossback polo game, Jumpin' critters over hurdles — sort o' things that any jay Could accomplish an' regard as rather tame. None o' them is worth a mention, to my thinkin' p'int o' view, Which the same I hold correct without a doubt, As a-toppin' of a broncho that has got it in fur you An' concludes that's just the time to have it out. Don't no sooner hit the saddle than the exercises

start.

An' they're lackin' in perliminary fuss;

Then he twisted both my arms, —

You kin hear his j'ints a-crackin' like he's breakin' 'em apart,

An' the hide jes' seems a-rippin' off the cuss,

An' you sometimes git a joltin' that makes everything turn blue.

An' you want to strictly mind what you're about.

When you're fightin' with a broncho that has got it

in fur you

An' imagines that's the time to have it out.

94

Cowboy Versus Broncho

Bows his back when he is risin', sticks his nose be-

tween his knees,

An' he shakes hisself while a-hangin' in the air;

Then he hits the earth so solid that it somewhat dis-

agrees

With the usual peace an' quiet of your hair.

You imagine that your innards are a-gittin' all

askew,

An' your spine don't feel so cussed firm an' stout,

When you're up agin a broncho that has got it in

fur you

Doin' of his level best to have it out.

He will rise to the occasion with a lightnin' jump, an'

then

When he hits the face o' these United States $\label{eq:Doesn't linger half a second till he's in the air agin } -$

Occupies the earth an' then evacuates.

Isn't any sense o' comfort like a-settin' in a pew

Listenin' to hear a sleepy parson spout

When you're up on top a broncho that has got it in
fur you

An' is desputly a-tryin' to have it out.

Always feel a touch o' pity when he has to give it up

After makin' sich a well intentioned buck

An' is standin' broken hearted an' as gentle as a pup

A reflectin' on the rottenness o' luck.

95

Cowboy Versus Broncho

Puts your sympathetic feelin's, as you might say, in a stew,

Though you're lame as if a-suflFerin' from the gout,
When you're lightin' oflF a broncho that has had it in
fur you

An' mistook the proper time to have it out. •

James Barton Adams.

WHEN YOU'RE THROWED

IF a feller's been a-straddle
Since he's big enough to ride,
And has had to sling his saddle
On most any colored hide, —
Though it's nothin' they take pride in,
Still most fellers I have knowed.
If they ever done much ridin'.
Has at different times got throwed.

All the boys start out together
For the round-up some fine day
When you're due to throw your leather
On a little wall-eyed bay,
An' he swells to beat the nation
When you're cinchin' up the slack,
An' he keeps an elevation
In your saddle at the back.

He stands still with feet a-sprawlin\
An' his eye shows lots of white.
An' he kinks his spinal column.
An' his hide is puckered tight.
He starts risin' an' a-jumpin'.

An' he strikes when you get near,

When Yotire Throwed

An' you cuss him an' you thump him Till you get him by the ear, —

Then your right hand grabs the saddle
An' you ketch your stirrup, too,
An' you try to light a-straddle
Like a woolly buckaroo;
But he drops his head an' switches,
Then he makes a backward jump.
Out of reach your stirrup twitches
But your right spur grabs his hump.

An' "Stay with himl "shouts some feller;
Though you know it's hope forlorn,
Yet you'll show that you ain't yeller
An' you choke the saddle horn.
Then you feel one rein a-droppin'
An' you know he's got his head;
An' your shirt tail's out an' floppin';
An' the saddle pulls like lead.

Then the boys all yell together

Fit to make a feller sick:

" Hey, you short horn, drop the leather I

Fan his fat an' ride him slick 1 "

Seems you're up-side-down an' flyin';

Then your spurs begin to slip.

There's no further use in tryin',

For the horn flies from your grip,

98

When YouWe Throwed

An' you feel a vague sensation
As upon the ground you roll,
Like a violent separation
'Twixt your body an' your soul.
Then you roll agin a hummock
Where you lay an' gasp for breath,
An' there's somethin' grips your stomach
Like the finger-grips o' death.

They all offers you prescriptions

For the grip an' for the croup.

An' they give you plain descriptions

How you looped the spiral loop;

They all swear you beat a circus

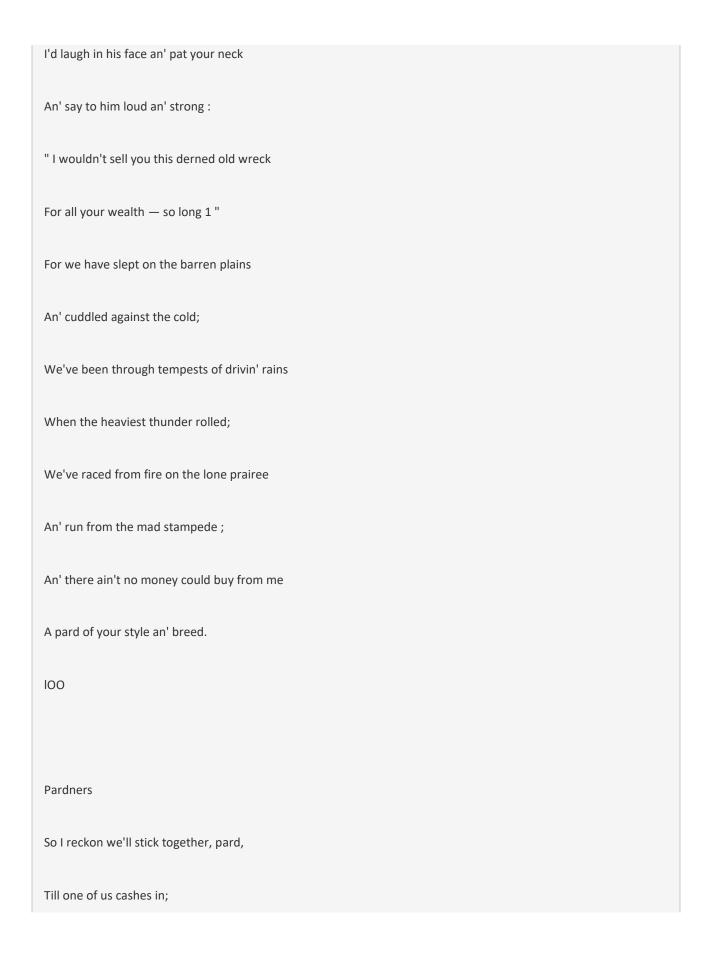
Or a hoochy-koochy dance,

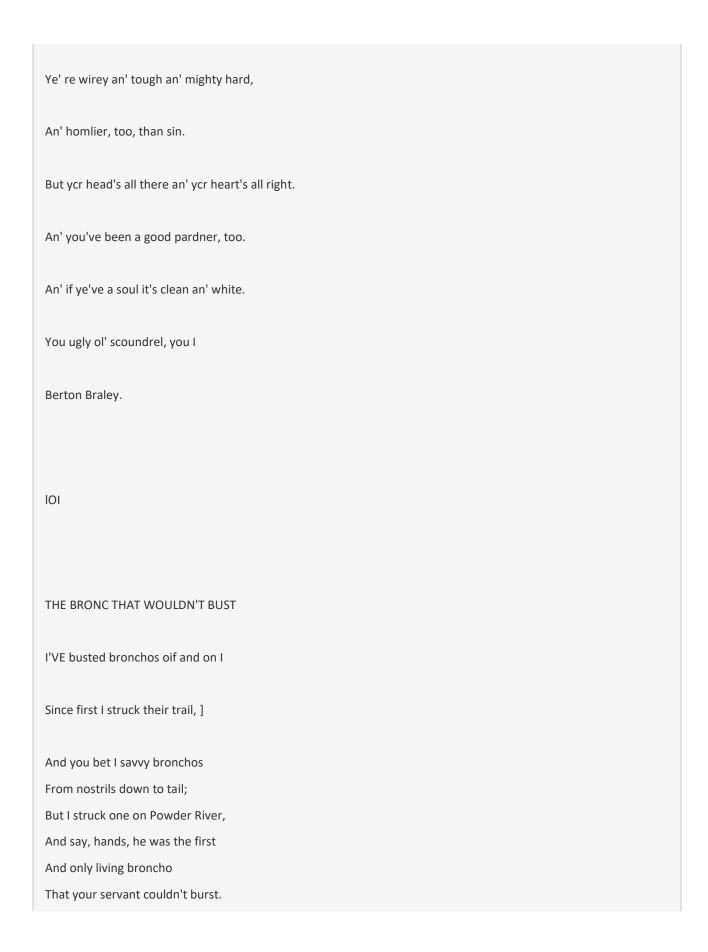
Moppin' up the canon's surface

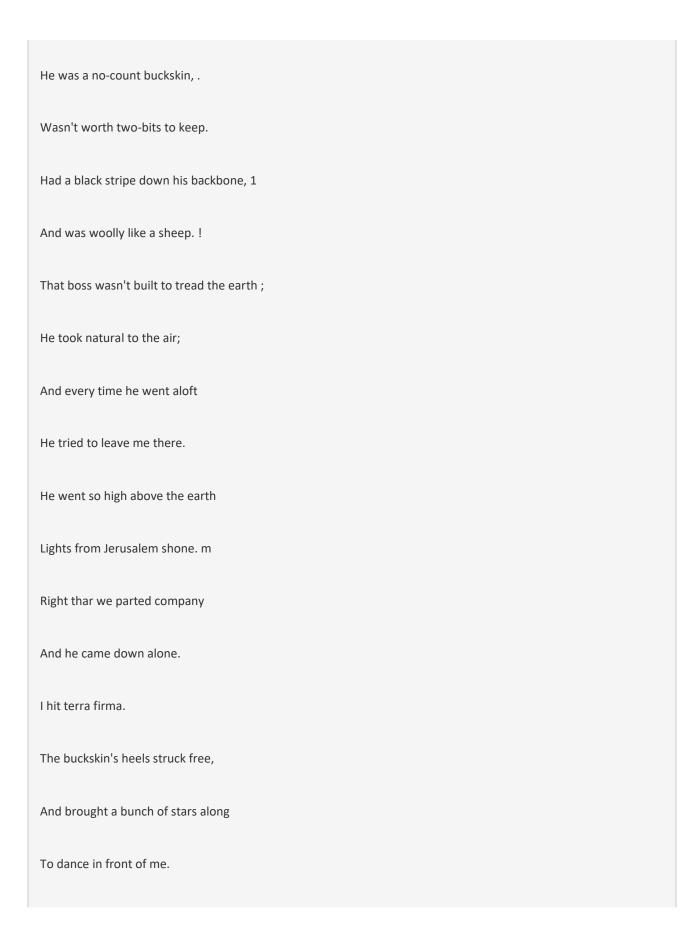
With the bosom of your pants.

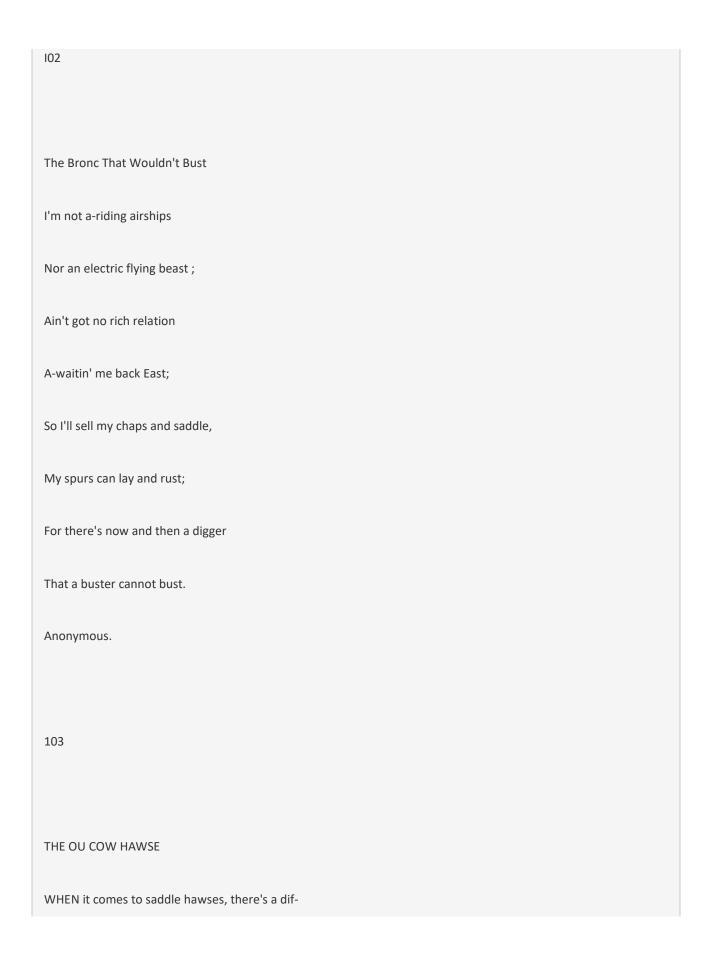
Then you'll get up on your trotters,
But you have a job to stand;
For the landscape round you totters

An' your collar's full o' sand.
Lots of fellers give prescriptions
How a broncho should be rode.
But there's few that gives descriptions
Of the times when they got throwed.
Anonymous.
99
PARDNERS
YOU bad-eyed, tough-mouthed son-of-a-gun,
Ye're a hard little beast to break,
But ye're good for the fiercest kind of a run
An' ye're quick as a rattlesnake.
Ye jolted me good when we first met
In the dust of that bare corral.
An' neither one of us will forget
The fight we fit, old pal.
But now — well, say, old boss, if John
D. Rockefeller shud come
With all the riches his paws are on
And want to buy you, you bum,

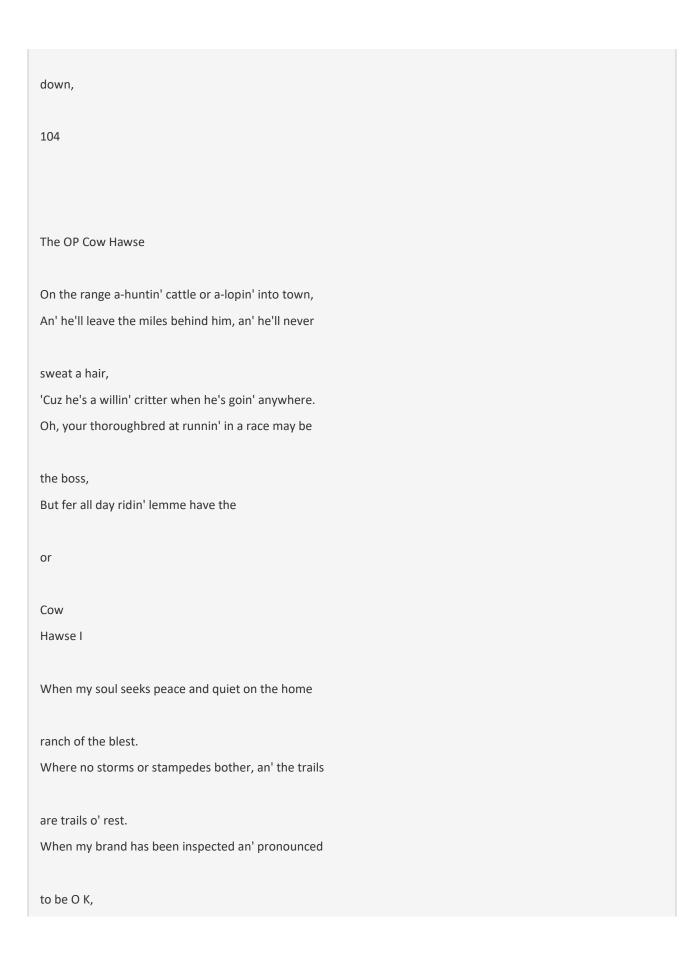


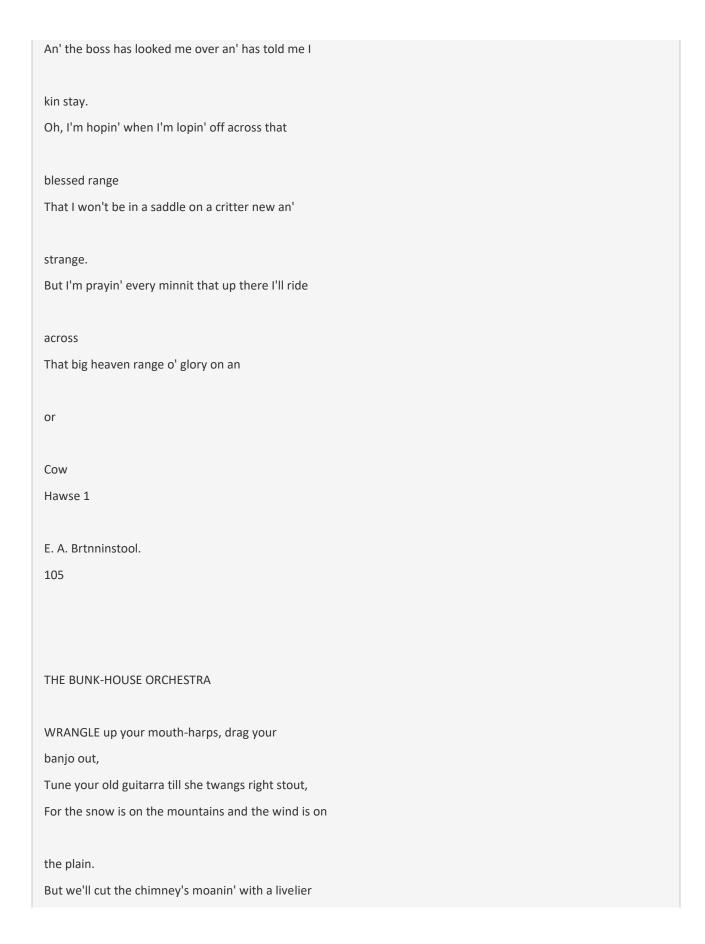


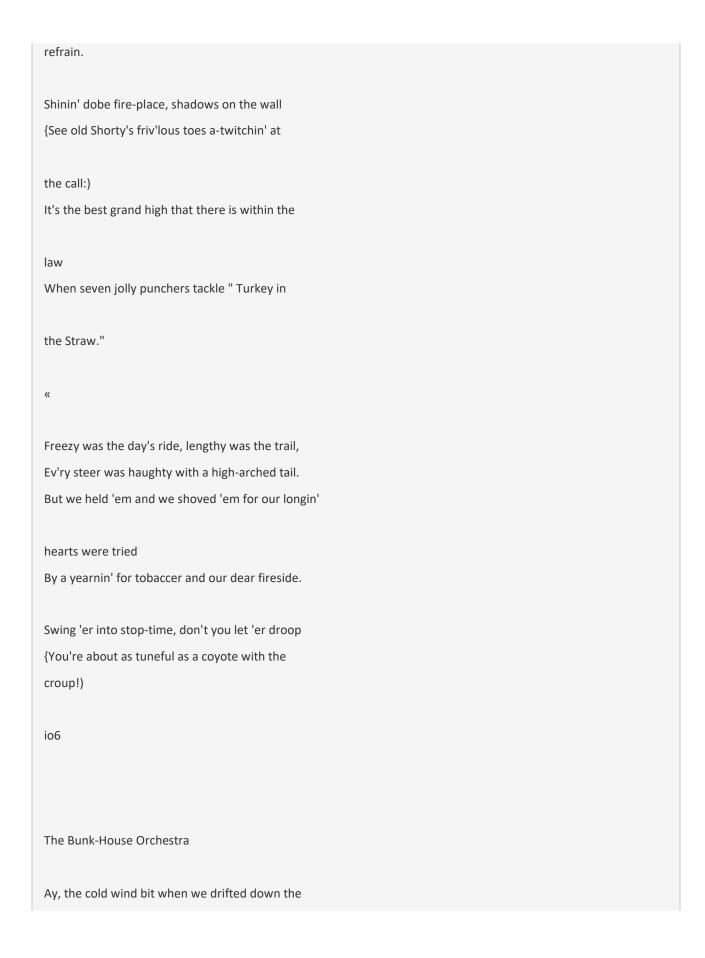


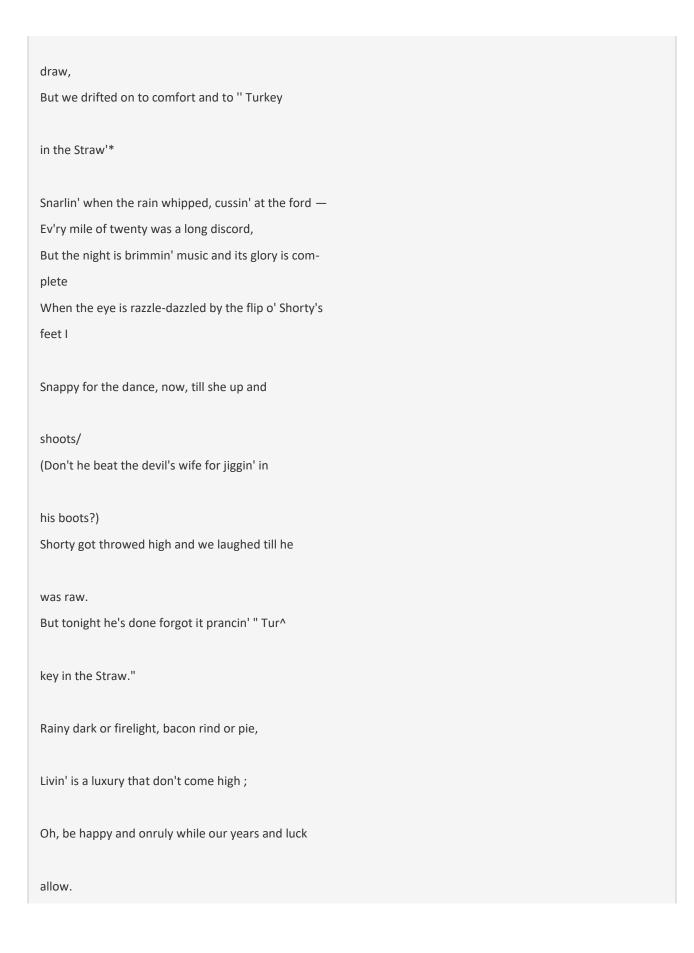


ference in steeds :
There is fancy-gaited critters that will suit some
feller's needs;
There is nags high-bred an' tony, with a smooth an'
shiny skin,
That will capture all the races that you want to run
'em in.
But fer one that never tires ; one that's faithful, tried
and true ;
One that alius is a " stayer " when you want to
slam him through,
There is but one breed o' critters that I ever came
across
That will alius stand the racket: 'tis the
or
Cow
Hawse I
Trawse i
No, he ain't so much fer beauty, fer he's scrubby an'
he's rough.
An' his temper's sort o' sassy, but you bet he's good
anguigh I
enough I
Fer he'll take the trail o' mornin's, be it up or be it



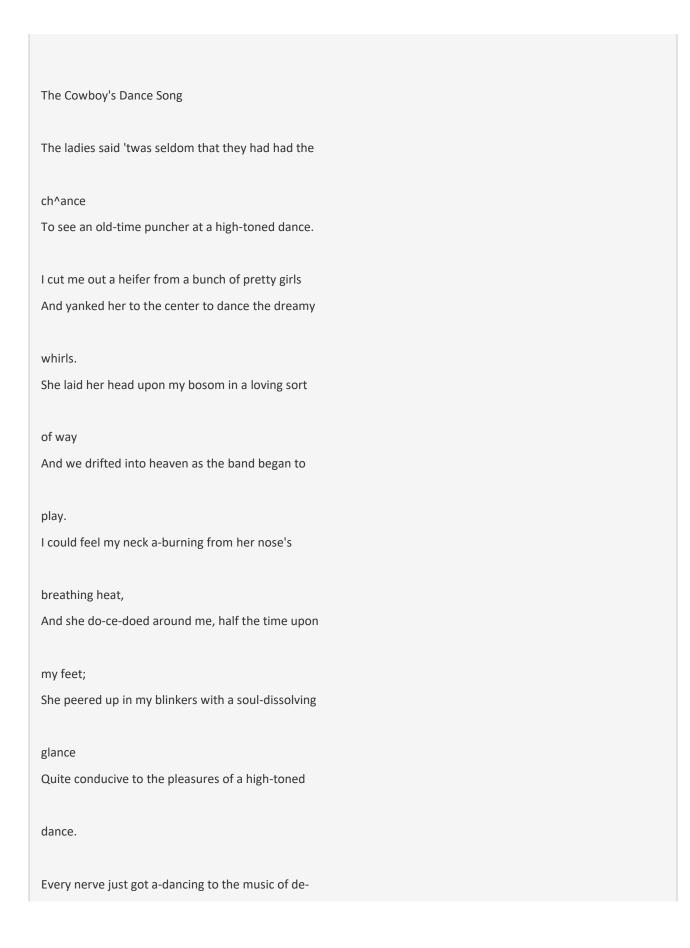


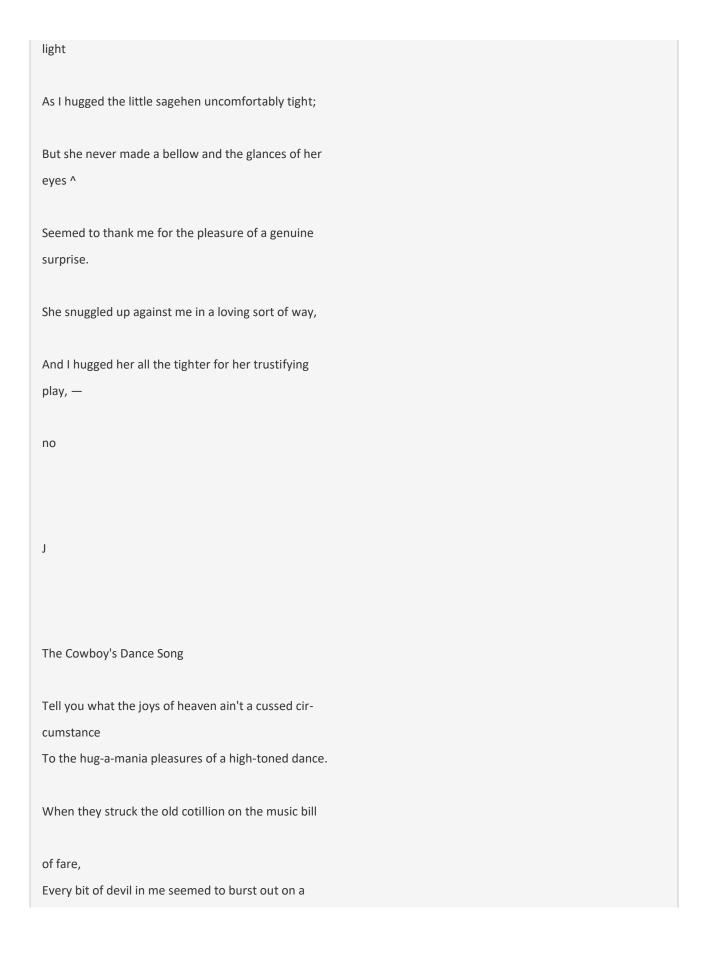




For we all must die or marry less than forty years
from now!
Lively on the last turn! Lope 'er to the death!
{Reddy's soul is willin' but he's gettin' short o'
breath.)
107
The Bunk-House Orchestra
The Bulk-House Orchestra
Ay, the storm wind sings and old trouble sucks
his paw
When we have an hour of firelight set to "Tur-
key in the Straw."
Charles Badger Clark.
io8
THE COWBOY'S DANCE SONG
YOU can't expect a cowboy to agitate his shanks
In etiquettish manner in aristocratic ranks
When he's always been accustomed to shake the heel

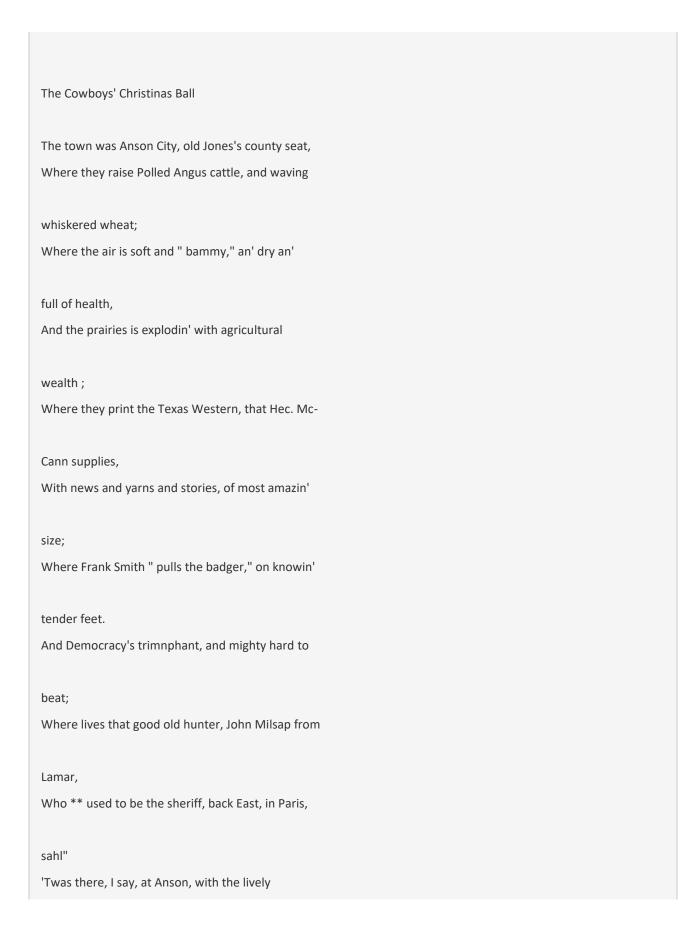
and toe
At the rattling rancher dances where much etiquet
don't go.
You can be I set them laughing in quite an excited
way, '
A-giving of their squinters an astonished sort of play,
When I happened into Denver and was asked to take
a prance
In the smooth and easy mazes of a high-toned dance.
When I got among the ladies in their frocks of fleecy
The contract of the second of the contract of
white.
And the dudes togged out in wrappings that were
simply out of sight.
Tell you what, I was embarrassed, and somehow I
couldn't keep
From feeling like a burro in a pretty flock of sheep.
Every step I made was awkward and I blushed a
E
fiery red
Like the principal adornment of a turkey gobbler's
head.
neuu.
109

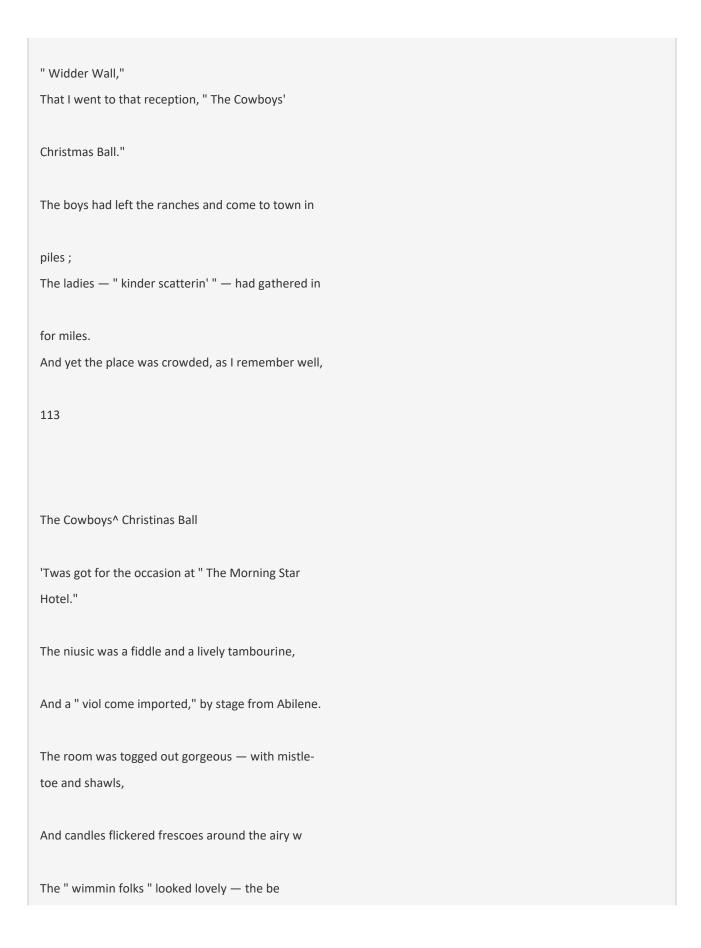




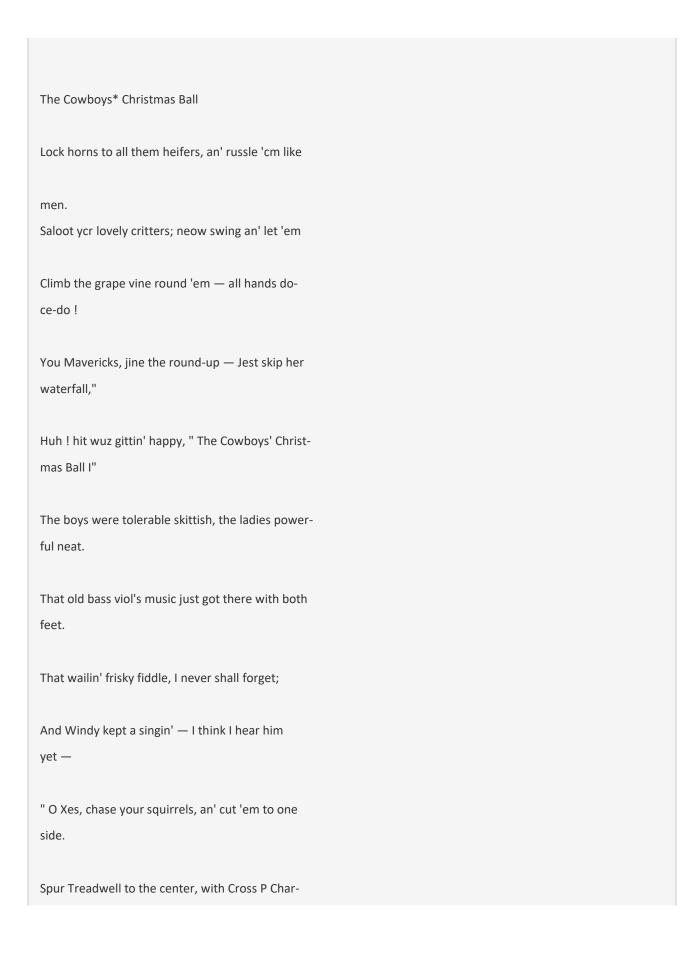
tear.
I fetched a cowboy whoop and started in to rag,
And cut her with my trotters till the floor began to
sag;
Swung my pardner till she got sea-sick and rushed
for a seat;
I balanced to the next one but she dodged me slick
and neat. —
Tell you what, I shook the creases from my go-to-
meeting pants
When I put the cowboy trimmings on that high-toned
dance.
James Barton Adams.
III
THE COWBOYS' CHRISTMAS BALL
*T¥ rAY out in Western Texas, where the Clear
VV Fork's waters flow,
Where the cattle are " a-browzin'," and the Spanish
ponies grow;

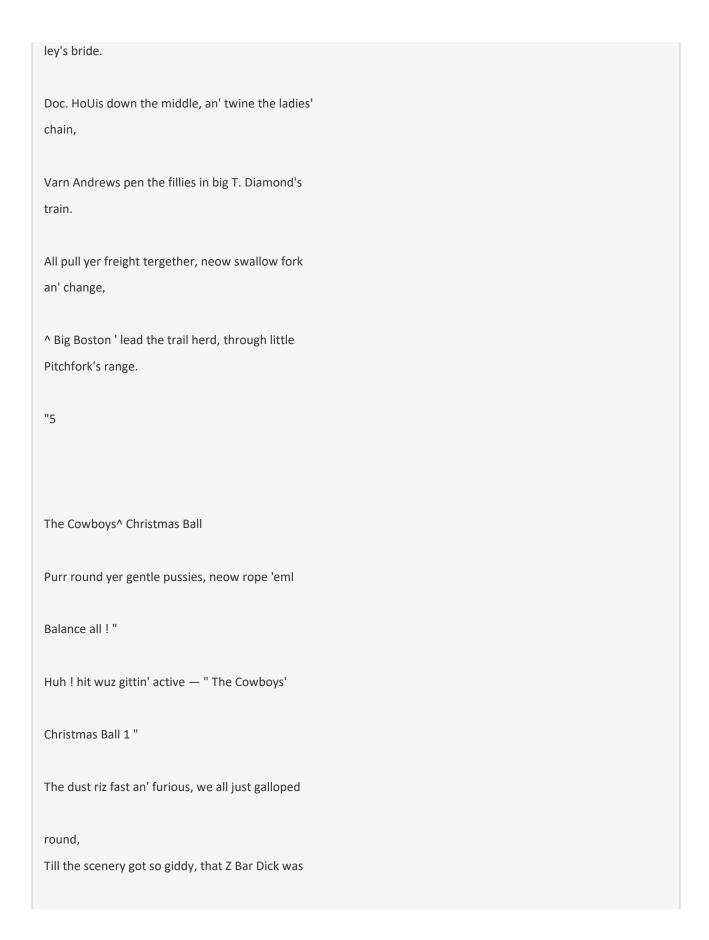
Where the Norther ** comes a-whistlin' " from beyond the Neutral strip And the prairie dogs are sneezin', as if they had "the Grip"; Where the coyotes come a-howlin' round the ranches after dark, And the mocking-birds are singin' to the lovely " medder lark "; Where the 'possum and the badger, and rattle-snakes abound. And the monstrous stars are winkin' o'er a wilderness profound; Where lonesome, tawny prairies melt into airy streams, While the Double Mountains slumber in heavenly kinds of dreams; Where the antelope is grazin' and the lonely plovers call — It was there that I attended ** The Cowboys' Christmas Ball."





looked kinder treed. Till their leader commenced yellin': " Whoa, fellers, let's stampede." The music started sighin' and a-wailin' through the hall. As a kind of introduction to ** The Cowboys' Christmas Ball." The leader was a fellow that came from Swenson's Ranch, They called him "Windy Billy," from "little Deadman's Branch." His rig was '* kinder keerless," big spurs and highheeled boots; He had the reputation that comes when ^' fellers shoots." His voice was like the bugle upon the mountain's height; His feet were animated, an' a mighty movin' sight, When he commenced to holler, ** Neow, fellers, stake ycr pen I U4

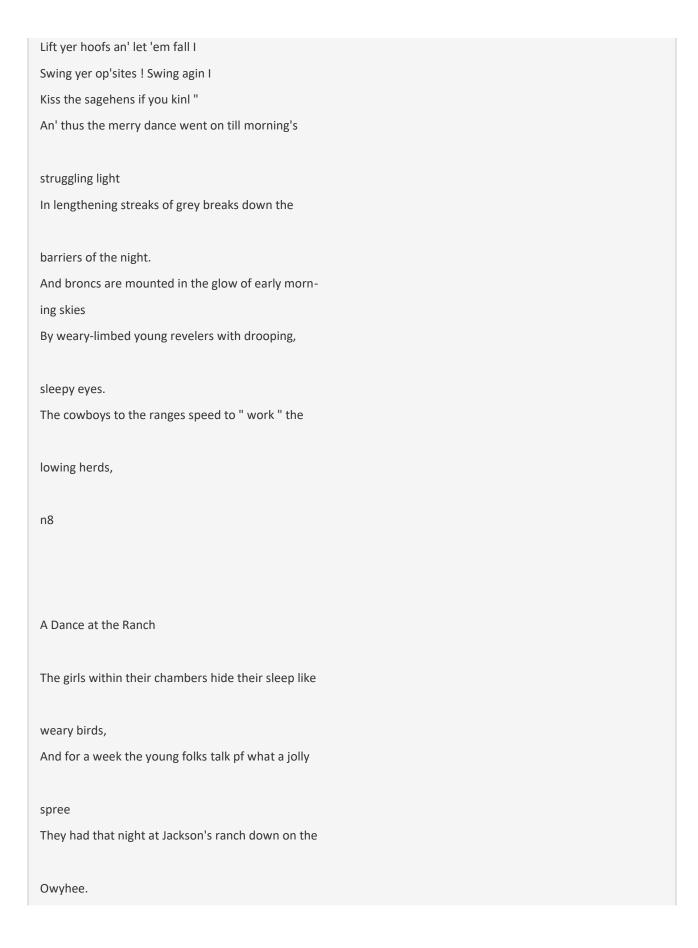




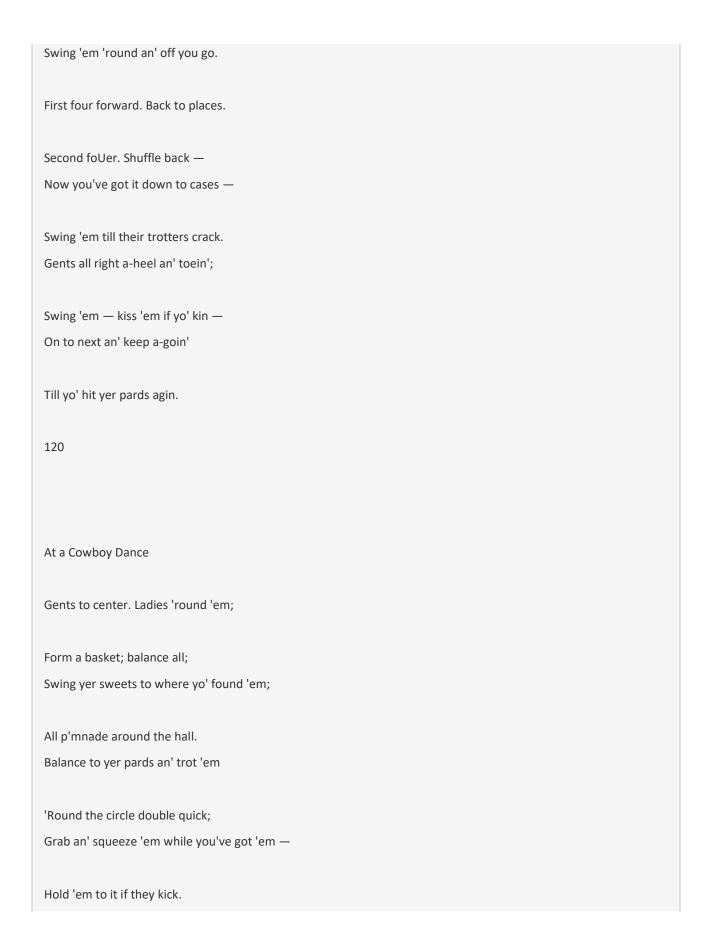
downed.
We buckled to our partners, an' told 'em to hold on.
Then shook our hoofs like lightning until the early
dawn.
Don't tell me 'bout cotillions, or germans. No sir-
'ee!
That whirl at Anson City just takes the cake with
me.
I'm sick of lazy shufflin's, of them I've had my fill.
Give me a fronteer breakdown, backed up by Windy
Bill.
McAllister ain't nowhere 1 when Windy leads the
show,
I've seen 'em both in harness, an' so I sorter know —
Oh, Bill, I sha'n't forget yer, and I'll oftentimes
recall,
That lively-gaited sworray — ** The Cowboys'
Christmas Ball."
Larry Chittenden in " Ranch Verses.^'
Larry Chitteriden in Nation Verses.
n6

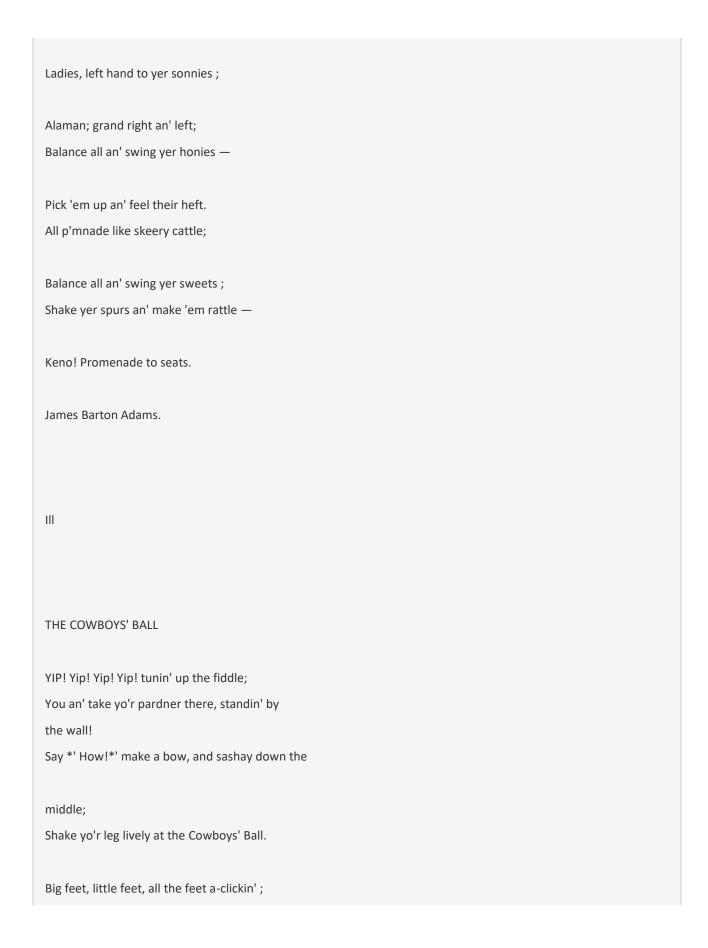
A DANCE AT THE RANCH	
FROM every point they gaily come, the broncho's unshod feet	
Pat at the green sod of the range with quick, emphatic beat;	
The tresses of the buxom girls as banners stream behind — ^	
Like silken, castigating whips cut at the sweeping wind.	
The dashing cowboys, brown of face, sit in their sad- dle thrones	
And sing the wild songs of the range in free, uncultured tones.	
Or ride beside the pretty girls, like gallant cavaliers.	
And pour the usual fairy tales into their listening ears.	
Within the " best room " of the ranch the jolly gathered throng	
Buzz like a hive of human bees and lade the air with song;	
The maidens tap their sweetest smiles and give their tongues full rein	

In efforts to entrap the boys in admiration's chain. The fiddler tunes the strings with pick of thumb and scrape of bow, Finds one string keyed a note too high, another one too low; 117 A Dance at the Ranch Then rosins up the tight-drawn hairs, the young folks In a fret Until their ears are greeted with the warning words, " All set 1 S'lute yer pardners 1 Let 'er go 1 Balance all an' do-ce-do! Swing yer girls an' run away 1 Right an' left an' gents sashay! Gents to right an' swing or cheat I On to next gal an' repeat I Balance next an' don't be shy I Swing yer pard an' swing 'er high I Bunch the gals an' drde round! Whack yer feet until they bound I> Form a basket! Break away! Swing an' kiss an' all git gay! Al'man left an' balance all!



Anonymous.	
119	
AT A COWBOY DANCE	
GIT yo' little sagehens ready;	
Trot 'em out upon the floor —	
Line up there, you critters! Steady!	
Lively, now I One couple more.	
Shorty, shed that ol' sombrero;	
Broncho, douse that cigaret;	
Stop yer cussin', Casimero,	
'Fore the ladies. Now, all set:	
S'lute yer ladies, all together;	
Ladies opposite the same;	
Hit the lumber with yer leather;	
Balance all an' swing yer dame;	
Bunch the heifers in the middle ;	
Circle stags an' do-ce-do;	
Keep a-steppin' to the fiddle;	





```
Everybody happy an' the goose a-hangin' high;
Lope, trot, hit the spot, like a colt a-kickin';
Keep a-stompin' leather while you got one eye.
Yah! Hool Larry I would you watch his wings
a-floppin'
Jumpin' like a chicken that's a-lookin' for its head;
Hi I Yip I Never slip, and never think of stoppin',
Just keep yo'r feet a-movin' till we all drop dead 1
High heels, low heels, moccasins and slippers;
Real old rally round the dipper and the keg I
Uncle Ed's gettin' red — had too many dippers;
Better get him hobbled or he'll break his leg!
Yip! Yip! Yip! tunin' up the fiddle;
Pass him up another for his arm is gettin' slow.
122
The Cowboys* Ball
Bow down! right in town — and sashay down the
middle;
Got to keep a-movin' for to see the showl
Yes, mam I Warm, mam? Want to rest a minute?
```

Like to get a breath of air lookin' at the stars ?
All right 1 Fine night — Dance ? There's nothin'
m It I
That's my pony there, peekin' through the bars.
Bronc, mam? No, mam! Gentle as a kitten!
Here, boy! Shake a hand! Now, mam, you can
see;
Night's cool. What a fool to dance, instead of
sittin'
Like a gent and lady, same as you and me.
Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip! tunin' up the fiddle;
Well, them as likes the exercise sure can have it all I
Right wing, lady swings, and sashay down the mid-
But this beats dancin' at the Cowboys' Ball.
Dat this seats darion? at the compays Dain
Henry Herbert Knibbs.
"3
PART III
COWBOY TYPES

DOWN where the Rio Grande ripples

When therms water in its bed;

Where no man is ever drunken - -.

All prefer mescal instead;

Where no lie is ever uttered —

There being nothin' one can trade;

Where no marriage vows are broken

'Cause the same are never made.

THE COWBOY

HE wears a big hat and big spurs and all that,

And leggins of fancy fringed leather;

He takes pride in his boots and the pistol he shoots,

And he's happy in all kinds of weather;

He's fond of his horse, it's a broncho, of course,

For oh, he can ride like the devil;

He is old for his years and he always appears

Like a fellow who's lived on the level;

He can sing, he can cook, yet his eyes have the look

Of a man that to fear is a stranger;

Yes, his cool, quiet nerve will always subserve

For his wild life of duty and danger.

He gets little to eat, and he guys tenderfeet,

And for fashion, oh well! he's not in it;

He can rope a gay steer when he gets on its ear

At the rate of two-forty a minute;

His saddle's the best in the wild, woolly West,

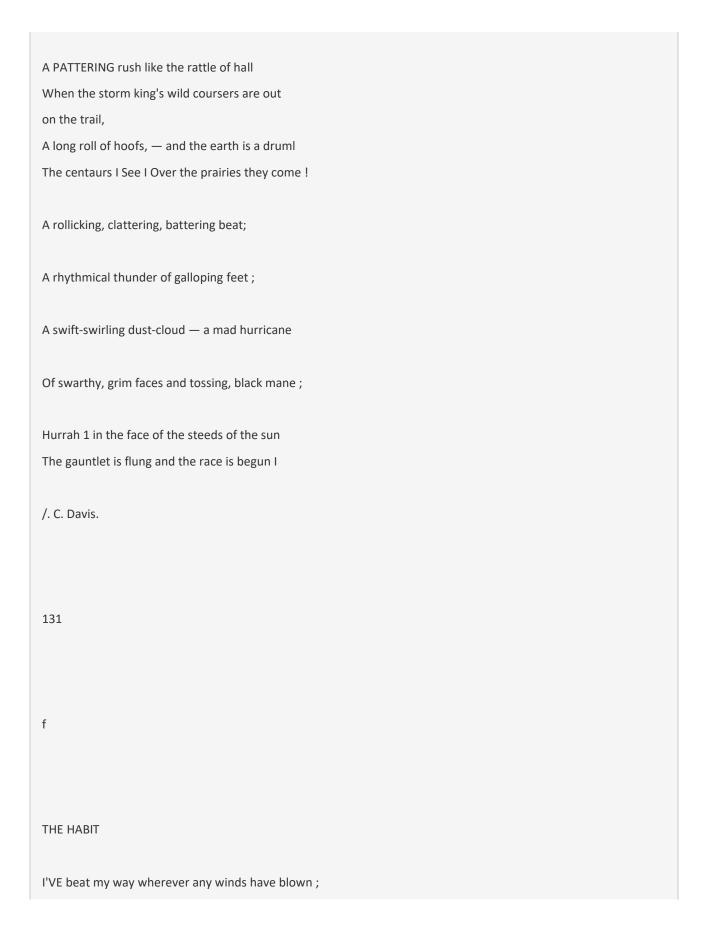
Sometimes it will cost sixty dollars;

Ah, he knows all the tricks when he brands mave-
ricks.
But his knowledge is not got from your scholars ;
He is loyal as steel, but demands a square deal,
And he hates and despises a coward;
Yet the cowboy, you'll find, to women is kind
Though he'll fight till by death overpowered.
127
The Cowboy
Hence I say unto you, — give the cowboy his due
And be kind, my friends, to his folly;
For he's generous and brave though he may not
To the 3 generous and shave though he may not
behave
Like your dudes, who are so melancholy.
Anonymous.
128
BAR-Z ON A SUNDAY NIGHT

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WE ain't no saints on the Bar-Z ranch,
'Tis said — an' we know who 'tis —
"Th' devil's laid hold on us, tooth an' branch,
An' uses us in his biz."
Still, we ain't so bad but we might be wuss,
An' you'd sure admit that's right,
If you happened — an' unbeknown to us —
Around, of a Sunday night.
Th' week-day manners is stowed away,
Th' jokes an' the card games halts.
When Dick's ol' fiddle begins to play
A toon — an' it ain't no waltz.
It digs fer th' things that are out o' sight,
It delves through th' toughest crust,
It grips th' heart-strings, an' holds 'em tight,
Till we've got ter sing — er bust I
With pipin' treble the kid starts in.
An' Hell! how that kid kin sing I
" Yield not to temptation, fer yieldin' is sin,"
He leads, an' the rafters ring;
** Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,"
We shouts it with force an' vim;
```

129

Bar-Z on a Sunday Night
" Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through,"-
That's puttin' it up to Him I
We ain't no saints on the ol' Bar-Z,
But many a time an' oft
When ol' fiddle's a-pleadin', " Abide with me,"
Our hearts gets kinder soft.
An' we makes some promises there an' then
Which we keeps — till we goes to bed, —
That's the most could be ast o' a passel o' men
What ain't no saints, as I said.
Percival Combes.
130
A COWBOY RACE



I've bummed along from Portland down to San Antone; From Sandy Hook to Frisco, over gulch and hill, — For once you git the habit, why, you can't keep still. I settled down quite frequent, and I says, says I, " I'll never wander further till I come to die." But the \nnd it sorter chuckles, '* Why, o' course you will." An' sure enough I does it 'cause I can't keep still. I've seen a lot o' places where I'd like to stay. But I gets a-feelin' restless an' I'm on my way. I was never meant for settin' on my own door sill. An', once you git the habit, why, you can't keep still. I've been in rich men's houses an' I've been in jail, But when it's time for leavin' I jes hits the trail. I'm a human bird of passage and the song I trill Is, "Once you git the habit, why, you can't keep still." 132 The Habit

The sun is sorter coaxin', an' the road is clear,

An' the wind is singin' ballads that I got to hear.

It ain't no use to argue when you feel the thrill;

For, once you git the habit, why, you can't keep still.

Berton Braley.

133

A RANGER

HE never made parade of tooth or claw;
He was plain as us that nursed the bawlin'
herds.

Though he had a rather meanin'-lookin' jaw,
He was shy of exercisin' it with words.
As a circus-ridin' preacher of the law,
All his preachin' was the sort that hit the nail;
He was just a common ranger, just a ridin' pilgrim

stranger.

And he labored with the sinners of the trail.

Once a Yaqui knifed a woman, jealous mad,
Then hit southward with the old, old killer's plan,
And nobody missed the woman very bad.
While they'd just a little rather missed the man.

But the ranger crossed his trail and sniffed it glad,
And then loped away to bring him back again.
For he stood for peace and order on the lonely,

sunny border

And his business was to hunt for sinful men I

So the trail it led him southward all the day.

Through the shinin' country of the thorn and snake,

Where the heat had drove the lizards from their

play

134

A Ranger

To the shade of rock and bush and yucca stake.

And the mountains heaved and rippled far away

And the desert broiled as on the devil's prong,

But he didn't mind the devil if his head kept clear

and level

And the hoofs beat out their clear and steady song.

Came the yellow west, and on a far off rise

Something black crawled up and dropped beyond

the rim.

And he reached his rifle out and rubbed his eyes

While he cussed the southern hills for growin' dim.

Down a hazy 'royo came the coyote cries,

Like they laughed at him because he'd lost his mark,

And the smile that brands a fighter pulled his mouth

a little tighter

As he set his spurs and rode on through the dark.

Came the moonlight on a trail that wriggled higher
Through the mountains that look into Mexico,
And the shadows strung his nerves like banjo wire
And the miles and minutes dragged unearthly slow.
Then a black mesquite spit out a thread of fire
And the canyon walls flung thunder back again.
And he caught himself and fumbled at his rifle while

he grumbled

That his bridle arm had weight enough for ten.

Though his rifle pointed wavy-like and slack

And he grabbed for leather at his hawse's shy,

135

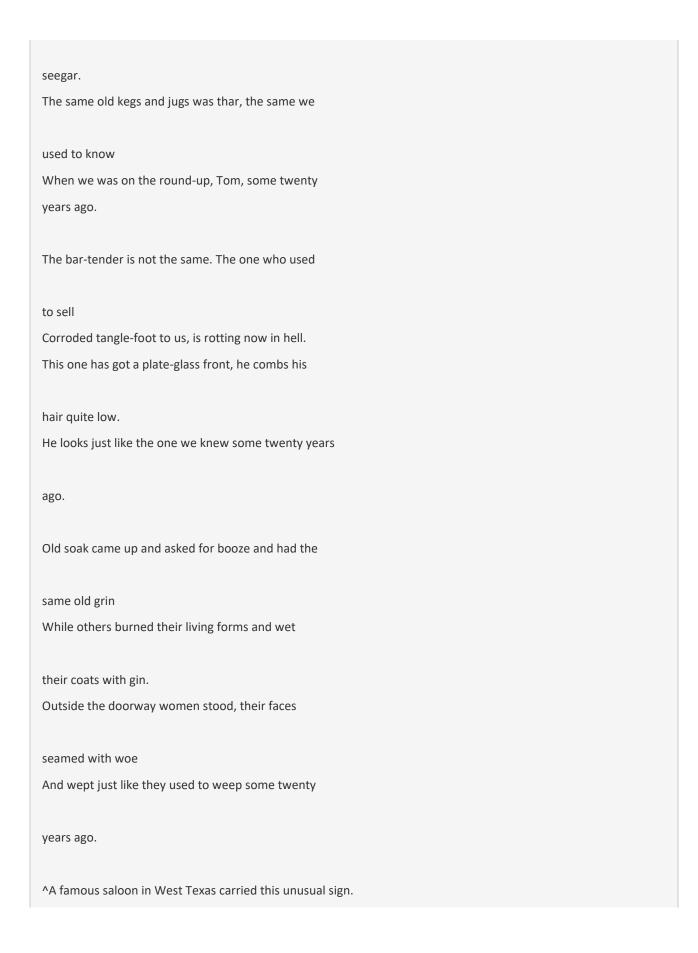
A Ranger

Yet he sent a soft-nosed exhortation back
That convinced the sinner — just above the eye.
So the sinner sprawled among the shadows black
While the ranger drifted north beneath the moon,
Wabblin' crazy in his saddle, workin' hard to stay

a-straddle

While the hoofs beat out a slow and sorry tune.
When the sheriff got up early out of bed,
How he stared and vowed his soul a total loss.
As he saw the droopy thing all blotched with red
That came ridin' in aboard a tremblin' hawse.
But " I got 'im " was the most the ranger said
And you couldn't hire him, now, to tell the tale ;
He was just a quiet ranger, just a ridin' pilgrim
stranger
And he labored with the sinners of the trail.
Charles Badger Clark, Jr.
136
THE INSULT
THE INSOLI
I'VE swum the Colorado where she runs close
down to hell ;
I've braced the faro layouts in Cheyenne ;
I've fought for muddy water with a bunch of howlin'
swine
An' swallowed hot tamales and cayenne ;
I've rode a pitchin' broncho till the sky was under-
neath;

I've tackled every desert in the land ;
I've sampled XX whiskey till I couldn't hardly see
An' dallied with the quicksands of the Grande ;
I've argued with the marshals of a half a dozen
burgs;
I've been dragged free and fancy by a cow;
I've had three years' campaignin' with the fightin',
bitin' Ninth,
An' I never lost my temper till right now.
I've had the yeller fever and been shot plum full of
holes;
I've grabbed an army mule plum by the tail ;
But I've never been so snortin', really highfalutin'
mad As when you up and hands rea singer als
As when you up and hands me ginger ale.
Anonymous.
137
" THE ROAD TO RUIN " ^
I WENT into the grog-shop, Tom, and stood be-
side the bar.
And drank a glass of lemonade and smoked a bad



n

The Road to Ruin "

I asked about our old-time friends, those cheery, sporty men;

And some was in the poor-house, Tom, and some was in the pen.

Oh, few are left that used to booze some twenty years ago.

You recollect our favorite, whom pride claimed for

her own, —

He used to say that he could booze or leave the

stuff alone.

He perished for the James Fitz James, out in the

And the latigoes creak and strain. Yet I've got no fear of an outlaw steer And I'll tumble him on the plain. For a man is a man and a steer is a beast, And the man is the boss of the herd; And each of the bunch, from the biggest to least, Must come down when he says the word. When my leg swings 'cross on an outlaw hawse And my spurs clinch into his hide. He kin r'ar and pitch over hill and ditch. But wherever he goes I'll ride. Let 'im spin and flop like a crazy top. Or flit like a wind-whipped smoke. But he'll know the feel of my rowelled heel Till he's happy to own he's broke. For a man is a man and a hawse is a brute, And the hawse may be prince of his clan, J40

The Outlaw
But he'll bow to the bit and the steel-shod boot
And own that his boss is the man.
When the devil at rest underneath my vest
Gets up and begins to paw,
And my hot tongue strains at its bridle-reins,
Then I tackle the real outlaw;
When I get plumb riled and my sense goes wild,
And my temper has fractious growed.
If he'll hump his neck just a triflin' speck,
Then it's dollars to dimes I'm throwed.
For a man is a man, but he's partly a beast —
He kin brag till he makes you deaf,
But the one, lone brute, from the West to the
East,
That he kaint quite break, is himse'f.
Charles B. Clark, Jr.

THE DESERT ^'TT^WAS the lean coyote told me, baring his X slavish soul, As I counted the ribs of my dead cayuse and cursed at the desert sky, The tale of the Upland Rider's fate while I dug in the water hole For a drop, a taste of the bitter seep; but the water hole was dry 1 ** He came," said the lean coyote, " and he cursed as his pony fell; And he counted his pony's ribs aloud; yea, even as you have done. He raved as he ripped at the clay-red sand like an imp from the pit of hell. Shriveled with thirst for a thousand years and craving a drop — just one." " His name?" I asked, and he told me, yawning to hide a grin: " His name is writ on the prison roll and many a place beside; Last, he scribbled it on the sand with a finger seared and thin, 142

The Desert

And I watched his face as he spelled it out — laughed as I laughed, and died.

" And thus," said the lean coyote, " his need is the hungry's feast,

And mine." I fumbled and pulled my gun — emptied it wild and fast.

But one of the crazy shots went home and silenced the waiting beast;

There lay the shape of the Liar, dead 1 'Twas I that should laugh the last.

Laugh? Nay, now I would write my name as the Upland Rider wrote;

Write? What need, for before my eyes in a wide and wavering line

I saw the trace of a written word and letter by letter $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1\right$

float

Into a mist as the world grew dark; and I knew that the name was mine.

Dreams and visions within the dream; turmoil and fire and pain;

Hands that proffered a brimming cup — empty, ere I could take;

Then the burst of a thunder-head — rain I It was rude, fierce rain!

Blindly down to the hole I crept, shivering, drenched, awake I

The Desert

Dawn — and the edge of the red-rimmed sun stattering golden flame,

As stumbling down to the water hole came the horse that I thought was dead;

But never a sign of the other beast nor a trace' of a rider's name;

Just a rain-washed track and an empty gun — and the old home trail ahead.

Henry Herbert Knibbs.

WHISKEY BILL,— A FRAGMENT

A -DOWN the road and gun in hand
Comes Whiskey Bill, mad Whiskey Bill; ^
A-lookin' for some place to land
Comes Whiskey Bill.
An' everybody'd like to be

Ten miles away behind a tree

When on his joyous, aching spree

Starts Whiskey Bill.

The times have changed since you made love,

O Whiskey Bill, O Whiskey BiUl

The happy sun grinned up above
At Whiskey Bill.
And down the middle of the street
The sheriff comes on toe and feet
A-wishin' for one fretful peek
At Whiskey Bill.
The cows go grazing o'er the lea, —
Poor Whiskey Billl Poor Whiskey BiUl
An' aching thoughts pour in on me
Of Whiskey Bill.
The sheriff up and found his stride;
Bill's soul went shootin' down the slide, —
How are things on the Great Divide,
O Whiskey Bill?
Anonymous.
445

DENVER JIM

**OIAY, fellers, that ornery thief must be nigh us,

O For I jist saw him across this way to the right;

Ah, there he is now right under that burr-oak

As fearless and cool as if waitin' all night.

Well, come on, but jist get every shooter all ready

Fur him, if he's spilin' to give us a fight;

The birds in the grove will sing chants to our picnic

An' that limb hangin' over him stands about right.

" Say, stranger, good mornin'. Why, dog blast my lasso, boys.

If it ain't Denver Jim that's corralled here at last.

Right aside for the jilly. Well, Jim, we are searchin'

All night for a couple about of your cast.

An' seein' yer enter this openin' so charmin'

We thought perhaps yer might give us the trail.

Haven't seen anything that would answer description?

What a nerve that chap has, but it will not avail.

"Want to trade bosses fur the one I am stridin' 1
Will you give me five hundred betwixt fur the boot?
Say, Jim, that air gold is the strongest temptation
An' many a man would say take it and scoot.

Denver Jim

But we don^t belong to that denomination;
You have got to the end of your rope, Denver Jim.
In ten minutes more we'll be crossin' the prairie,
An' you will be hangin' there right from that limb.

" Have you got any speakin' why the sentence ain't

proper?

Here, take you a drink from the old whiskey flask.

Ar' not dry? Well, I am, an' will drink ter yer,

pard.

An' wish that this court will not bungle this task.

There, the old lasso circles your neck like a fixture;

Here, boys, take the line an' wait fer the word;

I am sorry, old boy, that your claim has gone under;

Fer yer don't meet yer fate like the low, common

herd.

"What's that? So yer want me to answer a let-

ter, -

Well, give it to me till I make it all right,

A moment or two will be only good manners,

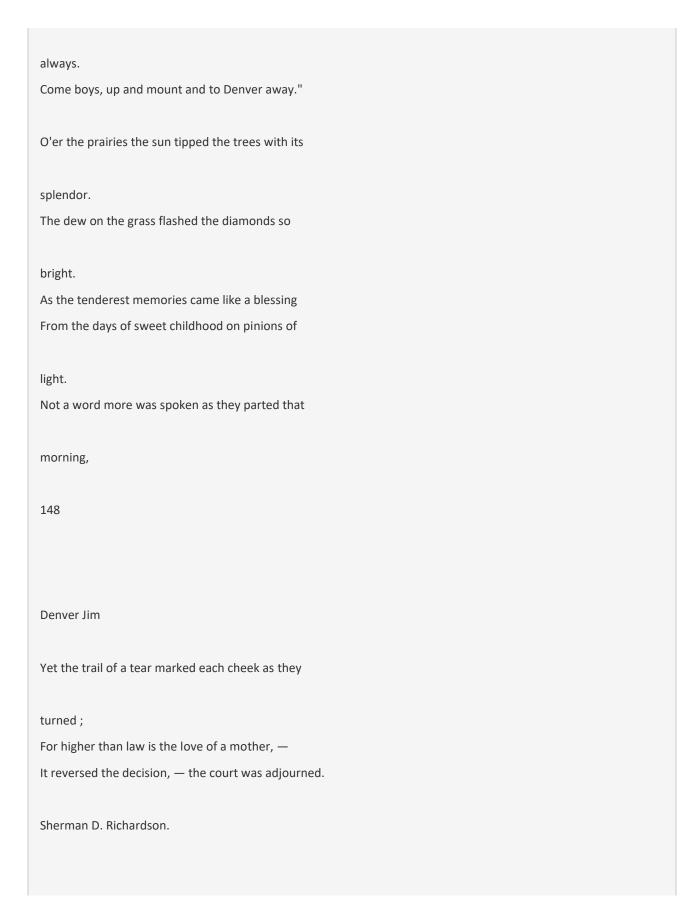
The judicious acts of this court will be white.

* Long Point, Arkansas, the thirteenth of August,

My dearest son James, somewhere out in the West, For long, weary months I've been waiting for tidings Since your last loving letter came eastward to bless. " ' God bless you, my son, for thus sending that money, 147 Denver Jim Remembering your mother when sorely in need. May the angels from heaven now guard you from danger And happiness follow your generous deed. How I long so to see you come into the doorway, As you used to, of old, when weary, to rest. May the days be but few when again I can greet you, My comfort and staff, is your mother's request' " Say, pard, here's your letter. I'm not good at writin', I think you'd do better to answer them lines; An' fer fear I might want it I'll take off that lasso, An' the boss you kin leave when you git to the pines. An' Jim, when yer see yer old mother jist tell her

That a wee bit o' writin' kinder hastened the day

When her boy could come eastward to stay with her



THE VIGILANTES

WE are the whirlwinds that winnow the

West -

We scatter the wicked like straw 1

We are the Nemeses, never at rest —

We are Justice, and Right, and the Law 1

Moon on the snow and a blood-chilling blast,
Sharp-throbbing hoofs like the heart-beat of fear,
A halt, a swift parley, a pause — then at last
A stiff, swinging figure cut darkly and sheer
Against the blue steel of the sky; ghastly white
Every on-looking face. Men, our duty was clear;

Yet ah 1 what a soul to send forth to the night 1

Ours is a service brute-hateful and grim;
Little we love the wild task that we seek;
Are they dainty to deal with — the fear-rigid limb,
The curse and the struggle, the blasphemous shriek?
Nay, but men must endure while their bodies have

breath;

God made us strong to avenge Him the weak —

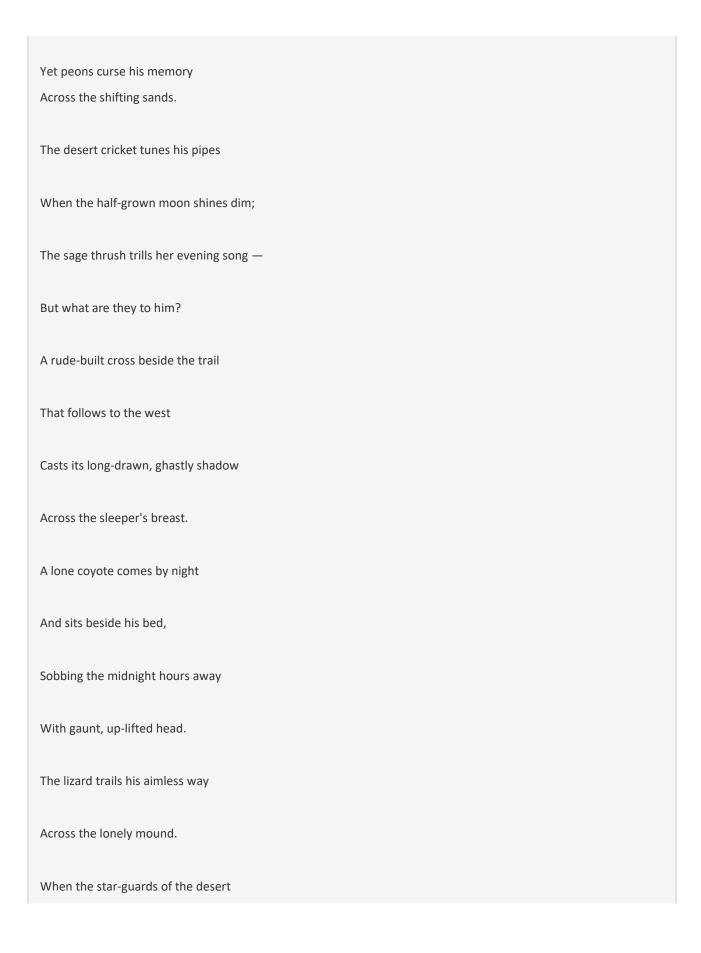
To dispense his sure wages of sin — which is death.

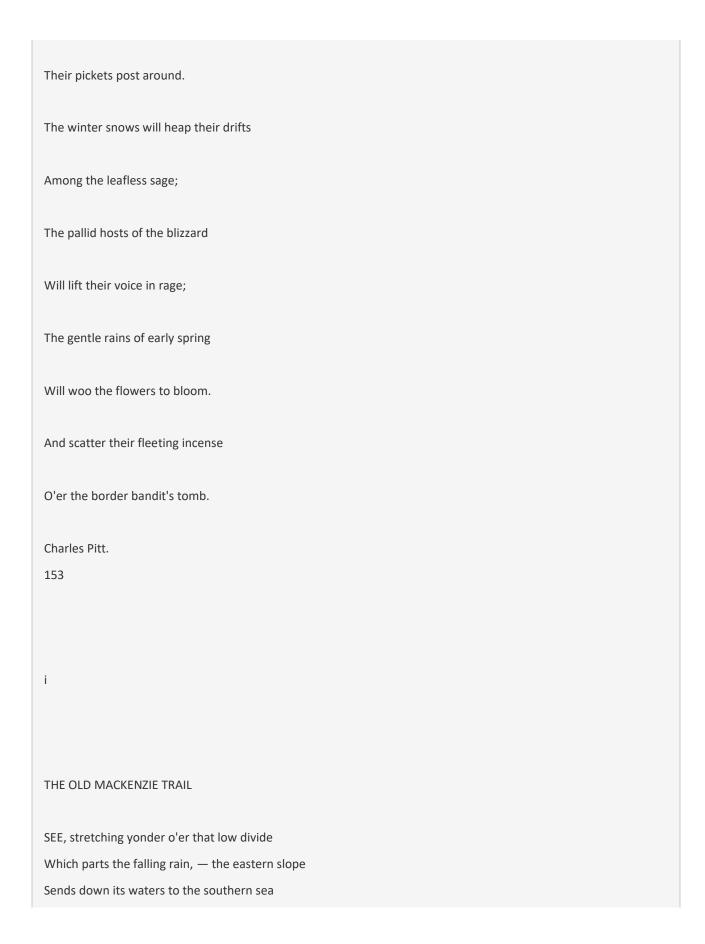
We stand for our duty : while wrong works its will.

Our search shall be stern and our course shall be

wide;	
150	
The Vigilantes	
Retribution shall prove that the just liveth still,	
And its horrors and dangers our hearts can abide,	
That safety and honor may tread in our path;	
The vengeance of Heaven shall speed at our side.	
As we follow unwearied our mission of wrath.	
We are the whirlwinds that winnow the West —	
We scatter the wicked like straw!	
We are the Nemeses, never at rest —	
We are Justice, and Right, and the Lawl	
Margaret Ashmun.	
Margaret Asimian.	
151	
THE BANDIT'S GRAVE	
'Ty^ID lava rock and glaring sand,	
XVA 'Neath the desert's brassy skies,	
Bound in the silent chains of death	
A border bandit lies.	

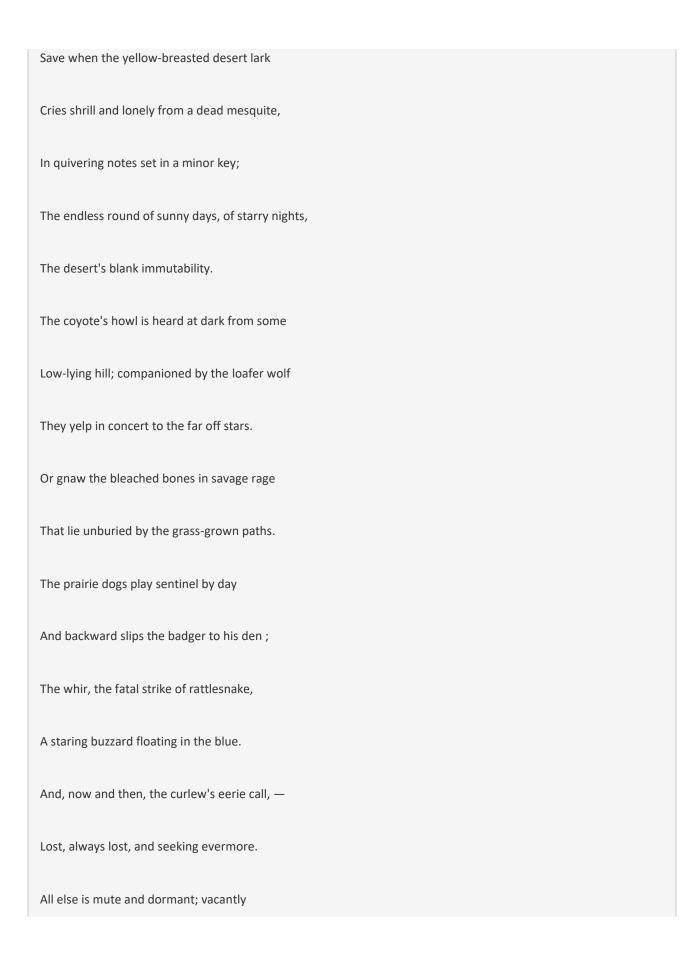
The poppy waves her golden glow	
Above the lowly mound;	
The cactus stands with lances drawn, —	
A martial guard around.	
His dreams are free from guile or greed.	
Or foray's wild alarms.	
No fears creep in to break his rest	
In the desert's scorching arms.	
He sleeps in peace beside the trail.	
Where the twilight shadows play,	
Though they watch each night for his return	
A thousand miles away.	
Franchis and a subtraction of the bright bright and and a	
From the mesquite groves a night bird calls When the western skies grow red;	
The sand storm sings his deadly song	
Above the sleeper's head.	
His steed has wandered to the hills	
And helpless are his hands,	
And helpless are his humas,	
152	
The Bandit^ s Grave	

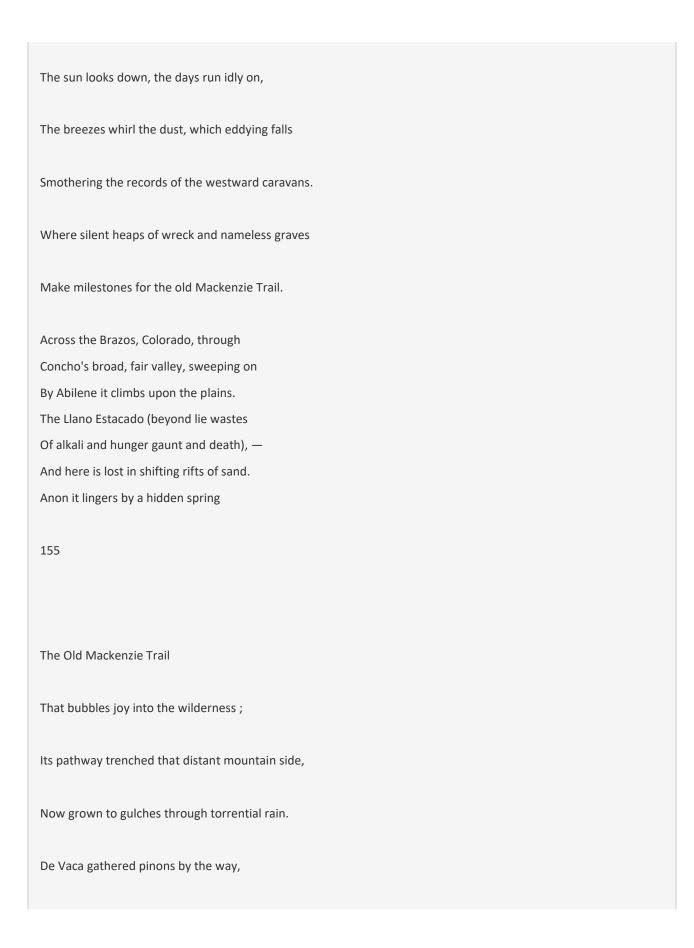


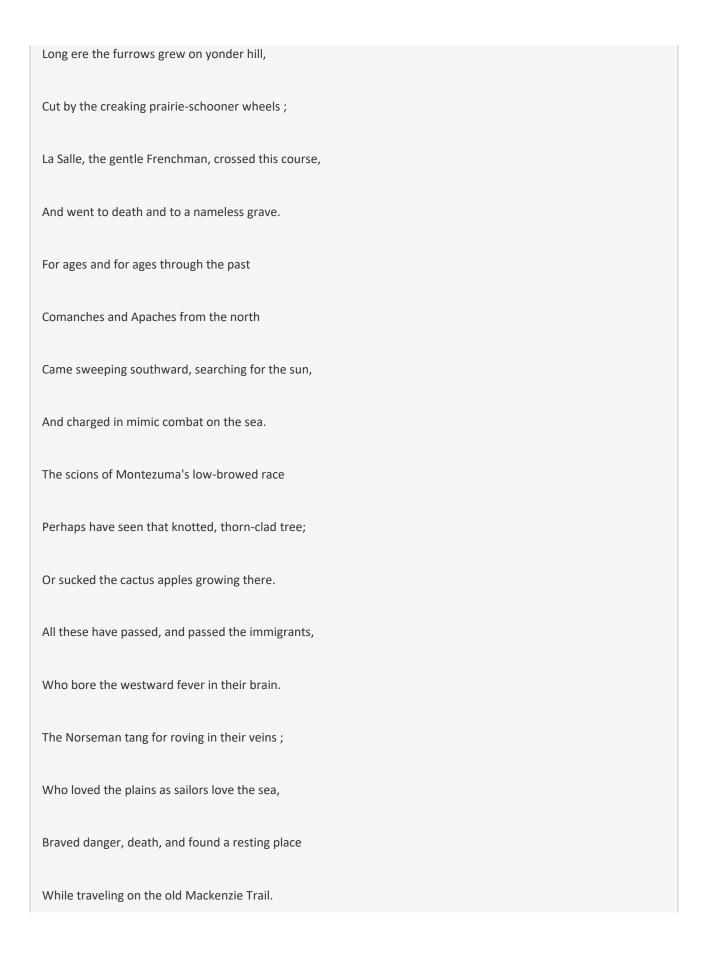


Through Double Mountain's winding length of stream; The western side spreads out into a plain. Which sinks away o'er tawny, rolling leagues At last into the rushing Rio Grande, — See, faintly showing on that distant ridge. The deep-cut pathways through the shelving crest, Sage-matted now and rimmed with chaparral. The dim reminders of the olden times, The life of stir, of blood, of Indian raid, The hunt of buffalo and antelope; The camp, the wagon train, the sea of steers; The cowboy's lonely vigil through the night; The stampede and the wild ride through the storm; The call of California's golden flood; The impulse of the Saxon's ** Westward Ho " Which set our fathers' faces from the east. To spread resistless o'er the barren wastes, To people all the regions 'neath the sun — Those vikings of the old Mackenzie Trail. It winds — this old forgotten cattle trail — Through valleys still and silent even now, 154 The Old Mackenzie Trail

((







Brave old Mackenzie long has laid him down
To rest beyond the trail that bears his name;
A granite mountain makes his monument;
The northers, moaning o'er the low divide.
Go gently past his long deserted camps.
No more his rangers guard the wild frontier,
No more he leads them in the border fight.
No more the mavericks, winding stream of horns

156

The Old Mackenzie Trail

To Kansas bound; the dust, the cowboy songs
And cries, the pistol's sharp report, — the free,
Wild days in Texas by the Rio Grande.
And some men say when dusky night shuts down.
Dark, cloudy nights without a kindly star,
One sees dim horsemen skimming o'er the plain
Hard by Mackenzie's trail; and keener ears
Have heard from deep within the bordering hills
The tramp of ghostly hoofs, faint cattle lows,
The rumble of a moving wagon train,
Sometimes far echoes of a frontier song;
Then sounds grow fainter, shadows troop away, —
On westward, westward, as they in olden time
Went rangeing o'er the old Mackenzie Trail.

John A. Lomax.

THE SHEEP.HERDER ^

ALL day across the sagebrush flat,

XX Beneath the sun of June,

My sheep they loaf and feed and bleat

Their never changin' tune.

And then, at night time, when they lay

As quiet as a stone,

I hear the gray wolf far away,

" Alo-one 1 " he says, " Alo-onc 1 "

A-a I ma-a I ba-a I eh-eh-eh I

The tune the woollies sing;

It's rasped my ears, it seems, for years,

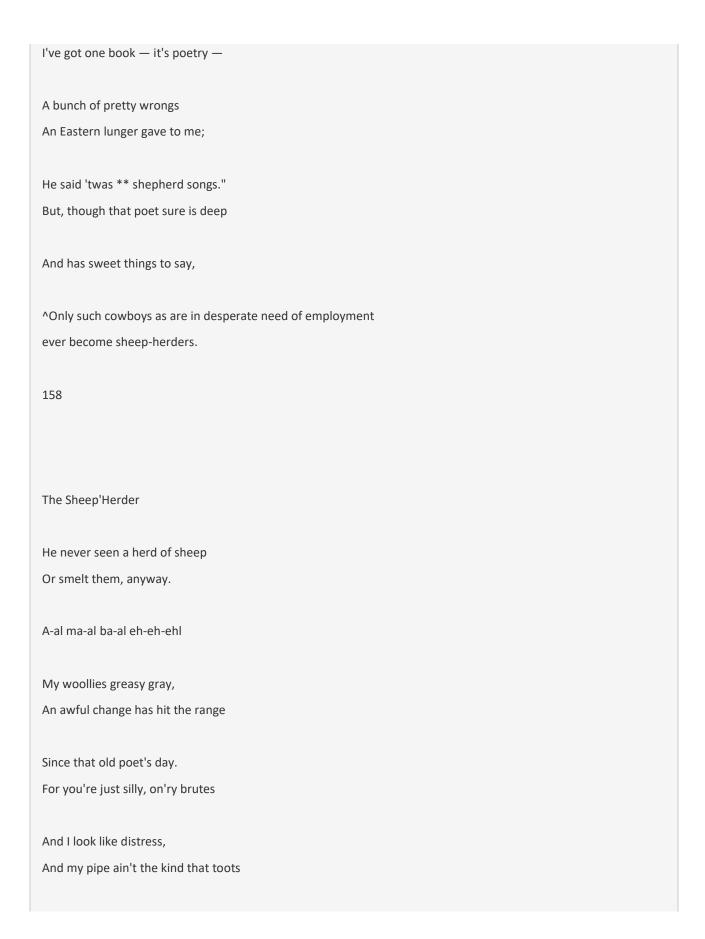
Though really just since Spring;

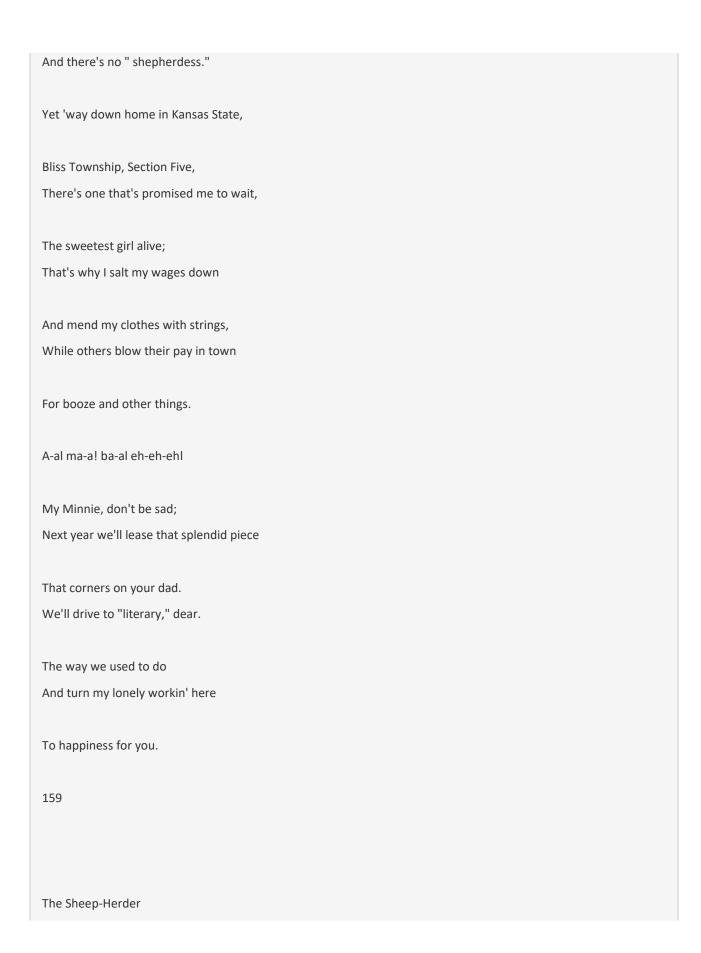
And nothin', far as I can see

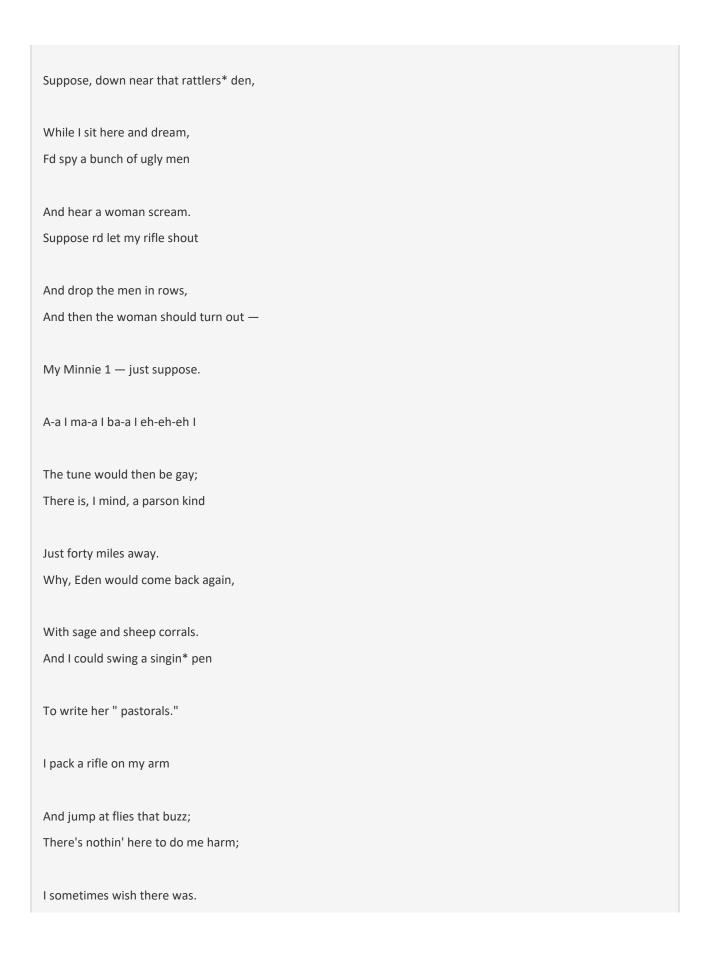
Around the circle's sweep.

But sky and plain, my dreams and me

And them infernal sheep.







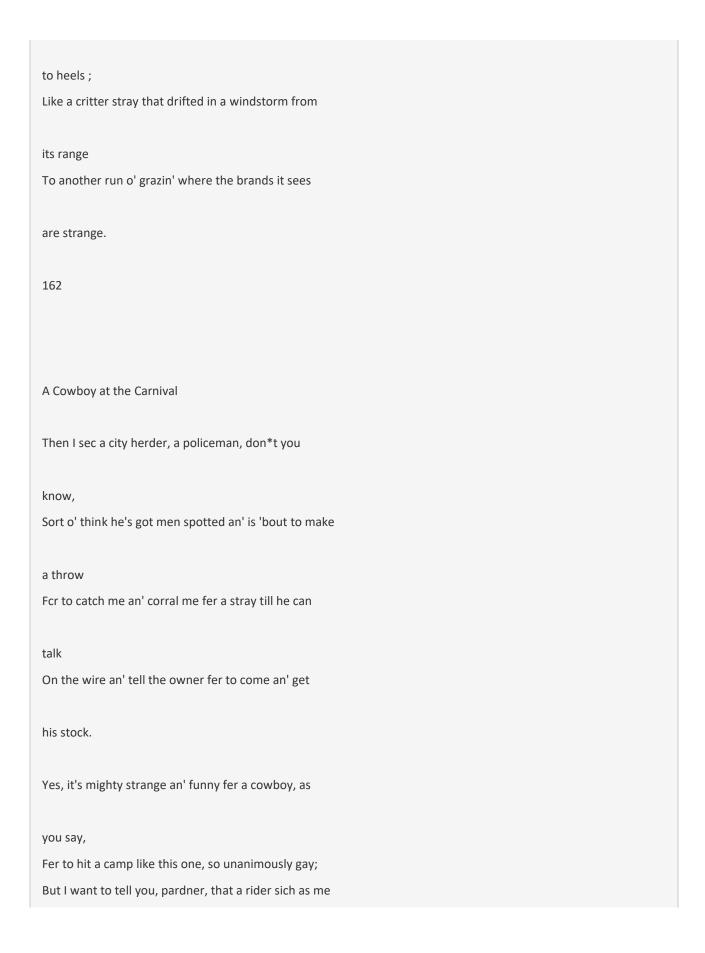
If through that brush above the pool
A red should creep — and creep —
Wah 1 cut down on 'im 1 — Stop, you fool 1
That's nothin' but a sheep.
A-al ma-a I ba-a I — Helll
Oh, sky and plain and bluff I
Unless my mail comes up the trail
i6o
The Sheep-Herder
Fm locoed, sure enough.
What's that? — a dust-whiff near the butte
What's that? — a dust-whiff near the butte Right where my last trail ran,
What's that? — a dust-whiff near the butte Right where my last trail ran, A movin' speck, a — wagon I Hoot I
What's that? — a dust-whiff near the butte Right where my last trail ran, A movin' speck, a — wagon I Hoot I Thank God! here comes a man.
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A COWBOY AT THE CARNIVAL ES, o' cose it's interestin' to a feller from the range, Mighty queerish, too, I tell you, — sich a racket fer a change; From a life among the cattle, from a wool shirt and the chaps To the biled shirt o' the city and the other tony traps. Never seed sich herds o' people throwed together, every brand O' humanity, I reckon, in this big mountain land Rounded up right here in Denver, runnin' on new sort o' feed. Actin' restless an' oneasy, like they threatened to stampede.

Mighty curious to a rider comin' from the range,

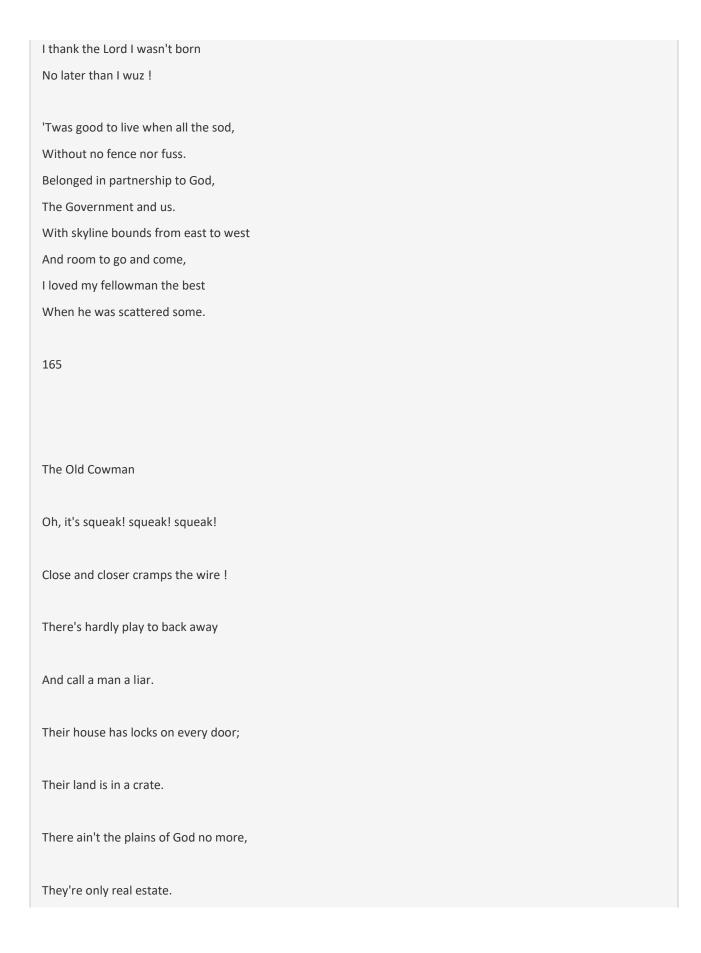
he feels

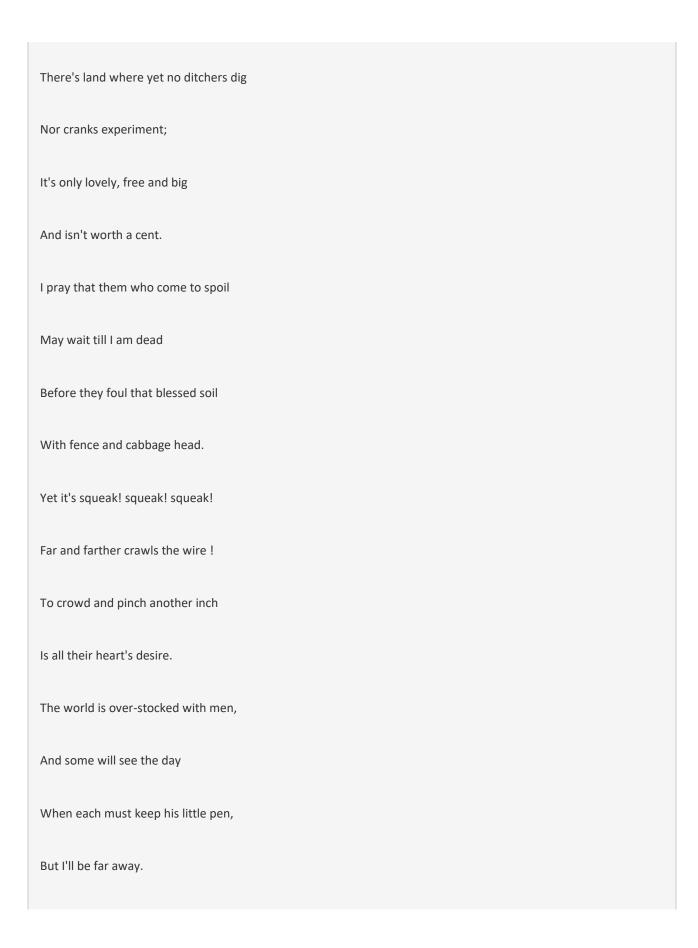
What you'd call a lost sensation from sombrero clar

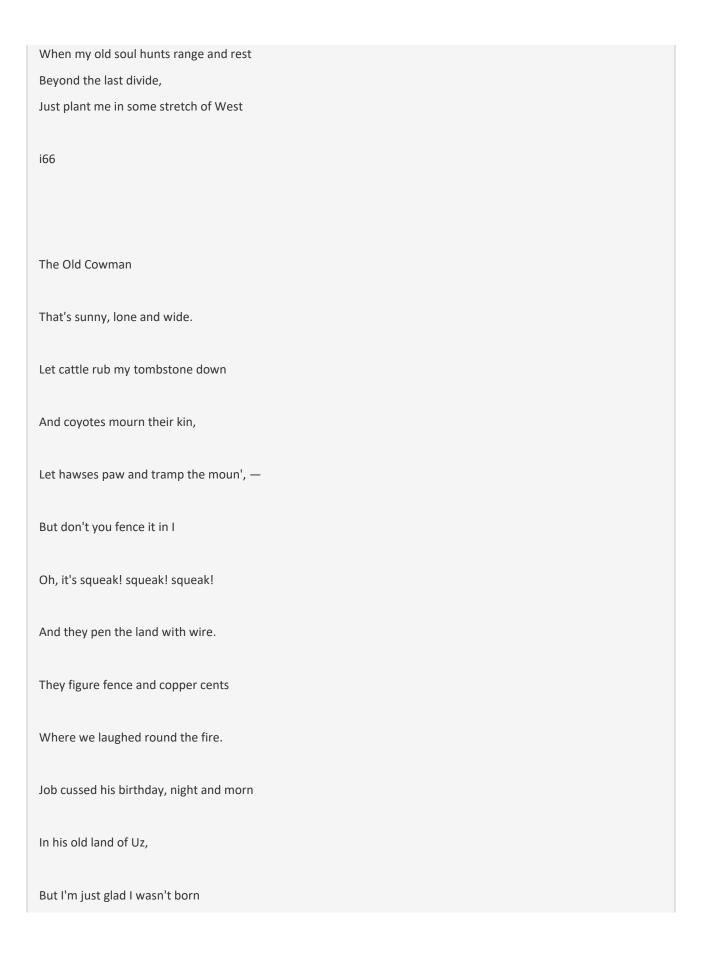


Isn't built fer feedi	in' on sich crazy jamboree.		
Every bone I got's	a-achin', an' my feet as sore as if		
I had hit a bed o' c	actus, an' my hinges is as stiff		
From a-hittin' thes	se hot pavements as a feller's jints		
kin git, —			
'Taint like holdin' d	down a broncho on the range, a		
little bit.			
I'm hankerin', I tel	l you, fer to hit the trail an' run		
Like a crazy locoe	d yearlin' from this big cloud-		
burst o' fun	u yeariiri 110111 tilis big ciouu-		
burst o run			
Back toward the ca	attle ranches, where a feller's		
breath comes free			
An' he wears the c	clothes that fits him, 'stead o' this		
slick toggery.			
Where his home is	s in the saddle, an' the heavens is		
his roof,			
163			
A Cowboy at the C	`arnival		
A cowboy at the C	MITHY WI		
An' his ever'day co	ompanions wears the hide an'		
2 2 2 3 00			
cloven hoof,			

hears, An' he never thinks o' nothin' but his grub an' boss
An' he never thinks o' nothin' but his grub an' boss
an' steers.
Anonymous.
164
THE OLD COWMAN
THE GED COMMAN
I RODE across a valley range
I hadn't seen for years.
The trail was all so spoilt and strange
It nearly fetched the tears.
I had to let ten fences down, —
(The fussy lanes ran wrong)
And each new line would make me frown
And hum a mournin' song.
Oh, it's squeak! squeak!
Hear 'em stretchin' of the wire!
The nester brand is on the land;
I reckon I'll retire.
While progress toots her brassy horn







No later than I wuz!

Charles Badger Clark, Jr,

167

THE GILA MONSTER ROUTE

THE lingering sunset across the plain
Kissed the rear-end door of an east-bound
train,
And shone on a passing track close by
Where a ding-bat sat on a rotting tie.

He was ditched by a shock and a cruel fate.

The con high-balled, and the manifest freight

Pulled out on the stem behind the mail,

And she hit the ball on a sanded rail.

As she pulled away in the falling light

He could see the gleam of her red tail-light.

Then the moon arose and the stars came out —

He was ditched on the Gila Monster Route.

Nothing in sight but sand and space;

No chance for a gink to feed his face;

Not even a shack to beg for a lump.

Or a hen-house to frisk for a single gump.

He gazed far out on the solitude;
He drooped his head and began to brood;
He thought of the time he lost his mate
In a hostile burg on the Nickle Plate.

i68

The Gila Monster Route

They Kad mooched the stem and threw their feet,
And speared four-bits on which to eat;
But deprived themselves of daily bread
And sluffed their coin for " dago red."

Down by the track in the jungle's glade,
In the cool green grass, in the tules' shade,
They shed their coats and ditched their shoes
And tanked up full of that colored booze.

Then they took a flop with their skins plumb full,
And they did not hear the harnessed bull.
Till he shook them out of their boozy nap,
With a husky voice and a loaded sap.

They were charged with "vag," for they had no

kale,

And the judge said, "Sixty days in jail."

But the John had a bindle, — a worker's plea, —

So they gave him a floater and set him free.

They had turned him up, but ditched his mate,
So he grabbed the guts of an east-bound freight.
He flung his form on a rusty rod.
Till he heard the shack say, ** Hit the sod I "

The John piled off, he was in the ditch.

With two switch lamps and a rusty switch, —

A poor, old, seedy, half-starved bo

On a hostile pike, without a show.

169

The Gila Monster Route

From away off somewhere in the dark

Came the sharp, short notes of a coyote's bark.

The bo looked round and quickly rose

And shook the dust from his threadbare clothes.

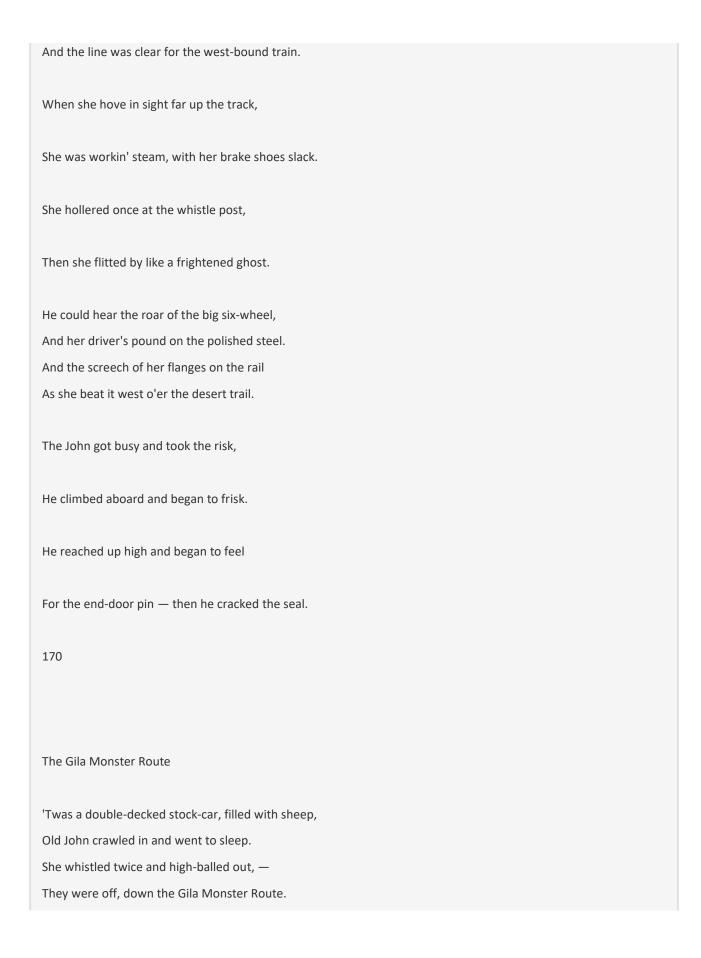
Off in the west through the moonlit night

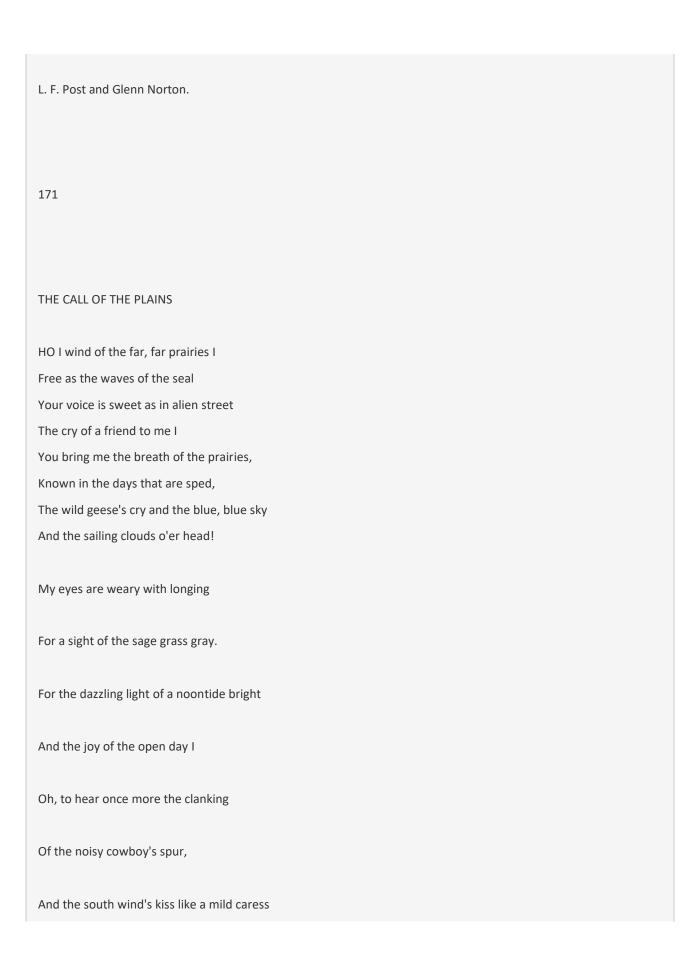
He saw the gleam of a big head-light —

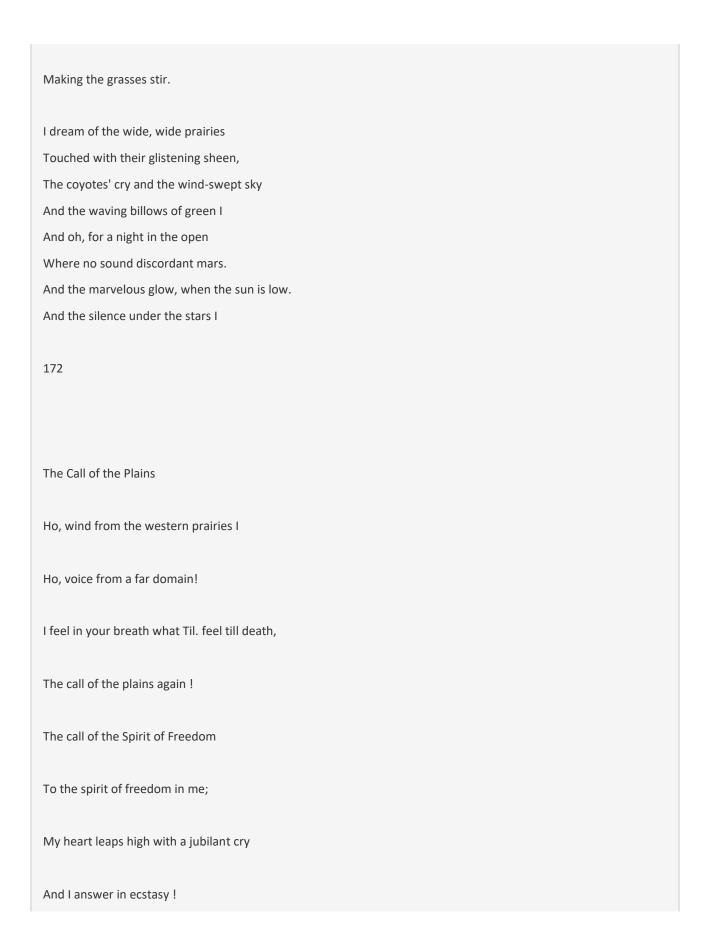
An east-bound stock train hummed the rail;

She was due at the switch to clear the mail.

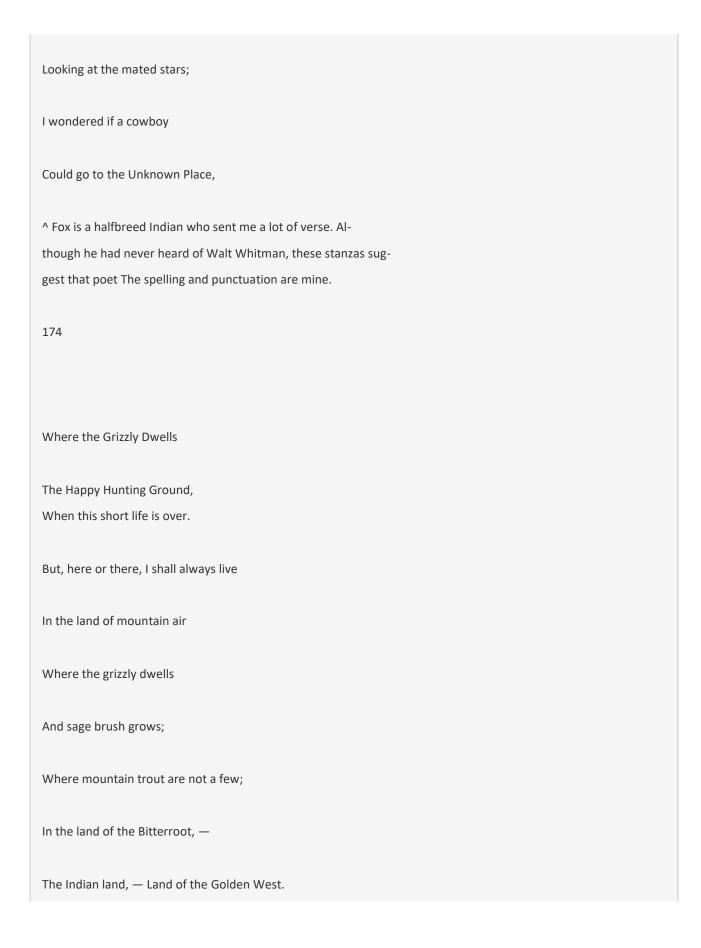
As she drew up close, the head-end shack
Threw the switch to the passenger track,
The stock rolled in and off the main,



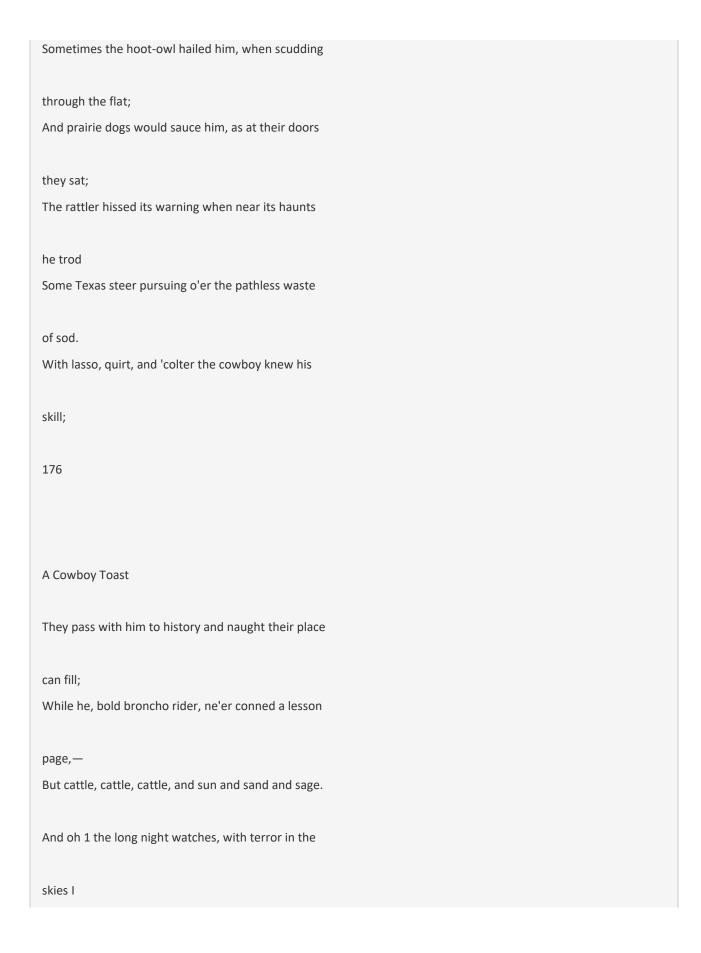




Ethel MacDiarmid.
173
WHERE THE GRIZZLY DWELLS ^
I ADMIRE the artificial art of the East;
But I love more the inimitable art of the West,
Where nature's handiwork lies in virginal beauty.
Amidst the hum of city life
I saunter back to dreams of home.
Astride the back of my trusty steed
I wander away, losing myself
In the foothills of the Rockies.
Away from human habitations,
Up the rugged slopes,
Through the timbered stretches,
I hear the frightful cry of wolves
And see a bear sneaking up behind.
Many nights ago.
While herding a bunch of cattle
During the round-up season,
I lay upon the grass



James Fox,	
175	
A COWBOY TOAST	
HERE'S to the passing cowboy, the plowman's pioneer;	
His home, the boundless mesa, he of any man the peer;	
Around his wide sombrero was stretched the rat- tler's hide.	
His bridle sporting conchos, his lasso at his side.	
All day he roamed the prairies, at night he, with the stars.	
Kept vigil o'er thousands held by neither posts nor bars ;	
With never a diversion in all the lonesome land.	
But cattle, cattle, cattle, and sun and sage and sand.	

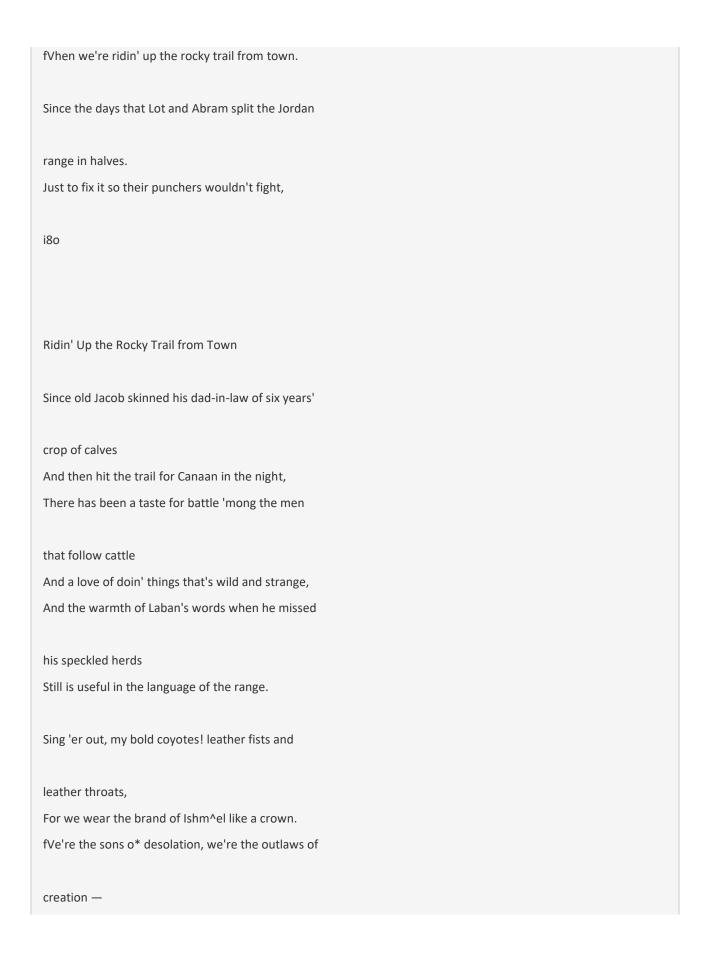


When lightning played and mocked him till blinded
were his eyes;
When raged the storm around him, and fear was
in his heart
Lest panic-stricken leaders might make the whole
herd start.
That meant a death for many, perhaps a wild stam-
pede,
When none could stem the fury of the cattle in the
lead;
Ah, then life seemed so little and death so very
,
near, —
With cattle, cattle, cattle, and darkness everywhere.
Then quaff with me a bumper of water, clear and
pure.
To the memory of the cowboy whose fame must e'er
endure
From the Llano Estacado to Dakota's distant sands.
Where were herded countless thousands in the days
of fenceless lands.
UI TETILETESS TATIUS.
177

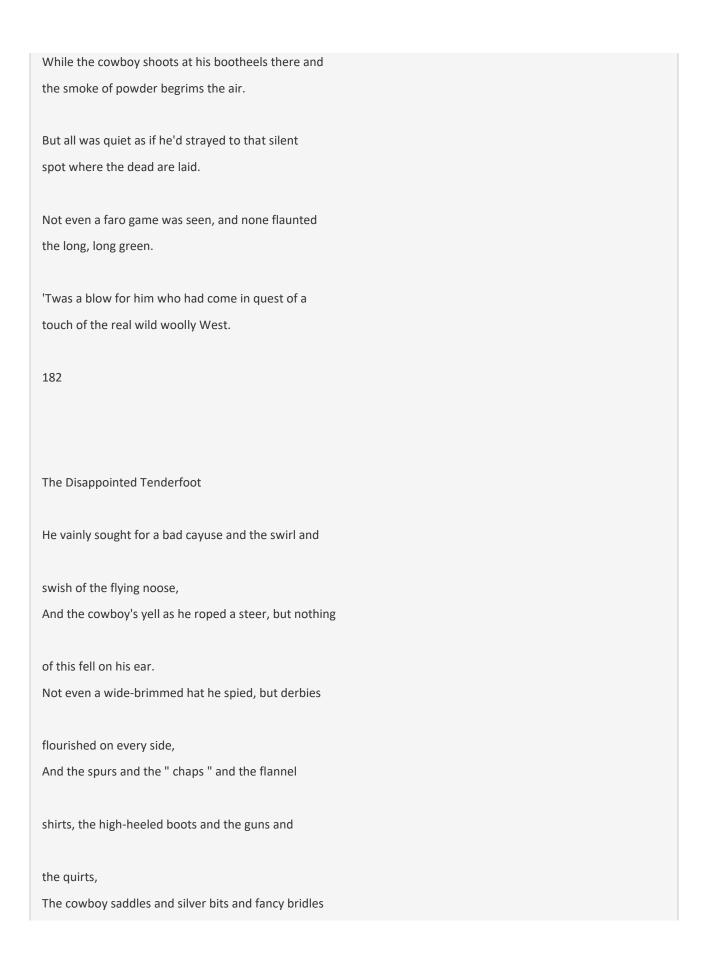
A Cowboy Toast
Let us rear for him an altar in the Temple of the
Brave,
And weave of Texas grasses a garland for his grave ;
And offer him a guerdon for the work that he has
done
With cattle, cattle, cattle, and sage and sand and
sun.
James Barton Adams.
178
RIDIN' UP THE ROCKY TRAIL FROM
NIDIN OF THE ROCK! TRAILTROW
TOWN
"Billy Leamont rode out of the town —
Close at his shoulder rode Jack Lorell —
Over the leagues of the prairies brown,
Into the hills where the sun goes down —
Billy Leamont and Jack Lorell/
« « «

Billy Leamont looked down the dell — Dead belotv him lay Jack Lorell — With his gun at his forehead he fired and fell, Then rode they two through the streets of hell -Billy Leamont and Jack Lorell/ " The Ballad of Billy Leamont.^ WE'RE the children of the open and we hate the haunts o' men, But we had to come to town to get the mail. And we're ridin' home at daybreak — 'cause the air is cooler then — All 'cept one of us that stopped behind in jail. Shorty's nose won't bear paradin', Bill's off eye is darkly fadin', All our toilets show a touch of disarray, For we found that City life is a constant round of strife And we aint the breed for shyin' from a fray. ^This fragment is not included in Mr. Clark's poem.

Ridin' Up the Rocky Trail from Town Chant your warhoops, pardners, dear, while the east turns pale with fear And the chaparral is tremblin* all arouW For w^re wicked to the marrer; we're a midnight dream of terror fVhen we're ridin' up the rocky trail from town! We acquired our hasty temper from our friend, the centipede. From the rattlesnake we learnt to guard our rights. We have gathered fightin' pointers from the famous bronco steed And the bobcat teached us reppertee that bites. So when some high<oUared herrin' jeered the garb that I was wearin' 'Twasn't long till we had got where talkin' ends, , And he et his ill-bred chat, with a sauce of derby hat. While my merry pardners entertained his friends. Sing 'er out, my buckeroosi Let the desert hear the news. Tell the stars the way we rubbed the haughty down. We're the fiercest wolves a-prowlin' and it's just our night for howlin'

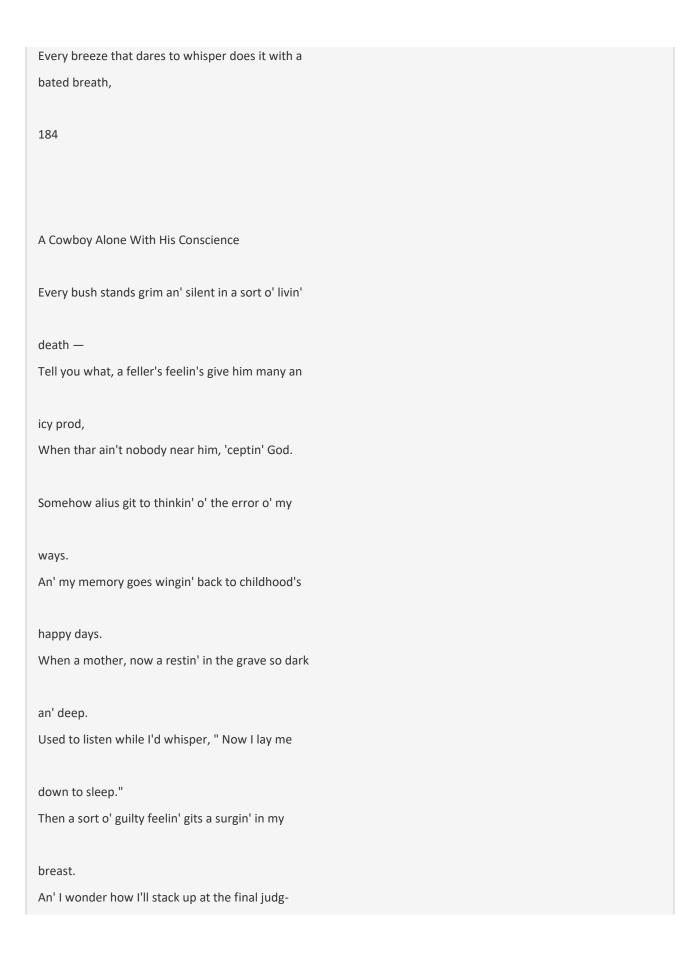


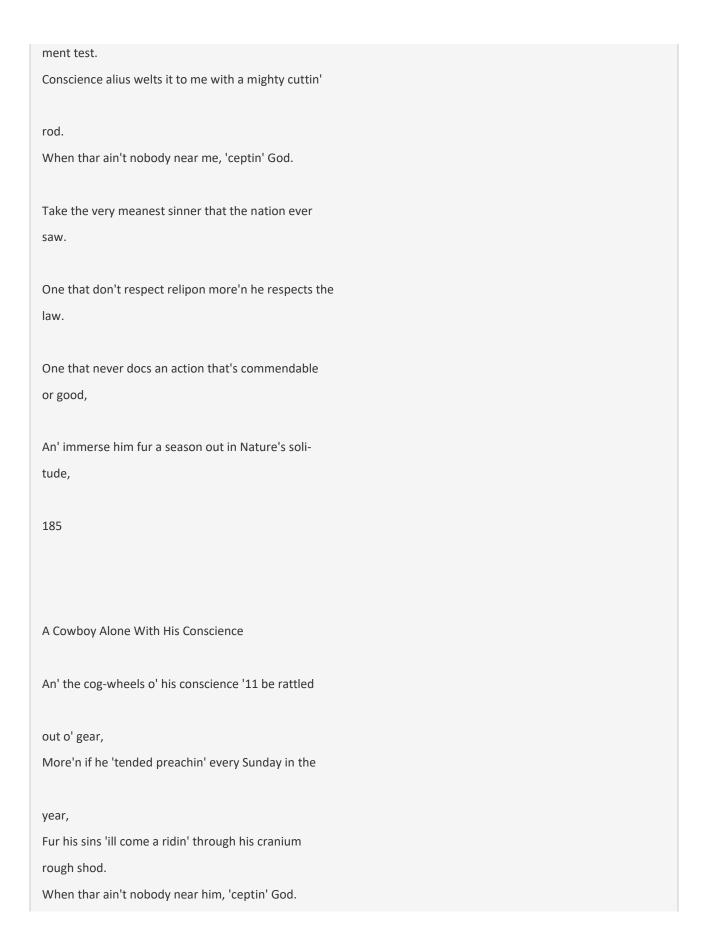
Ee-Yow! a-ridin' up the rocky trail from town!
i8i
THE DISAPPOINTED TENDERFOOT
HE reached the West in a palace car where the
writers tell us the cowboys are,
With the redskin bold and the centipede and the
With the reaskin bold and the centipede and the
rattlesnake and the loco weed.
He looked around for the Buckskin Joes and the
ne looked around for the buckskin joes and the
things he'd seen in the Wild West shows —
The cowgirls gay and the bronchos wild and the
' painted face of the Injun child.
He listened close for the fierce war-whoop, and his
pent-up spirits began to droop,
And he wondered then if the hills and nooks held
none of the sights of the story books.
He'd hoped he would see the marshal pot some
bold bad man with a pistol shot.
And entered a low saloon by chance, where the ten-
derfoot is supposed to dance

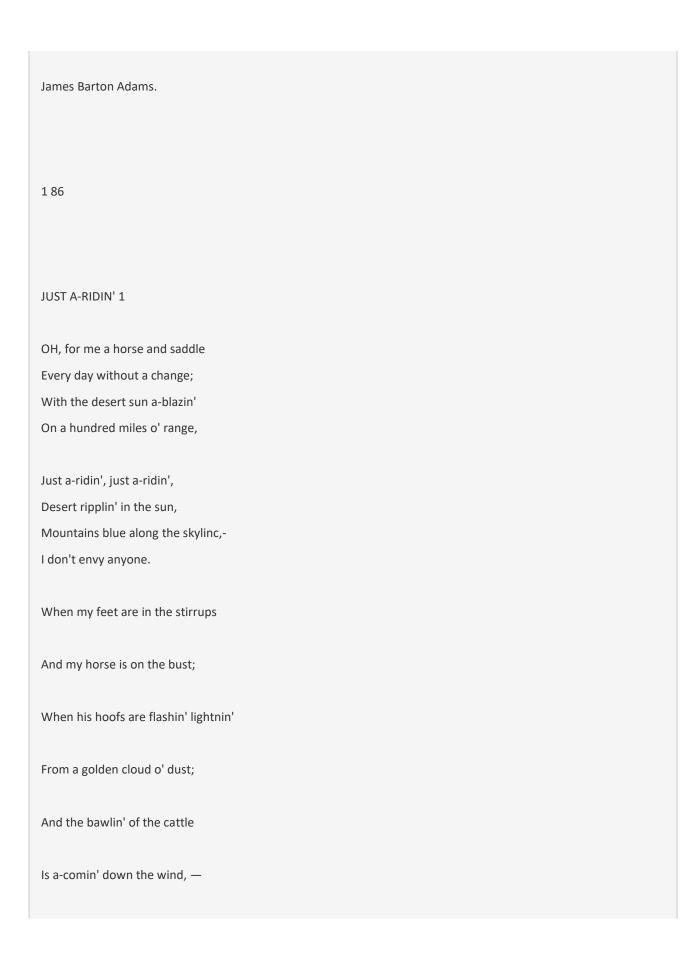


and swell outfits
He'd read about in the novels grim, were not on
hand for the likes of him.
He peered about for a stagecoach old, and a miner-
man with a bag of gold.
And a burro train with its pack-loads which he'd
read they tie with the diamond hitch.
The rattler's whir and the coyote's wail ne'er
sounded out as he hit the trail;
And no one knew of a branding bee or a steer
roundup that he longed to see.
But the oldest settler named Six-Gun Sim rolled a
cigarette and remarked to him:
" The West hez gone to the East, my son, and it's
only in tents sich things is done."
E. A. Brinninstool.
E. A. Brillinistool.
183
A COWBOY ALONE WITH HIS CON-

SCIENCE WHEN I ride into the mountains on my little broncho bird, Whar my ears are never pelted with the bawlin' o' the herd, An' a sort o' dreamy quiet hangs upon the western air. An' thar ain't no animation to be noticed anywhere; Then I so.rt o' feel oneasy, git a notion in my head I'm the only livin' mortal — everybody else is dead — An' I feel a queer sensation, rather skeery like, an' odd, . When thar ain't nobody near me, 'ceptin' God. Every rabbit that I startle from its shaded restin' place. Seems a furry shaft o' silence shootin' into noiseless space, An' a rattlesnake a crawlin' through the rocks so old an' gray Helps along the ghostly feelin' in a rather startlin' way.







Oh, a finer life than ridin' Would be mighty hard to find, Just a-ridin', just a-ridin', Splittin' long cracks in the air, Stirrin' up a baby cyclone, Rootin' up the prickly pear. I don't need no art exhibits When the sunset does his best, 187 Just A'Ridin'l Paintin' everlastin' glories On the mountains of the west. And your operas look foolish When the night bird starts his tune And the desert's silver-mounted By the kisses of the moon, Just a-ridin\ just a-ridin\ I don't envy kings nor czars When the coyotes down the valley Are a-singin' to the stars. When my earthly trail is ended And my final bacon curled,

And the last great round up's finished

At the Home Ranch of the world,
I don't want no harps or haloes.
Robes or other dress-up things, —
Let me ride the starry ranges
On a pinto horse with wings.

Just a-ridin', just a-ridin',
Splittin' chunks o' wintry air.
With your feet froze to your stirrups
And a snowdrift in your hair.
{As sent by Elwood Adams, a Colorado cozvpuncher.) See '^ Sun and Saddle
Leather," by Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

i88

THE END OF THE TRAIL

SOH, Bossie, sohl
The water's handy heah,
The grass is plenty neah,
An' all the stars a-sparkle
Bekaze we drive no mo' —
We drive no mo'.

The long trail ends today, —
The long trail ends today,
The punchers go to play
And all you weary cattle

May sleep in peace for sure, —
May sleep in peace for sure, —
Sleep, sleep for sure.
The moon can't bite you heah.
Nor punchers fright you heah.
An' you-all will be beef befo'
We need you any mo', —
We need you any mo'!
From Pocock's " Curley.
THE END
189
PBINTSD IN THK UHITED STATES OT AICIBICA
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