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Y





Eureka

X'VE waited—Lo! these many years
I've looked, with eyes a-swim in tears,
While hoping, groping, lost my way;
I found the Roycroft Shops one day,
When Fra Elbertus took my hand,
And smiling said, "I understand"—
And so this "BRONCHO BOOK" I send,
With Love and Blessings of Your Friend,
In Clouds or Sunshine.

*J. W. Crawford,
Apr. 26, 1911*



The Broncho Book

Being Buck-Jumps in Verse by
CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

Roped for relief of the author, the diver-
tissement of tenderfeet, and the joy
of all those who love God's
Great Out-of-Doors

Our



Brand

Corralled into a volume by The Roycrofters at
their Book Ranch, which is in East Aurora, on
Buffalo Creek ♣ Nineteen Hundred and Eight

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by John Wallace Crawford
1908

PS
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TO THOMAS F. WALSH

My companion of the camp, the cabin and the trail.

X DEDICATE this crude bouquet
Of simple song and story;
I've culled it all along life's way,
I've sprinkled it with nature's spray,
And should it win some wayward stray,
To God be all the glory.

And while I fling it in the crude,
It took some heart to win it.
My one ambition was for good
With Faith and Hope and Love imbued,
And though it be misunderstood,
Dear Tom, my heart is in it.

Yours in clouds or sunshine,
JOHN WALLACE CRAWFORD,
"CAPTAIN JACK."

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THE BRONCHO BOOK



The Broncho Book

To Thomas F. Walsh

A few rhyme-thoughts suggested by our meeting after many years have whirled off the reel of time since the old days when we drank from the same black coffee-pot in the shadow of the Black Hills.

DEAR comrade, my soul is busted,
This big broncho soul of mine,
With its sunny glow
And its afterflow
Of love and laughter and rhyme,
Of love for all that is beautiful,
The good and the brave and true—
There was no disguise
In your honest eyes
When I last shook hands with you.

Together again at the camp-fire
We sat in its ruddy glow,
And my heart went out
On a trembling scout

THE BRONCHO BOOK

To the days of long ago,
To the days of storms and sunshine,
Of stories you 've never told,
Of desperate fights,
Of sleepless nights,
And death on the trail of gold.

And I want to tell you, Thomas,
That the vein I struck out there
On the Deadwood Hill
Is yielding still,
And is spreading everywhere;
And my heart was full of gladness
When I struck your trail, old boy,
For I knew that day
That my soul's assay
Would bring you a ray of joy.

I needed the thorns and crosses
For the work that was mine to do—
You needed the gold
That you might unfold
The soul that was born in you,
And so let us shake as brothers,
Though I don't know which is which—
You 're a prince, old pard,
I 'm an humble bard,
But I 'm rich; God knows I 'm rich!

THE BRONCHO BOOK

And I would n't trade my riches
For the riches on Fortune's tree,
For I want to live
And I want to give
What the good Lord gave to me,
As free as the sighing night-winds
That sounded taps in the glen
When we went to rest
On old Nature's breast—
The bed of the bravest men.

Ah! those were the brave days, comrade,
That tried the bravest hearts,
When the yell of the red
Through the air oft sped
As keen as his feathered darts!
When the breezes whispered, "Danger!"
Almost with their every breath;
But our brave band then
Was composed of men
Who laughed in the face of death!

Then we 'd roll in our trail-stained blankets
In the camp-fire's flickering light,
The roof that spread
O'er our humble bed
Begemmed with the stars of night.
And our rifles were laid beside us,

THE BRONCHO BOOK

For we never knew, you know,
When would come the cry—
We must do or die
In the battle with savage foe.

Do you ever think, old fellow,
As you hobnob with men of fame,
Of the days of old
When the dream of gold
Kept the fires of the heart aflame?
Of the days when the best men roughed it,
Their possessions strapped to the back—
Of the trials we knew
In the days when you
Were "Tom" and I "Captain Jack?"

But time in its flight brings changes;
You 've realized well your dream;
The wealth you sought
And for which you fought
Came to you in golden stream;
And I have won wealth—less golden,
But prized just the same—to hear
The praise that is sung
By many a tongue
From souls I have filled with cheer.

The hearty acclaim of thousands
As my jubilant soul vibrates,
 Framing gladsome words
 As the songs of birds
From the East to the Western States;
The songs that strike at the heartstrings
Till they ring with the thrill of joy;
 I 'm blest every hour
 With this God-sent power—
Say, am I not rich, old boy?

And this is the song of the singer
That 's sent to your listening ear—
 Each fills the place
 On the old earth's face
God meant when He placed us here;
And I hope when our work is ended
We may look unregretfully back
 O'er the trail we trod,
 And will hear from God
A welcome for Tom and Jack.



Whar' the Hand o' God is Seen



O I like the city, stranger? 'Tis n't likely that
I would;

'Tis n't likely that a ranger from the border
ever could

Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud unearthly
noise—

Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals an' boys,
All a-rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble an' the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin'
thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the borderland out yonder,
Whar' the hand o' God is seen.

Nothin' thar but bricks an' mortar, towerin' overhead
so high,

That you never see a quarter o' the overhanging sky,
Not a tree nor grassy medder, not a runnin' brook
in sight,

Nothin' but the buildin's shadder makin' gloom
of Heaven's light.

E'en the birds are all imported from away acrost
the sea—

Faces meet me all distorted with the hand of misery.

T H E B R O N C H O B O O K

Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by
workmen all defaced,

Everybody tryin' to shove you in the gutter
in their haste.

Cars an' carts an' wagons rumblin' thru the streets
with defen'n' roar,

Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', jes' likeimps
from Sheol's shore,

Factories jinin' in the chorus, helpin' o' the din
to swell,

Auctioneers in tones sonorous, lyin' 'bout the goods
they sell.

Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin'
in the air,

Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a-singin'
everywhere;

Deer a-playin' in their gladness, elk a-feedin'
in the glen;

Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail
o' men.

Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks,
an' lovely flowers

In their tinted beauty growin' in that borderland
of ours.

Fairer picture the Creator

Never threw on earthly screen,

Than my home, sweet home o' Natur'
Whar' the hand o' God is seen.



God's Ante Room



CANYON, grand and wild and free!
You 've got a lariat on me.

My soul is broncho-busted, too.

My hat is off. I bow to you,
Almighty Hand, who cut this brand
That broncho souls can understand.

I gaze in awe and silence here;
I want to laugh, I find a tear
That irrigates the joy I feel.
O Mother Nature, I would kneel
And clasp and kiss thy mighty hand
And worship in this temple grand.

What 's that you say, you silly dude?
Such sentiments are weak and crude?
God! Yes, to brainless things like you
Whose soul no greatness could imbue,
To see, or feel, or understand
God's mighty hand.

You go to Europe, do you not?
Because you worship god, I wot—
Yes, Fashion's god, a foolish dame,
And yet you love her just the same,
And bow and worship at her shrine—
How different this god of mine!

Almighty scar on mountain crest!
My soul seems waking from the tomb,
And I, a mite on Nature's breast,
I never knew, I never guessed,
But now I know what is, is best,
And this is God's own ante room.

O Mother Nature, hold my hand
And steady me a little while,
That I may feel and understand
This awe inspiring sight so grand,
God's greatest, most impressive brand
Clean cut, and deeper than a mile.


And now I see the lightning flash,
I hear the thunder roll and crash,
While echoes through the canyon dash
 'Mid heaven's tears.

O Mother Nature, hold me tight
While fall the shadows of the night;
My trembling soul is all affright
 With holy fears.

Almighty scar! Almighty Hand
That smote thee, who can understand
And who describe this wondrous land
 Beyond compare?
Can mortal paint the flower's perfume,
Or see beyond the mystic tomb,
Or e'en describe God's ante room,
 So wondrous fair!



The Songs Unsung

 H, I wish I could sing
The real songs that oft spring
From the musical depths of my soul;
'There 's a symphony there,
With a melody rare,
Sweetest harmony blending the whole.

Like a pæon it seems
As it thrills through my dreams,
When the harp of my soul starts to play,
But the instant I sing—
Like a bird on the wing
It trembles and flutters away.

Oh, I wish I could sing,
When the bells start to ring
The chimes that come soft through the air;
When the birds and the bees
Hum and sing in the trees
And sweet life surges through, everywhere.

In the breeze as it floats,
I can hear the true notes,
To catch them I eagerly try;
Then I hum it again
Till the sweet minor strain,
Is turned to a tear and a sigh.



Inspiration

X SCALE imagination's dreamy heights
 And soar away beyond all earthly sights
 And seek at Nature's best, such nourishment
 As only comes with harmonies so blent
 With vision, that in childhood's fairy-land
 Were touched by magic of an unseen hand.


Thus seeing the unseen, imbibing more
 Than ever was contained in richest store
 Of literature, of poetry, or art,
 Where mechanism forms the greater part—
 While Mother Nature hides within her breast
 The flaming torch of truth and with it best
 Of inspirations, pure and undefiled;
 I felt her touch when I was yet a child.

I dreamed the same sweet dream I 'm dreaming now
 And sometimes plucked a pansy from her brow,
 "Pansies for thoughts," as sweet Ophelia said,
 And through sweet phantom thoughts my dreams
 were led;

I wove it in a wreath of simple rhyme
 And placed it on the brow of Father Time.

A Yuletide Bouquet

To You, My Friend

 FROM out the larder of my soul,
Where nature's mystic posies blend
With fruits and flowers, I fill love's bowl,
And serve it warm to you, my friend.

I call the sweetest, wildest flowers,
Soft-tinted as the rainbow spray,
And fling to you from nature's bowers,
To mingle with December gray.

These are but echoes of the past,
To music set in memory's chimes;
The silken nets that love has cast,
To catch the sunshine of my rhymes.

And is n't it sweet that some kind deed—
A memory throb, a God-sent tear—
Oft' comes to cultivate the seed
That we are sure to sow each year?

And so, I 'm flinging this bouquet
Of thankfulness and love to you:
Sweet buds of reciprocity,
Besprinkled with affection's dew.

And with the cheerful Yuletide,
 This is the hopeful wish I send :
 That love of God and man abide
 With you and yours, my faithful friend.



Hymn of Nature's Creed

THERE 'S a glint of glory gleaming,
 There 's a flag of love outstreaming
 O'er the stronghold of the ramparts of your soul.
 There 's a flag of truce uplifting,
 Clouds of care are passing—drifting.
 There 's a haven where the troubled waters roll

Cheer up and be glad,
 Let the dead past be sad,
 All hail the bright sunbeams to-day;
 In your soul there 's a light
 That will burn through the night,
 And drive all the dark clouds away.

There 's a wondrous depth of feeling
 We are wrongfully concealing.
 Can't you feel it in the thrilling of your soul?

THE BRONCHO BOOK

What you need is reconstruction
And a roborant eruption
In the glory you are striving to control.

Mother Nature's hand is reaching—
You can hear her voice beseeching
That you, her child, will but her laws obey.
If you 're man enough to face her,
Don't abuse her but embrace her.
She will heal your wounds and make your heart-
strings play.



I've Got The Brand

LOOK where the eagle builds his nest:
Far up on yonder mountain crest
And where his young in safety rest—
Without a care.

Look where the eagle plumes his flight,
And soars above the highest height,
Where starry vigils pierce the night—
God's face is there.

Look deep into the deepest dell,
Look deeper still where angels fell,
And in the depths of deepest hell,
 And black despair.

Look straight with eyes that know no fear,
And you will see and feel and hear
The unafraid, and love to cheer—
 God's face is there.

Oh, brother mine, and sisters, too,
Love's lariat encircles you.
Don't stretch your good face out o' tune—
 Give me your hand.
You're just a wayward maverick stray;
Drive superstitious ghosts away,
And join God's brotherhood to-day—
 And take the brand.

God's brand! Why, every little flower
That blossoms in His richest bower
Is branded with His wondrous power,
 And mighty hand.
And thus in everything I see,
From bursting buds to tallest tree,
God's face is peeping out at me—
 I've got the brand.

Thanksgiving

WE thank Thee, God, the Giver of all
good,
For Peace of Justice, strenuous,
truth's uniting—

For giving us that glorious Man who stood
Between the lines, and stopped inhuman
fighting:

For bounteous harvests, strong heroic souls
Who dare to follow him we call our Teddy—

For truth and honor where Old Glory rules;
For statesmen unafraid, true, strong and steady.

God speed the truth, let Justice reign supreme—
Let Labor, Law and Loyalty combine
To make it real, our brightest, happiest dream
Of Liberty and Love and God's Sunshine;
And when Thanksgiving Day returns once more
May Peace and Plenty strolling hand in hand,
Go on and on toward a richer store,
While Song and Laughter echoes through the
land.

And echoing from every hill and glen
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
—AMEN

Mother's Way

WHATE'ER my soul may long for,
 Whate'er my eyes may see,
 The simple faith of Mother
 Is broad enough for me.

For years and years, for months, from day to day,
 In camp or field where rainbow-tinted spray
 Rises in misty monuments on high,
 To mingle with the dew drops in the sky,
 I've heard a voice, sometimes in whispers low,
 I've felt a feathery touch like flakes of snow
 Descending when the stars were hid from view
 And not a silvery spray in heaven's blue;
 And yet, beyond it all I saw a light
 That pierced the Stygian darkness of the night;
 And though my tired eyes were closed the while,
 I saw the jeweled eyes—the tender smile
 That midnight gloom nor snowy clouds could smother;
 I heard—I felt—I saw the face of Mother.

Oh peaceful sleep that comes with thoughts like this.
 That whispers peace, and bids me rise to kiss
 The rod administered by unseen hand!
 Nor do I try to think I understand.
 I only know, that as I sit me here
 And note the soft, low whisperings in my ear,

That somewhere there 's a Master of my mind
 That I can see and worship, though I 'm blind
 And while He thus dictates—I 'll have none other,
 But God of Faith and Hope, Sunshine and Mother.

God is good and good is God,
 And God and good together
 Will keep us clean unsight unseen
 Throughout life's changing weather.



The Scout's Retreat


A CUBBY hole, a-sittin' on a crest,
 An' scraggy peaks a-pointin' to the sky,
 A mountain lair, above an eagle's nest,
 A runnin' brook, a cataract close by,
 An orchestra by Mother Nature led,
 A herd o' deer a-browsin' at my feet,
 God's shinin' gems a-sparkle overhead—
 And evening vespers in the Scout's Retreat:

Almighty King of kings and Lord of lords,
 The lonely scout an' hunter hears thy voice;
 How with the birds an' bees an' brooks it chords,
 An' earth an' heaven get closer an' rejoice;

Nor pomp, nor pride, nor hypocritic zeal,
Nor padded pews, nor soft an' springy seat,
Are needed where there 's nothing to conceal,
From Him, who watches o'er the Scout's Retreat.



The Old Kentucky Rifle

 AM crowdin' close to eighty, gittin' mighty near
the end,
My hair is white an' scattered, an' my back
has got a bend.
I am shaky on my trotters, an' my eyes has got so dim
I kin scarcely see yon mountain that so of'en I
have clim.
I 've gathered up some treasures that I value mighty
high,
An' thar's one which all the money of the earth
could never buy.
Among my goods an' chattels here I prize it more
than all,
That ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar ag'in the wall.
Its stock is scarred an' battered, an' its bar'l is full
o' nicks;

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Its lock is worn with sarvice till I scarce kin hear
its clicks.

It's lost the shinin' beauty 'at it had when I was young,
But when it speaks it has 'nt lost the sharpness
of its tongue. .

It was my lone companion when this country was a
wild,

I loved it dear as father ever loved a favored child.
An' I 've seed some skeery moments when to me
't was all in all,

That ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar ag'in the wall.

Lots o' deer has fell before it; yes, an' many a panther,
too,

An' in early days some Injuns knowed about what it
could do.

An' a squir'l's eye peepin' at me from the very tallest
tree,

I could bu'st all into bits an' bring the critter
down to me.

An' the Chris'mas shootin' matches, master mine!
but wa'n't they fun?

An' I reckon I surprised 'em with the shootin'
'at I done.

Every turkey 'at I drawed on caught the vengeance
of a ball

From that ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar ag'in the
wall.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

I have seed the new inventions they are makin'
now-a-days,

An' I own they 're mighty slick in a variety o' ways;
They are han'some fur to look at, you can load 'em
with a snap,

An' you never have to bother with a flint-lock or a
cap;

You kin shoot 'em mighty lively when you bring 'em
to the scratch,

Never have to ram yer bullets, never have to cut a
patch.

But fur close an' hair-breadth shootin' I could one day
down 'em all

With that ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar ag'in the wall.

Thar 's one thing makes me love it as I never did afore—
When I heered the ringin' summons callin' loyal
men to war.

All the fire that nerved my daddy in the Revolution days
Got a-surgin' in my bosom till my heart was all ablaze.
Then I shouldered that ol' rifle, filled my bullet-pouch
with lead,

Put that ol' warm cap o' coonskin sort o' keerless
on my head,

An' I offered them the sarvice of a mighty keen-eyed
man

For to do some fancy shootin' under glorious old
Berdan.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Through the bloody war I packed her, and brought
her home ag'in
Proud an' sassy o' the record that I tuk her in to win;
An' when age was creepin' on me an' I could n't shoot
no more,
With my shaky hands I hung her up to rest behind
the door.
When this ol' an' worn-out body underneath
the ground they hide,
I've asked 'em fur to lay it sort o' lovin' by my side,
An' when Gabriel blows his trumpet I 'll march up'ard
at the call,
Hangin' on to that ol' rifle over thar ag'in the wall.



The Unseen Hand


TO-NIGHT I take my humble pen in hand,
Without a thought or stanza aptly planned,
But how they come! I scarce can write
them down;
And laugh and tear is oft-times turned to frown
Because I have no language to express
The songs of love and joy and tenderness

That light my soul and lift me up on high,
Till angel voices far beyond the sky
Seem joining in my wild and sweet refrain—
And then I tumble back to earth again.

And yet, I envy none, though many kings
Might envy me, when poised on feath'ry wings
Of tender fancy, as my soul expands
And I can feel the touch of unseen hands,
That take the pencil from my grasp and write,
While I in happy dreamland float to-night:
And well I know without some greater pow'r
I could not even cull a prairie flow'r.



The Sculptor and The Scout

 FELT the touch of Nature's fire
Inflate my soul. His soul's desire
Was in the clay his fingers wrought—
His touch upon a tender spot
Seemed like a mellow note that swells
Like distant echo of the bells
That chime before the organ peals;
The softening symphony that steals

Into our senses as we kneel,
And one deep touch of reverence feel.

And so the sculptor's eye revealed
The glow of genius unconcealed,
That lighted up his eager face;
And as he moved with ease and grace
I sat and watched him carve and mould,
While I some stirring story told,
Of camp and trail and field and strife,
Of love and home and faithful wife,
Who watched and prayed—sometimes alone—
That God would bring him to his own.

When on some dangerous mission bent,
Without the shelter of a tent
And only stars to point the way—
Oft fearful of his horse's neigh,
Watchful on this dangerous scout
Of hostile Indians breaking out,
He takes the trail through canons grand
While eyes and nostrils wide expand,
Dilating with intense desire,
Until he sees the hostile's fire—
Locates the camp and rides all night
To lead the soldiers to the fight—
But not until the fight is won
Comes rest and peace, his duty done.

Those are the times when men must think,
 As every moment on the brink
 Of danger and the grasp of Death—
 How oft I 've felt his icy breath!
 'T was then I thought of fearsome things—
 Of nightmare hells—when angel wings
 Seemed fluttering down the atmosphere;
 And many a time I 've felt a tear
 Escape and trickle down my cheek
 And somehow, every time I 'd speak
 The echo seemed to answer true:
 " Fear not, for God is watching you."

So, as this sculptor friend of mine
 Is modeling while I think and rhyme
 My fleeting thought, promiscuous here,
 I somehow feel that I am near
 To Nature's fountains, and the swell
 Of echoes reach me from the dell,
 While towering pines on mountain's brow
 Seem waving, bending o'er me now,
 And sunshine spreads in glory there
 With benediction everywhere.

For rocks and trees and running brooks
 Tell me a story that the books
 Can never tell—for Nature's shrine
 Holds treasures that are more sublime

Than hand of man has ever penned;
 And as I through their fastness wend
 My upward way, I catch the fire
 That may my humble pen inspire.



A Successful Failure

THERE is one absorbing
 question
 And on it hangs much stress;
 "Has Mr. Crook much money
 And is he a success?"
 Oh, never mind the getting
 Or what he did to get,
 But did he really get it
 And has he got it yet?

"Of course he has, but—cut it,
 Unless you have a barrel
 Like Mr. Thomas Lawson,
 To liquidate your quarrel,
 Your 'buts' are too expensive;
 You 're innocent, I guess.
 The thief, if rich, is honest,
 For money is SUCCESS."

You lie, there is no falsehood,
 So cowardly as that,
 You are a craven parvenue—
 A false aristocrat.
 Dishonesty successful
 Is failure's greatest knave,
 And what are you, I 'd ask you,
 But failure's abject slave?

You cringe before your master,
 Old Pluto, till his heel
 Has pressed his brand upon you,
 And then, abject you kneel
 And fawn and lie for pointers
 Till, subsequently, you
 Are clean sold out and labeled
 "Successful failure," too.



This Ain't Poetry—It's God's Truth



ON'T dilly-dally, when you know you 're
 right.

Don't count the cost in case you have
 to fight—

As fight you must, if you would dare assail
 The outlaws that will camp upon your trail

And lay for you, like cowards that they are,
Too cunning to declare an open war.

Perhaps religion's cloak may serve to blind
The people for a time; but you will find
That strength of character and spinal grit
Will win against deceit and polished wit;
Nor rank, nor pull, nor high exalted station
Nor brains, nor form, nor bogus reputation
Can stand against the strenuous, staunch and
 steady,
Brave, true and honest followers of Teddy.

To Hades with the frenzied finance tricks!
His army has increased since nineteen-six
Despite the millions and the billions that's behind
"The House of Lords," men of senate-senile
 kind,
May influence some, there 's those who can't be
 bought;
And even senatorial thieves are caught
Like what 's-his-name—convicted, thank
 the Lord—
Convicted, yes and killed; they can't afford
To live—and that 's why that one died—
A simple case of grafter's suicide.

It Does n't Pay

“What 's gone and what 's past help, should be past
grief.” —Shakespeare



WE should thank the bard of Avon for this
truthful sentiment;

His wisdom, his philosophy, his sunny
merriment

Have conquered many a sorrow—made light of many
a care,

And turned the gloom of worryment to sunlight clear
and fair.

I love to steal his thunder, when it rumbles in my soul;
The flashes of his lightning oft light me to my goal.

And thus, while I reflect him, in my simple, rustic
ways,

Some rustic folk may read him, who could never read
his plays.

Because their understanding, undeveloped, cannot
grasp

What their souls may drink with pleasure, if I open
up the clasp

In a simple transformation or a rustic bas-relief.

“What 's past and can't be mended should, indeed,
be past all grief.”

THE BRONCHO BOOK

So I ask of you, my brother, or my comrade, does it pay
To cloud your splendid intellect with what has passed
away?

To dwarf the possibility of reaching yonder goal—
To handicap your genius with wet blankets on your
soul?

Get wise, my friend, let wisdom take the place of false
pretense;

There 's only one thing needful, that 's a bit
of commonsense.

If you 'll only make an effort, you 'll get it right away,
And your answer to my question will be, " No,
it does n't pay."



If Roosevelt Had Been Bad

He 'd have been the baddest man that ever was,
his daughter says.

XOU never spoke a greater truth,
For baddest of the men were best,
Who in their boyhood and their youth
Had drifted to the strenuous West;

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Big, whole-soul'd, generous Mother's Boys,
With tender hearts, and souls aglow,
With hopes, ambitions, and the joys
That make good fellows love them so.

Some broke their bonds and ran away,
Some slowly drifted with the tide,
Some saw the blood-and-thunder play
Where many a Bowery redskin died.
And some were college boys, and bred
In homes where Christian parents knelt;
And some were strenuous, cultured, read,
And brave, like Papa Roosevelt.

Many a noble Mother's Boy
Has carved a fortune and a name,
Whose coming back brought tears of joy
And happiness, as well as fame.
And others, just as pure, alas!
And just as honest, true and brave,
Have toyed too often with the glass,
And only filled a felon's grave.


Have pity then, Oh, Daughter fair,
Of Him who best can understand
The hearts of splendid men who dare
As dared the boys of his command.

Have pity and compassion, too,
On those unfortunates who fell,
Who wear the stripes instead of blue,
And yet, who love their country well.

For half the men behind the bars,
In Western pens across the plains,
Are fit to fight in freedom's wars
As men of courage, heart and brains.
And don't forget that many men
Too often fall as life begins,
And many a man in prison pen
Is suffering for another's sins.



Does it Pay?

 T 'S easy enough to be funny,
It 's easy enough to be glad,
When the larder is flowing with honey
And the body in comfort is clad;
And it 's easy enough to be frisky,
To frolic and laugh and be gay
While you drink to your sweetheart in whiskey,
But tell me, my boy, does it pay?

It 's easy enough to be jolly
When out for a lark with the boys,
And away from dear mother and Molly,
Who 'd share all your sorrows and joys.
And it 's easy enough to deceive them—
Their sweet loving hearts to betray;
But it 's selfish and brutal to grieve them—
And tell me, my boy, does it pay?


But it 's easier far to be truthful,
Straightforward in all that you do.
Keep your heart and your soul always youthful,
To mother and sweetheart be true.
And, boys, let me give you a motto,
To keep in your heart every day—
Though you drive a wheelbarrow or auto,
Whatever you do, make it pay.



A Bit of Doggerel

THE most faithful dog that I ever knew,
Most lovable and kind and true,
Was a yellow cur, tender and brave,
Whose great heart broke on his master's grave.

If You Should Die To-night

 SUPPOSE that you should die to-
night;
Just stop and think and hold your
breath—

Remember, there is just one wink
'Twixt you and Death—old sure-thing
Death.

Suppose that you should die to-night;
Would some one miss a sunny ray?
Would some one kiss the face of clay?
Would some one watch and pray?

Suppose that you should die to-night;
Would some dear heart, with love for you
A drop impart of heaven's dew,
For friendship that was branded "true?"

Ah, yes, if I should die to-night,
I know that some my smile would miss;
Some little waif might kneel to kiss
The hand that signs my name to this—
If I should die to-night.



The Harvest

WHEN your head is bowed
in sorrow
And your soul is out of
tune,

When the prospects of to-morrow
Are behind a veil of gloom,
Can't you see the light beyond it—
Just a glimmer of the prize?
Keep a-groping and you 'll find it
But a blessing in disguise.

Did you ever climb the mountain,
Weary, foot-sore and afraid
You would never reach the fountain
On the summit in the shade?
Then a sudden glint of glory
Seemed to flash before your eyes,
And the sequel to the story—
'T was a blessing in disguise.

Courage is the only asset
That will conquer in the fight,
If you have the will to mass it
On the lines of truth and right.
And when at last victorious,
From the conflict you arise,

You 'll reap a harvest glorious
From your blessings in disguise.



The Soul of Song



H, what would I give
If again I could live,
Renewing the battles unwon ;
With courage to dare,
And with patience to bear
The struggles so often begun.

But the Springtime of life,
With its pleasures and strife
Entwined in my sensitive soul—
The good and the bad,
With the joy-time and sad,
Were each in their turn in control.

But the musical spray
That 's a-sprinkle to-day,
And the buds that are sprouting by night,
Will nourish the flow'rs
In my soul's tropic bow'rs—
I catch the perfume as I write.

And all that I ask
Is the grace to unmask
Each motive that 's selfish and wrong—
And that some one as wild,
With the heart of a child,
Will catch the real soul of my song.



What Do I Know?

WHAT do I know? Poor little
me,
I need a microscope to see
What I do know;

The overflow

Of nature's riches, all aglow
And sparkling with the stars and dew,
I only know beyond the blue
I cannot see.

Poor little me.

What do I know? I know but this:
I know my ignorance is bliss
Most wisely planned.

I understand

That tow'ring pines and mountains grand
Are dear and beautiful to me;
Beyond their peaks I cannot see,
But God is there,
And everywhere,
And this is good enough for me.



Sunshine

X NEVER like to see a man a-'rastlin'
with the dumps
'Cause in the game of life he does n't always
catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it is n't any
wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble more 'n you can drown
a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head
is bowed,
That God 'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every
cloud.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

If you should see a fellow man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he did n't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler "how d' you do,"
And grasp his hand so warm he 'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what 's a-hurtin' 'im, and laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just afore the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God 'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain.
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all slosed with rain.
And that 's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by,
We 'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin' sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores

Because the Lord's opinion does n't coincide
with yours;
But always keep rememberin', when cares your path
enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind
the cloud.



A Sunshine Boomerang

WHEN a bit of sunshine
hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't fergit to up and fling it
At a soul that 's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it,
It 's a boomerang to you.



If I But Could

X F I could clothe each jeweled thought
That comes to me from Nature's bowers
In classic language, such as taught
Away from western woods and flowers,
If I could sing the sweet refrains
That in my soul in silence cluster,
From many a heart I 'd strike the chains,
And give the star of hope new lustre.

If I could scatter all the gems
That light my soul in darkened places,
Could pluck the hope-buds from their stems,
And wreathe them o'er despondent faces,
If I but had the power to stay
The blighting hand of pain and sorrow,
The human flowers that wilt to-day
Would raise their heads and bloom to-morrow.

If from the Master Hand above
To me the longed-for power was given
To change all bitterness to love,
Of every earthly hell make heaven,
The lowering clouds would quickly flee
Before the light which followed after,
And every wave of Life's broad sea
Would gleam and shine with sparkling laughter.

A Sermon to Myself

(Or to You—if it Fits)



ON'T be blue—just be true
To yourself and smile.

Don't you know clouds will go
In a little while?

Have some grit—up an' git!
What 's the recompense—
Fret and stew! keepin' blue,
Lackin' commonsense?

Take it cool. Whoa, you mule,
Kickin' like a steer!
Half your trouble 's but a bubble:
What you got to fear?

Friends are honey when you 've money,
Otherwise they 're few.
Then, dod rot it, **PLAY YOU 'VE GOT IT—**
And you 'll git it, too!



A Broncho's Philosophy

A New Year "Pome"

DON'T blame the world. It 's better
Than the man who wants to be
A somebody, but lives to save
The undertaker's fee.
For surely he 's a dead one
On our strenuous preserves.
A wooden coat, six feet of earth,
Is all that he deserves.


Go chase yourself around the block,
Then chase around some more,
And start the blood to circulate,
And sweat from every pore.
Then change your face and change your sox,
And change your atmosphere,
And change your dope for Heaven's brew,
To start the glad New Year.

Now this is my advice to you—
But have you got the sand
To buck against temptation,
And to play a winnin' hand?

If so, then shake! God speed you on;
You 'll win, just persevere.
And if you 've never been a man,
Begin with the New Year.



Some Broncho Philosophy

WONDER is it perfume of the flow'rs
I 'm smelling now,
Or the laurel being woven—will it fit my
sun-tanned brow?
And I wonder will they bring it while life's vistas
onward spread,
Or wait, before they fling it, till the heart is cold and
dead?

It is not so much the roses or the laurel that I crave,
But the sunshine of the friendship and approval
of the brave,
Who are not afraid to speak it and to grasp a fellow's
hands
When he 's slipping cogs and sinking in the world's
uncertain sands.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

That 's the time to fling a lasso, with a wreath
upon the rope.
Let its coils of strength encircle some poor struggler's
ray of hope ;
For the moment that you yank him where his feet
will hit bed rock,
There 's a heap of good set going and a premium
on your stock.

And I cannot help believing that the sunny smiles
we fling,
The bits of fun we scatter, with the songs we love
to sing,
Are the harbingers of blessings on the scrimmage line
of hope
That will light the trail with sunshine as we journey
o'er Life's slope.



Greeting

WHEN your rainbow of hope, be it near
or afar,
Is throwing its searchlight on you ;
When you feel that the gate of success is ajar
And the star in hope's crescent peeps through.

Don't leave a poor brother or sister behind,
There are many hard pulls on life's slope;
And some weary brother, nearsighted, might find
His star through your own telescope.

And sometimes a word or a look or a touch
Of nature, that makes us all kin,
A smile or a slap on the back, will do much
To help modest merit to win.

Come, join me, Oh ye who have struggled and won
Just a mite, with a smile and a tear,
And hark to a voice that will whisper, "Well done,"
And enjoy a real happy New Year.



The Sunshine Trail

THERE'S a world of satisfaction
In this broncho soul of mine.
Though I have n't got a dollar
Of my own, I 'm feeling fine;
For I 've just got down to bed rock,
And the nuggets that I find,
I scatter with the sunshine,
On the trail I leave behind.

With a stomach like an ostrich,
And a glorious appetite;
With a God-sent reciprocity
That greets me every night,
When with love and song and laughter,
Hope and charity combined,
I scatter wads of sunshine
On the trail I leave behind.

Brother, mine, the Eldorado
Where your soul will strike it rich,
You will find in waifs of slumville
And your brothers in the ditch.
Shed your kids and patent leathers,
To all ridicule be blind,
For there 's millions in the sunshine
On the trail you leave behind.



A Cure for Insomnia

THERE 'S a song that I sing, when my
soul is aglow
With the rapture of love undefiled;
When the wealth of the world I would gladly bestow
For the innocent laugh of a child.

When alone on the mountain a bright, shining star
From God's jeweled crown seems to peep,
While some one is holding the gateway ajar,
I sing, " Mother, rock me to sleep."

Chorus

Rock me to sleep, let me dream of my childhood,
Back to the mountains and fountains and wild-wood.
Dear mother in heaven, thy sweet song repeat
And rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

There 's a song that I sing when my soul is in tune
With the birds and the flow'rs and the bees,
When green buds are sprouting and blossoms
abloom,
And laden with perfume, the breeze.
At night, when unbidden, my troubles appear
And sometimes I nervously leap,
I just keep repeating, " Dear mother is near,"
And then I sing, " Rock me to sleep."

Chorus

Rock me to sleep, let me dream of my childhood,
Back to the mountains and fountains and wild-wood.
Dear mother in heaven, thy sweet song repeat
And rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

THE BRONCHO BOOK


There 's a song that I sing, when I fain would forget
Every sorrow that darkens my sky,
And I think of the hearts that are loving me yet,
And the clouds that are passing me by.
In closing my eyes a sweet vision appears,
Her vigil she still seems to keep,
I think, till my eyes are all swimming with tears,
And mother dear rocks me to sleep.

Chorus

Rock me to sleep, let me dream of my childhood,
Back to the mountains and fountains and wild-wood.
Dear mother in heaven, thy sweet song repeat,
And rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.



Resigned

 'M a-croonin' to de baby
Jes' a little ebenin' song.
A'm a-rockin' ob de cradle,
Kase his mammy is n't strong.
Fo' she 's been a-workin' steady,
She 's ma honey good an' kind,
An' ah kain't do much to help her
Or de baby, fo' a 'm blind.

Chorus

But a 'm hopin' an' a 'm gropin'
An' a 'm singin' all de while,
An' it sort o' cheers ma honey
When she sees me wid a smile.

A 'm a-whistlin' to de baby
As ah hol' his little han',
An' ah pray de Lord to watch him
Till he gits to be a man.
An' when clouds a-hover over
An' de win's a-howlin' strong,
Ah rock-a-bye ma baby
An' ah sing ma little song.

Chorus

But a 'm hopin' an' a 'm gropin'
An' a 'm singin' all de while,
An' it sort o' cheers ma honey
When she sees me wid a smile.

When de pa'son comes to see us—
Pa'son Sam, so good an' kind,
He bress de Lord an' tells me
Ah is happy an' resigned.

Ah don' jes' know his meanin'
But he says it good an' strong,
An' he shouts a hallelujah
When ah sing ma little song.

Chorus

But a 'm hopin' an' a 'm gropin'
An' a 'm singin' all de while,
An' it sort o' cheers ma honey
When she sees me wid a smile.



The Music of Life

A Recitation to be recited to music

(Music "London Bridge is Falling Down.")

NOW sweet, how fair in the dawn of
life,
In the world with woe and folly
rife,
To hear the ring of childish song,
As burden-bent we trudge along—

And backward, through the vanished years,
In childhood's dreams forgot Fate's frown,
Our hearts join in the children's play
When "London Bridge is Falling Down."

II

(Music—"Come, my Love, the Stars are Shining")
"Old Madrid"

O'er "London Bridge"—how short the span
'Twixt child and maid, 'twixt boy and man!
The tender song from maiden lips,
Like harp-strings 'neath Love's finger-tips,
Is Love's own heaven-born gift of song,
As its wings first flutter in earthly flame,
Ere its tune grows false and its rhythm wrong,
And man—not love—is all to blame.

III

(Music—"Rock-a-bye Baby," or "Sleep,
Baby, Sleep")

But sweeter far in the noon of life
The song of the fairer, happier wife
As she croons to her babe a lullabye
That ringeth a song of joy on High.

She finds a solace for every care
In the rich reward of Motherhood:
The fervent answer to every pray'r;
The vessel that holdeth all of good.

IV

(Music—"Rock of Ages")

But when the night and storm comes on,
And wife and mother bows alone,
When Fate has carried all away
Who filled that happier, brighter day;
With none to trust and all to fear,
'Tis then her faith and strength we see,
As through the storm her voice rings clear,
"O, Rock of Ages Cleft for Me!"

V

(Music—"Nearer My God to Thee")

And thus with calm, unfurrowed brow,
To where the deeper waters flow,
Guided by unseen hands along,
Turned to the highest praise her song—
Fearless of rock, of hidden reef,
Up, as the lark, swift-winged, will flee

Her song will rise, through joy, through grief,
"Nearer, Oh nearer, God, to Thee."



Serenade in the Hills

THERE are joy bells in the drilling
While I 'm shooting through the hill.
There is music in the hammer
As it bounces from the drill,
And at every stroke I 'm thinking
What the next discharge will do;
Will it bring me luck and fortune?
Will it bring me back to you?

Chorus

Love grows strong in the mountains, my own,
Hearts in the wild woods are true.
Men grow kind and tender, dear heart,
And my heart is sighing for you.
Wait for me, dearest, I need your love,
Your trust you never shall rue.
A prayer and a tear, for your absent one, dear,
To bring me to mother and you.

When I hear the night-birds singing
Near my little mountain home,
When the stars are all a-twinkle
In the blue of heaven's dome,
When the evening tasks are over
And there 's no more work to do,
Then I find my soul is singing
Tender serenades to you.

Chorus

Love grows strong in the mountains, my own,
Hearts in the wild woods are true.
Men grow kind and tender, dear heart,
And my heart is sighing for you.
Wait for me, dearest, I need your love,
Your trust you never shall rue.
A prayer and a tear, for your absent one, dear,
To bring me to mother and you.



The Optimistic Warbler

SING a cheerful song, or whistle
 If you don't know how to sing,
 And remember that the thistle
 Beats the daisies in the Spring;
 That the gloomy clouds of sorrow
 Which o'erhang your sky to-day
 Will unfold a bright to-morrow
 When the clouds have passed away.

Chorus

I 'm an optimistic warbler
 And I whistle, laugh and sing,
 Bringing gladness out of sadness
 With the sunshine that I fling.
 While a heap of satisfaction
 Snuggles underneath my vest,
 As I laugh and sing and whistle
 Ere I lay me down to rest.

Oh, I wish that I could muster
 On the heights of Nature's crest,
 A great army that would trust her
 With their happiness and rest.
 She would soothe their every sorrow,
 And with chiming joy bells bring


Floods of sunshine on the morrow
If they 'd whistle, laugh and sing.

Chorus

I'm an optimistic warbler
And I whistle, laugh and sing,
Bringing gladness out of sadness
With the sunshine that I fling.
While a heap of satisfaction
Snuggles underneath my vest,
As I laugh and sing and whistle
Ere I lay me down to rest.



The Keystone of the Union

 SOV'REIGN state, thy name we
hail,
Our hearts aglow with patriot
pride,
Thy praises ring in ev'ry vale,
From ev'ry lofty mountain side.
We love thy rocks, we love thy rills,
Thy fruitful fields and rivers broad,
We love thy old historic hills,
Whose winding paths our Fathers trod.

Chorus

O, mighty state; O, sov'reign state,
Thou bulwark of our land so great,
To thee our love we consecrate,
O, Keystone of the Union.

Deep in each mountain's wounded side,
Hid from the sun's enliv'ning beams,
In gloomy caverns dark and wide,
The lamp of toiling miner gleams.
A million hearts their labors cheer,
Their product spreads o'er land and sea,
It gladdens homes in ev'ry sphere,
And drives the wheels of Industry.

Chorus

O, mighty state; O, sov'reign state,
Thou bulwark of our land so great,
To thee our love we consecrate,
O, Keystone of the Union.

When war's alarm swept o'er the land,
And treason's hand on Sumpter fell,
Thy loyal sons with valor grand
Upheld the cause they loved so well.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

On many a field with crimson stained,
And on the ever restless sea,
Thy honor well their arms maintained,
Thy flag they bore to victory.

Chorus

O, mighty state; O, sov'reign state,
Thou bulwark of our land so great,
To thee our love we consecrate,
O, Keystone of the Union.

We honor those who fought and bled
When Duty called our warrior braves;
We bless the mem'ry of the dead,
Now sleeping in their honored graves.
Should e'er again the trumpet sound,
And guns in angry discord roar,
Thy loyal sons would rally round
The flag their sires so nobly bore.

Chorus

O, mighty state; O, sov'reign state,
Thou bulwark of our land so great,
To thee our love we consecrate,
O, Keystone of the Union.

Come Back, Papa

MY heart was bowed down with
 sadness,
 My soul was aflame with despair,
 When a voice with a ripple of gladness
 Came floating to me through the air,—
 The voice of a little one, ringing
 Like joy bells from over the lea.
 And this is the song she was singing:
 “ Oh, come back, dear papa, to me.”

Chorus

“ Come back to me, Oh, come back to me;
 Mama and Dolly are watching for thee.
 Come back, dear papa, from over the sea;
 Mama and baby are waiting for thee.”

My arms were soon folded around her,
 She snuggled close up to my breast;
 I blessed the dear spot where I found her,
 And carried her into our nest.
 And while 'round my neck she was clinging,
 The sunburst of love seemed to be
 Aflame in the soul that was singing,
 “ Oh, come back, dear papa, to me.”

Chorus

“Come back to me, Oh, come back to me;
 Mama and Dolly are watching for thee.
 Come back, dear papa, from over the sea;
 Mama and baby are waiting for thee.”



Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'Dopted Boy

WE all looked down on the little cuss
 When he come to school with the rest
 of us,

Just 'cause he war' an adopted boy,
 From an orphan 'sylum in Illinoy.
 He had no parents, leastwise he said,
 Fur all he knowed both on 'em war' dead—
 “Died 'fore I was born,” he said to me,
 W'en I chaffed him about his pedigree.

He did n't seem fur to have a bit
 O' fightin' metal or spunky grit,
 But tuk our slurs in a quiet way,
 An' endured our torments day after day,

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Without so much as a sass-back word,
No matter how off'n or hard we spurred;
The butt o' the scholars fur wicked fun
War' Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

He larnt his lessons—the teacher said,
W'en the term war' over he 'd be ahead
Of all us scholars, sartin an' shore,
If we did n't 'tend to our knittin' more.
An' w'en the examination come,
The Board o' Directors jes' struck us dumb
By givin' the prizes, every one,
To Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

This made us wild, an' we up an' swore
We would n't go to that school no more
Unless the Directors 'd fix it so
That little reperbate could n't go.
But afore the school tuk up we heard
That Ol' Bill Reynolds somehow perferred
To send him into the city, whar'
A big, hifalutin' academy war'.

He come to Bill's on a visit twice,
Dressed up an' lookin' uncommon nice,
But never showed up on the village street,
Jes' like he was 'feard of us boys he 'd meet.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

'T war' a wise perceedin', fur none of us
'D associate with the nameless cuss
That had no pedigree more 'n the one
Of Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

It sorter surprised us w'en some one read
A piece in the city paper 'at said
That Honer'ble Senator Blake had set
On him fur a West Point School cadet.
Ol' Bill moved East, an' we never heard
'Mongst all us boys not another word,
Till the big Secession War 'd begun,
Of Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

Most of us ol' schoolfellers went
At the fust break-out o' the devilment,
An' I reckon thar' was n't a wilder cuss
Than me in that hull rebellion muss.
Dissipatin' an' playin' cards,
The scum o' the rigiment fur my pards—
Never stopped fur a breathin' spell
In my reckless run fur the gates o' hell!

It seems like a nightmare, lookin' back—
A gamblin' quarrel—a pistol's crack—
A schoolboy comrade by my hand slain—
A hand impelled by a rum-crazed brain.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

The dread court-martial, my quick-drawn breath,
As I heard the words, "To be shot to death!"
The nameless terror that clung to me
As I peered o'er the brink of eternity!

My mother came, with her pale, sad face,
From our village home to my prison place—
Came with the old-time, glad voice hushed—
Came with a heart my hand had crushed,
Kissed and embraced me as of yore,
Called me her darling o'er and o'er,
Humbly knelt by my side and prayed
That the stern hand of justice might be stayed.

Her face reflected her heart's keen pains
As she heard the ring o' my clankin' chains;
Eyes that beamed love in the bygone years
Were dulled with sorrow's most bitter tears.
Her hand on my burnin' head she laid,
An' bade me pray as I never prayed,
As for me with trembling steps she went
With one last hope to the General's tent.

The ensuin' hour seemed a year to me
As I waited thar' in my misery.
The sentry with sympathetic face
Marched to and fro with a funeral pace.

THE BRONCHO BOOK


O'er the face o' the sun thar' crept a cloud,
Filmy and white as a coffin shroud,
An' a raven on distant wooded slope
Seemed to croak the warnin': "No hope, No hope!"

Down through the aisles o' the tented camp
Came a squad of guards with a tramp, tramp, tramp.
Half dazed I marched 'mid the glistenin' guns,
Borne proudly by Union's blue-clad sons,
Marched to headquarters an' stood before
The great commander, whose broad brow wore
Undyin' laurels his skill had won
On a dozen fields 'neath the Southern Sun.

My brain war' awhirl! The events now seem
As the shadowy memories of a dream;
The smile o' my mother, sad but sweet,
As she sat on a stool at the General's feet.
I can see the General's courtly grace,
As he raised his eyes to my pallid face—
"My boy, your mother's prayers have won;
You are pardoned—by Reynolds's 'dopted son!"



The Veteran and His Grandson



OLD on! Hold on! My goodness, you take
my breath, my son,
A-firin' questions at me, like shots from
a Gatlin' gun:

Why do I wear this eagle an' flag an' brazen star,
An' why do my old eyes glisten when somebody
mentions war?

An' why do I call men "comrade," an' why do my
eyes grow bright

When you hear me tell your grandma I 'm going
to post to-night?

Come here, you inquisitive rascal, an' set on your
grandpa's knee,

An' I 'll try an' answer the broadsides you 've been
a-firin' at me.

Away back there in the sixties, long afore you were
born,

The news come a-flashin' to us, one bright and sunny
morn,

That some of our Southern brothers, a-thinkin', no
doubt, 't war' right,

Had trained their guns on our banner, and opened
a nasty fight;

The great big guns war' a-boomin,' an' the shot flyin'
thick an' fast,

THE BRONCHO BOOK

An' troops all over the Southland were rapidly being
massed;

An' a thrill went through the nation, a fear that our
glorious land

Might be split, divided an' ruined by mistaken brother's
hand.

Lord! but wa'n't there excitement, an' did n't the boys'
eyes flash!

An' did n't we cuss our brothers for being so foolish
and rash!

An' did n't we raise the neighbors with loud an'
continued cheers

When ol' Abe sent out that document a-callin'
for volunteers!

An' did n't we flock to the standard when the drums
began to beat—

An' did n't we march with strong, proud step along
the village street!

An' did n't the people cheer us when we got aboard
the cars,

With the flag a-wavin' o'er us, and we went away
to the wars!

I 'll never forget your grandma as she stood outside
o' the train,

Her face as white as a snowdrift, her tears a-fallin'
like rain—

THE BRONCHO BOOK

She stood there quiet and deathlike, 'mid all o' the rush
and noise,
For the war were a-takin' from her, her husband
and three brave boys—
Bill, Charley and little Tommy—just turned eighteen,
but as true
An' gallant a little soldier as ever wore the blue;
It seemed almost like murder for to tear her poor
heart so,
But your grandad could n't stay, baby, an' the boys
war' determined to go.

The evenin' afore we started she called the boys
to her side,
An' told 'em as how they war' always their mother's
joy an' pride;
An' though her soul was in torture, an' her poor heart
bleedin' an' sore,
An' though she needed her darlings, the country
needed 'em more.
She told 'em to do their duty, wherever their feet
might roam,
An' to never forget in battle their mother war' prayin'
at home;
An' if (an' the tears nigh choked her) they should fall
in front o' the foe,
She 'd go to her blessed Savior an' ax Him to lighten
the blow.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Bill lays an' awaits the summons 'neath Spott-
sylvania's sod,
An' on the field of Antietam Charley's spirit went
back to God;
An' Tommy, our baby Tommy, we buried one star-
lit night
Along with his fallen comrades, just after the Wilder-
ness fight.
The lightnin' struck our family tree, an' stripped it
of every limb,
A-leavin' only this bare old trunk, a-standin' alone
an' grim.
My boy, that 's why your grandma, when you kneel
to the God you love,
Makes you ax Him to watch your uncles, an' make 'em
happy above.

That 's why you sometimes see her with tear-drops
in her eyes;
That 's why you sometimes catch her a-tryin' to hide
her sighs;
That 's why at our great reunions she looks so solemn
and sad;
That 's why her heart seems a-breakin' when the boys
are jolly an' glad;
That 's why you sometimes find her in the bedroom
overhead,

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Down on her knees a-prayin', with their pictures
laid out on the bed;
That 's why the old-time brightness will light up her
face no more,
Till she meets her hero warriors in the camp on the
other shore.

An' when the great war was over, back came the
veterans true,
With not one star a-missin' from that azure field
of blue;
An' the boys, who on field o' battle had stood the
fiery test,
Formed posts o' the Grand Army in the North, South,
East an' West.
Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, is the motto 'neath which
they train—
Their object to care for the helpless, an' banish
sorrow an' pain
From the homes o' the widows an' orphans o' the boys
who have gone before,
To answer their name at roll-call, in God's Grand
Army Corps.

An' that 's why we wear these badges, the eagle
an' flag an' star,
Worn only by veteran heroes who fought in that
bloody war;

THE BRONCHO BOOK

An' that 's why my old eyes glisten while talking
about the fray,
An' that 's why I call men " comrade " when I meet
'em every day ;
An' that 's why I tell your grandma, " I 'm going
to post to-night,"
For there 's where I meet the old boys who stood
with me in the fight.
And, my child, that 's why I 've taught you to love
an' revere these men
Who come here a-wearin' badges, to fight their
battles again.

For they are gallant heroes who stood 'mid shot
an' shell,
An' followed those flying colors right into the mouth
o' hell ;
They are the men whose valor saved this land from
disgrace an' shame,
An' lifted her back in triumph to her perch on the
dome o' fame ;
An' as long as you live, my darling, till your lips
in death are mute,
When you see that badge on a bosom, take off your
hat an' salute ;
An' if any ol' vet should halt you, an' question why
you do,

Just tell him you 've got a right to, for your grandad's
a comrade, too.



At the Mission Door



LITTLE newsboy, weeping,
stood

Outside the Waif's Retreat;
A shaggy dog, his only friend,
Was crouching at his feet
With attitude of perfect trust,
And tender, lovelit eye.
I saw the boy bend over him
With tear-wet cheek and sigh.

I asked him why those bitter tears;
He turned away his head,
And answered: "Dere 's me only frien'
Since dad and mam is dead.
An' dose folks in de Mission say
Dat Tip—he can't come in;
Dat lovin' of a dog like dis
Ain't notin' but a sin.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

“ Well, boss, I don't know notin' much,
But say, when mudder died
Tip foun' me at her grave at night,
An' laid down by me side;
An' when I cried dere all alone
His head was on me knee,
An' sometin' in his eyes jes' said
He 'd be a frien' to me.

“ Now, boss, you look into dem eyes,
An' say if he can't speak.
I tells yer, Tip 's a gentleman,
If he ain't nice and sleek.
He don't snap like no low-down cur,
His ways is high an' fine;
An' when I t'ink how good he is
I 'm mighty proud he 's mine.”

Tip seemed to feel his master's praise,
He looked so very wise,
As though some sad, imprisoned soul
Were shining through his eyes.
I took the boy's brown hand in mine
And wiped his tears away;
I told him that no nobler friend
Had man on earth to-day.

Both boy and dog crept to my heart,
 And they have now become
 The sunshine on my cheerless hearth
 The blessings of my home.
 And all that I shall ask of Him
 Who keeps the heavenly log—
 May I be worthy that boy's love,
 The friendship of his dog.



Thar' Was Jim

WILDEST boy in all the
 village,
 Up to every wicked lark,
 Happy at a chance to pillage
 Melon patches in the dark.
 Seemed a 'tarnal mischief breeder,
 Fur in every wicked whim,
 Put your hand upon the leader—
 Thar' was Jim.

He war' eighteen when the summons
 Come for Union volunteers,
 An' the fife's an' the drummin's
 An' the patriotic cheers,

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Made us with excitement dance, Sir—
Even old men, staid and prim;
An' among the fust to answer,
Thar' was Jim.

One day when Gin'ral wanted
Volunteers to charge a place
Whar' the rebel banners flaunted
Imperdently in our face,
Seemed as though the cannons' bellers
Had no skeerishness for him,
Fur among the foremost fellers,
Thar' was Jim.

How we cheered 'em at the startin'
On that fearful charge they made,
Fur it seemed that death was sartin
In that fiery ambushade.
Once the smoke riz up a-showin'
Them as up the hill they clim',
An' ahead, an' still a-goin',
Thar' was Jim.

Git thar'? Wal, yer jest a-screamin',
Nothin' could have stopped them men,
Each one seemed a howlin' demon
Chargin' on a fiery pen.

Purty tough w'en next I found him,
Fur with face all black an' grim,
Dead, with dead men all around him,
Thar' was Jim.

Friend o' mine? I reckon, sorter—
Met him fust one winter night—
Lord! but wan't that storm a snorter
W'en I went fur Doctor White!
W'en I heard my wife a-pleadin'
Me to come an' look at him,
Lyn' in her arms a-feedin',
Thar' was Jim.



The Heavenly Telephone

WHEN baby Bess knelt at my knee to say
her evening prayer,
She cutely asked me if it went by telephone
up there.

And wondered why the Master did n't answer right
away

Just as her papa answered from the office every day.
Next morn I found her at the 'phone, tiptoeing
on a chair

THE BRONCHO BOOK

And crying, " Hello, Central," with such a roguish
air.

She said, " Now, mama, go away; this talk is all
my own.

I want to ask Dod if he hears the pares I telephone."

In one short week our baby lay upon her dying bed,
And ev'ry heart seemed breaking, as in feeble tones
she said,

" I 'm going up to Heaven, where the little angels
play,

And I will be an angel, too, if I can find the way;

But, mama, dear, I 'm 'fraid I 'll be so lonesome
when I go,

Because I ain't acquainted with a soul up there,
you know;

But if you 'll kneel down by my bed, I 'll try real hard
to wait

Until you telephone to God to meet me at the gate."

The baby's wished-for message from a bleeding heart
was sent,

And then her spotless spirit to the heavenly mansions
went,

There at the pearly gates I know the loving
Master stood

To welcome her with gentle smile as she so hoped
He would.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Her prattling voice forever will be ling'ring in my ear,
And when I miss her toddling step, and all seems dark
and drear,
I seek the quiet churchyard, where we laid her 'neath
the sod,
And kneeling by her little grave, I " telephone "
to God.



Hello, Central

XT was Christmas eve and Central heard a
robust voice exclaim:
" What 's the reason I can't get her? Please,
oh, please do try again.
Thanks; you 're awful kind. Oh, how I want to hear
her voice once more
As I heard it in the garden, in the glad old days of yore.
Hello, Central! Hello, Central! Hell—o!. . . . yes, yes,
if you please.
No, I have n't got her yet—my! it 's cold enough
to freeze!
Out in country? Yes, I know it. Send a cab to bring
her in?
I must talk to her—God bless her—Don't you dare
to wink and grin.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Have n't seen her for a year, Sir. Oh, I want to hear
her voice
And the music of her laughter—won't her waiting
heart rejoice,
When she knows that I 'm returning, that I 've kept
the vow I swore
To be true and brave and sober! See, this is the ring
she wore;
And she placed it on my finger, while the tears
ran down her cheek,
As she said: ' Good bye, God bless you; trust in Him,
for flesh is weak.'
And the brilliant gems that sparkled from the casket
of her soul
Lit the pathway of temptation—kept me ever
in control;
And I saw those shining glories in the twinkle
of the stars,
In the dew-drops on the daisies, in the blood of battle
scars.
And in dreams I saw her standing, as I seem to see
her now,
In the garden where we parted—with a halo
on her brow,
And—Hello! What 's that? Yes, dearest. This is Tommy
at the 'phone.
Are you well, dear heart? And happy? Darling,
I am coming home!

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Yes, to-morrow I shall see you with a world of love
and cheer,
Dearest, sweetest, earthly angel—Good night
darling, Mother dear.”



Sister

A Wartime Story

SHE bore a cross on the sunniest face
I have ever seen. There seemed no trace
Of sorrow or sadness upon her brow.
In her sable garments I see her now
As she stood by my cot, when a soldier boy,
And brought to the wounded a gleam of joy.

I was thinking of mother one cloudy day,
When she took my hand in a motherly way,
And it seemed so easy for her to smile
As she smoothed my pillow so tender the while
And said, a tear and a smile on her face,
“Let me sit for a moment in mother’s place.”

Her soft hand touched my aching head;
It seemed but an instant—all pain had fled,
And as I closed my eyes she wept.
Her cross seemed heavier while I slept,
For none were there to mark the change
Which made her face so sadly strange.

But when I awoke, I found her there
With smile as sweet and free from care.
Whatever secret, pain or woe,
Her own brave heart was doomed to know,
None marred the sunshine spread for me
By that sweet Sister of Charity.



Bronte

A Bit of Dogral


THEY say I am a tricky dog.
Not so—
I think, I reason, else how can I
know
What those who love and feed me think
about?
If you are honest I will bark it out.

Taught first by love and kindness to obey,
Instinct and reason then began to play,
And when I heard "to be or not to be,"
I wondered if there was a heaven for me.

Have you a soul? Then look into my eyes
And see reflected there without disguise
The purest love that soul has ever given,
And if for dogs like me there is no heaven,
Then woe is me, alas, alas, alack,
God pity Master Will—and CAPT. JACK.



The Shadow of a Curse

 SAW it first when roses bloomed
Upon the cheek pressed close to mine;
When in her arms I laughed and
crooned,
And I, a bit of God's sunshine,
Was sent to seal her woman's love—
To bind her closer to her fate.
No trusting, cooing turtle-dove
Was ever truer to her mate.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

I saw it as a toddling child,
Nor knew the cause of mother's tears,
Till later—reckless though, and wild,
I shared in all her hopes and fears.
I saw it snatch the crust of bread
From lips of starving child, and then
I saw it lay its victims dead,
In home and church and prison pen.

I saw it in the humble cot
Amid the towering pines afar;
I saw it in degraded sots,
A libel foul of what we are.
And stalking through the busy marts
Of towns and cities every day,
You 'll find it breaking tender hearts
And dooming manhood to decay.

You 'll see it drive away the blush
That steals, a halo, to the cheek,
And in its stead a burning flush
Will change, with shame, the pure and
meek.

It comes in spite of woman's tears,
In spite of mother's strong appeals,
And hearts, deep sorrowing for years,
Are crushed 'neath its relentless wheels.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

It comes to murder innocence—
To torture ere the final blow—
To hold its victims in suspense,
While knowing death is sure, though slow.
And while misleading mother's boys,
With painted sirens for a bait—
Poor fool! he plays with the decoys,
And pays the cost, alas! too late.

It comes to dig a million graves
Of noblest men God ever made.
Great hearts and brains are quickest slaves,
And easiest started down the grade.
Of all the plagues that ever spread,
And all the instruments to slay,
None ever claimed so many dead
As Demon Drink can claim to-day.

And yet, if people would but think
Of all the bitterness and woe
That come from the foul fountain's brink—
With aching hearts and heads bowed low,
They would suppress this crying curse,
And make our country grandly free,
Increasing wealth of brain and purse,
And truly give us liberty.

A Message from the Dead

WE were playmates.
Little Tommy
Was the sweetest,
brightest boy
I had ever known, the object
Of his mother's pride and joy.
I had oft heard people saying,
"He will make his mark some day;"
But I saw that mother praying
When they led her son astray.

I remember—oh how vivid
Comes the picture that I saw—
When I found my comrade, Tommy,
In the clutches of the law;
And a broken-hearted mother
With a dry and anguished eye
Kissed her darling boy at parting
When she left him—but to die.

Cigarettes—they were the starter,
Then dime-novels with their curse;
Then 't was wine and wicked women
Leading Tom from bad to worse,

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Till at last he died in prison
In a felon's narrow cell,
And he bade me give the warning
Of the road that leads to Hell.

Boys, I wish that I could tell you
While the tears are in my eyes,
When my soul is irrigated,
Of the false pretense and lies
That are told by men you worship
In your honest innocence.
And the papers help to boom them
In their vicious, false pretense.

This is just a simple story,
But, so help me God, 't is true;
And my dying comrade, Tommy,
Bade me tell it straight to you.
Will you heed this honest warning
When to-night you go to bed?
Think it over and remember
It 's a message from the dead.



Mother's Prayers

Written under a pine tree in the Black Hills
in June, 1876

XN the dreary hours of midnight,
When the camp 's asleep and still,
Not a sound save rippling streamlets,
Or the voice of Whippoorwill,
Then I think of dear, loved faces,
As I steal around my beat—
Think of other scenes and places,
And a mother's voice so sweet.

Mother, who in days of childhood,
Prayed as only mothers pray:
"Guard his footsteps in the wild-wood,
Let him not be led astray!"
And when danger hovered o'er me,
When my life was full of cares,
Then a sweet form passed before me,
And I thought of mother's prayers.

Mother's prayers! Ah! sacred memory,
I can hear her sweet voice now,
As upon her death-bed lying,
With her hand upon my brow,

Calling on a Savior's blessing,
Ere she climbed the Golden Stairs.
There 's a sting in all transgressing,
When I think of mother's prayers.

And I made her one dear promise—
Thank the Lord, I 've kept it, too;
Yes, I promised God and mother
To the Pledge I would be true.
Though a hundred times the tempter
Every day throws out his snares,
I can boldly answer, "No, Sir!"
When I think of mother's prayers.

And while here I tell the story
Why my boyhood's days were sad,
Is there not some boy before me
Who will make a mother glad?
Swell her heart with fond emotion,
Drive away life's bitter cares,
Sign and keep the Pledge for mother—
Heed, oh, heed her earnest prayers!

Oh, my brother, do not drink it,
Think of all your mother said;
While upon her death-bed lying—
Or perhaps she is not dead;

Don't you kill her, then, I pray you,
She has quite enough of cares;
Sign the Pledge, and God will help you
If you 'll think of mother's prayers.



A Plea to the Boys

MY most sincere and earnest
prayer,
Is not for wealth or fame—
And yet my castles in the air
Keep growing, just the same.
And if at times I sigh for wealth—
I say it frank and true—
I want not riches for myself,
But for the good 't will do!

And what I want to do—and do
When fortune favors me,
Is just to find a boy or two
And tell them earnestly,
Impressed with all sincerity,
Which boys can understand—
Recount with all austerity
The truth at my command.

I like to talk to reckless boys,—
The black sheep and the rest,
About the sorrows and the joys
Of roughing it out West.
And how a thousand boys or more
On false, dime-novel trails,
Who ran away in days of yore,
Are now in Western jails.

Oh, if the boys will only heed
The truth, that I know best,
I 'm sure they never more would read
Those nightmares of the West.
And all the long-haired scouts who claim
They took scalps by the score
Have lied—they only gained their fame
As showmen, nothing more.


Suppose you found a rattlesnake
Coiled up beside his nest;
You would n't pick him up and take
His snakeship to your breast?
Well, boys, the man who signs his name
To stories such as these,
Will strike and sting you just the same.
Don't read such nonsense, please.

And so, dear boys, my daily prayer
Is not for wealth or fame;
But I have had to do and dare
A lot, in honor's name.
And all I ask is for a chance
To prove this lesson true,
My broncho soul will be a-dance
When I can talk to you.

Some day I mean to organize
A Juvenile Crusade,
With honest hearts and sunlit eyes,
"Determined, unafraid,"
To march to Washington en mass,
And there unmask the fakes—
To pray our law-makers to pass
An act to kill the snakes.



In Donegal

 H, would that I again a boy could be,
Roaming barefooted by the Irish Sea;
My world so small,
Watching the flocks that grazed beyond the shore,
Wrapped in the cast-off coat my father wore,
In Donegal.

THE BRONCHO BOOK


I see myself, bareheaded in the breeze,
Wading the shoals, salt water to my knees.
 The sea-gulls call
In wake of passing ships that greeted me,
En route to God's sweet land of liberty,
 From Donegal.

Then comes a loved vision on the strand—
A blue-eyed Irish lass who took my hand
 In hers so small,
And said to me, in accents sweet and low,
"You'll ne'er forget the girl that loved you so,
 In Donegal."

Oh, sweet and holy love of ten years old,
Mary of Donegal with hair of gold,
 With rippling fall.
"Good bye, God bless you, little playmate, Jack.
You won't forget—some day you will come back
 To Donegal!"

Years passed—again I found me on the strand,
And I was just a boy once more—unmanned,
 Bare feet and all;
I sighted for Mary as in days of yore,
But whispering waves made answer,
 "Nevermore!"
 In Donegal.

Molly

 H, Molly, dear Molly,
I 'm feelin' quite jolly,
Your dear little, sweet little letter to me
Has only just reached me:
Once more you've beseeched me
To come back to Erin, dear Molly, and thee.

Chorus

Oh, Molly, darlin' blue-eyed Molly,
I 'm happy as an Irish lad can be;
Sure it 's money that I 'm makin',
An' the steamer soon I 'm takin',
Dear Molly, I am comin' back to thee.

Dear Molly, I 'm merry
With thoughts of old Derry,
An' up on the wall a fair picture I see:
That night when we parted
You made me light-hearted—
You said you 'd be waitin' an' watchin' for me.

Chorus

Oh, Molly, darlin' blue-eyed Molly,
I 'm happy as an Irish lad can be;

Sure it 's money that I 'm makin',
An' the steamer soon I 'm takin',
Dear Molly, I am comin' back to thee.

God bless the old mother,
On earth there's no other
Whose prayers I can feel and whose tears I can see.
Such love none can measure—
Our mother, our treasure
Will always be happy with Molly an' me.

Last Chorus

Look for me, darlin' faithful Molly;
The ship will soon be sailin', love, with me.
An' the money that I 'm bringin'
Sure will keep the kittle singin'
For mother, Jack an' Molly 'cross the sea.



The Irish Lover

X LEFT a little colleen in the isle beyond the sea—
A pretty blue-eyed maiden, who is all in all
to me.

And as her tears were fallin', across the waters callin',
She said, "Oh don't forget your other heart is waitin'."

Chorus

Sure you're a part of me, Rosie, sweetheart of me,
Rosie the pride of me, bride of me heart;
I will be true for you, what won't I do for you,
Never, oh, never again shall we part.

Her letter I've been readin' an' it's blurred across
with tears.

"Sure, Teddy dear, it seems as if you're gone a dozen
years.

But don't ye be uneasy for I have n't any fears;
You won't forget your other heart is waitin'."

Chorus

Sure you're a part of me, Rosie, sweetheart of me,
Rosie the pride of me, bride of me heart.
I will be true for you, what won't I do for you,
Never, oh, never again shall we part.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

The ship will soon be sailin', an' I'm comin' back,
ashore.

I'm comin' with your passage an' I've got a good
dale more;

I've got a pretty cottage, an' there's room enough
for four,

So darlin', I won't keep ye longer waitin'.

Chorus

Sure I have two hearts, they're both of them true hearts,

One is me own and the other is yours;

I know mine is lovin' ye, sure yours is lovin' me

An' drawin' me back to old Erin's green shores.



A Tribute to Father Judge

CHRIST died for men and so
did he—

The sweetest soul I ever knew,
And when he grasped the hand of me,
His honest laughing eyes of blue
Dispelled the clouds from out my sky,
And warmed the chill from off my heart;
And when it comes my time to die
I pray we won't be far apart.

But if there is a gulf between
 The Father and the wayward stray,
 His love will tell what might have been,
 And Christ will open up the way.
 And true as there's a God above
 I know with all my heart and soul
 That all who suffer for the love
 Of truth, will reach the heavenly goal.

Not for a creed or circumstance
 Would he a helping hand refuse;
 Nor pomp, nor power, nor great finance
 Could change his broad and noble views.
 He saw his duty. Who can tell
 How much we loved him in the West?
 But He, who doeth all things well,
 To his tired soul had whispered, "Rest."

When last I gazed into his face—
 His dear, dead face, so truly kind,
 A halo seemed to light the place,
 For God had left the smile behind.
 And hardy miners bowed their heads
 And felons wiped a tear away,
 And fever patients in their beds
 Were conscious of a loss that day.

God's martyr—His adopted son—
He died, dear friends, for you and me;
He surely died as Christ had done
In love, in truth, in poverty.
I crave not wealth nor care for fame,
Nor wealth nor fame do I begrudge,
But, Lord, permit me once again
To clasp the hand of Father Judge.



When Ben King Died

FROM out the sunny, flowery South
The fateful message swiftly sped,
And quickly flew from mouth to mouth
In trembling tones, "Ben King is dead!"
As thunder from the clearest sky
It came, and no one tried to hide
The tears which trembled in each eye
When Ben King died.

His last soft-spoken, low farewell
Yet echoing lingered in our ears,
When came the wire-flashed words to tell
The story of his death, and tears

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Welled up in eyes unused to weep,
As spray from love's soft-rolling tide,
For one we loved sank into sleep
When Ben King died.

Just stepping forth with timid feet
Into the flowery paths of fame,
Just tasting of the waters sweet
Which from the living fountains came,
When plashings of the boatman's oar
Came softly o'er the mystic tide—
A gentle spirit left the shore
When Ben King died.

Full many a face grown sad with pain,
Full many a heart grown tired of earth
Glowed with the light of hope again
Beneath the flashings of his mirth.
The homely rhymes he held so dear,
The music-freaks which were his pride
Again came to us, quaint and queer,
When Ben King died.

How sweet the one consoling thought
That when the summons came to Ben
His passing over was not fraught
With pangs of misery and pain.

An angel came with soothing hand
And brushed the pains of death aside,
And led the soul to Spiritland
When Ben King died.

No trusting babe by tender hand
Clasped to a loving mother's breast
E'er sought the shores of Slumberland
More sweetly than he sank to rest.
No pain-clouds hung above his bier,
No suffering his spirit tried,
No fiend of torture hovered near
When Ben King died.

But in the peaceful calm of night,
When beacon stars hung in the sky,
His gentle spirit plumed its flight
To realms of endless bliss on high.
No anguished cries or sobs subdued
From stricken hearts anear his side,
But all was peace and quietude
When Ben King died.

If it should be that clouds of care
At times o'ershadow souls in heaven,
And if 'neath mirth's heart-warming glare
The woe from stricken hearts is driven—
If humor there can banish pain,
And sweep the mists of grief aside,

Then our deep loss was heaven's gain
When Ben King died.



Jane

COME, mother, put your knittin' down; you've
done enough to-night;
It is n't good for them old eyes to work
by candlelight.
They ain't as flashy as they was some thirty years ago,
When at the old red meetin' house I first became
your beau.
The big pertracted meetin' was a-runnin' at the time,
An' Preacher Giles' sermons jist a-makin' sinners
climb;
The mourners' benches would n't hold the crowds
that forward went
To seek salvation from the Lord and o'er their sins
lament.
Up in the "amen corner" you would always take
your seat,
An' jine in with the singin' in a voice so master sweet
That of'entimes I've shet my eyes, and half imagined
you
War act'ally an angel sent to help the meetin' through.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

I vum, but how "Amazin' Grace" a-rollin'
from your lips
Would make me feel like I war 'witched, cl'ar
to the finger-tips.
An' "Sinner Turn, Why Will Ye Die," you sung
so feelin'ly,
I swow it made me think you sung especially at me.

I reckon for a dozen nights I sot back near the door,
An' when the benediction come, I 'd sweat from every
pore
Because I had detarmined fur to offer you my arm,
An' ax if I might see you home, acrost your father's
farm;
But when I 'd take my place in line outside the little
church,
An' see you comin' through the door, my heart 'd
give a lurch,
An' thar' I 'd stand dumb as a fool, an' swaller
at the chokes,
Till you war half-way down the lane along with all
your folks.

I swan to goodness, mother, if it does n't make me
laugh
To think o' me a-standin' thar', a great big bashful
calf,

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Without a spark o' courage fur to make a move,
 although
I did n't think you 'd sack me, fur you had no other
 beau.

But one night, I remember, I war sittin' in the rear,
When Cyrus Hawkins nudged my arm, an' whispered
 in my ear,
"Jist watch me w'en the meetin 's out an' you will see
 a sight—
I'm goin' to ax Jane Hall if I can beau her home
 to-night."

Jemina crickets! but them words jist cut me like a dart,
An' it war all that I could do to swaller down my heart;
An' then an' there I silent vowed that I would be a lout
To let that slouchy, freckled fool step in an' cut me out.
So when the old doxology were being sung, I crep'
Outside ahead of all the rest an' stood upon the step,
An' when I staggered up to you, a-wobblin'
 in the knees,
You tuk my arm an' off we went as cosy as you please.

Do you remember, mother, how I never spoke a word
Till we war nearly half-way home? I swow it was
 absurd—
But then I'd never had a gal hitched to me that-a-way,
And I'll be blest if I could think of anything to say.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

'T war you as broke the solitude, an' tried to start
the talk,
Observin' 't war a lovely night, an' splendid fur a walk,
An' if my memory sarves me right my 'tarnal bashful-
ness
Condensed my answer to a sort o' whispered, half-
skeered "Yes."

Well, mother, 't war a funny start, but bless the Lord
above,
It ended in a double case of unresistful love—
When we got more acquainted I expect I talked as good
As any love-sick country boy in our whole neighbor-
hood.
An' arter the revival broke I did n't stand no more
An' wait fur you, proud as a king, outside the church's
door;
But then that did n't break us off, not by a plagey sight
Because I went a-courtin' you most every Sunday night.

An', mother, do you mind that blessed day in early
Spring,
When the bees begun to hum around an' birds begun
to sing?
I found you in the pastur' lot a milkin', an' I told
The story of the burnin' love that in my bosom rolled.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Jee-whiz! but how the milk did fly; you squeezed
so 'tarnal hard

The heifer kicked the bucket nearly half acrost
the yard!

An' when I fetched it back agin an' tuk you by the hand,
Your look made me the happiest man in all this Yankee
land.

Fur thirty years we have jogged along the rugged road
of life,

An', mother, you have bin to me a true and noble wife—
Our old revival meetin' love haint flickered out a bit,
An' though we're gettin' old an' gray, we're them
same lovers yit.

Your kisses now are just as sweet, an' full of heavenly
dew,

As them you give me at the gate when I war courtin'
you;

An' we will still be lovers when I clasp you to my breast,
"Whar' the wicked cease from troublin', an' the weary
are at rest."



THE BRONCHO BOOK

The True Story of Marching Through Georgia

WE never found a chicken that could roost out
of our reach,

We seldom had a chaplain that could find
the time to preach.

We never saw a soldier pass a shirt hung out to bleach,
As we went marching through Georgia.

Oh, how we used to toil along right through the swamps
and bogs,

And how the ladies blushed at our dilapidated togs.

And how we showed our bravery assassinating hogs,
As we went marching through Georgia.

When charging on a chicken roost, the rebel girls cried
"Shame!"

And said our actions would disgrace the soldiers'
honored name.

They came at us with clubs and dogs, but we got there
just the same,
As we went marching through Georgia.

When coming in from foraging sometimes we would
get caught,

The colonel then would paw the ground and swear
he'd have us shot,


THE BRONCHO BOOK

And then he'd eye our captured fowls and fine us half
we got,
As we went marching through Georgia.

When ordered up some earthwork, or some battery
to take,
I've seen some heavy charges, that caused the earth
to quake,
They were nothing to the charges the sutlers used
to make,
As we were marching through Georgia.



A Modest Man

 'M a mild and modest man, I am, indeed,
And they tell me that I never will succeed.
So I thought I 'd have a try
And find out the reason why,
I could never hit a pay-streak or a lead.

Well, I went to New York City on a trip,
I had always thought that I was pretty flip.
It looked to me quite flow'ry—
This good thing on the Bow'ry,
But I lost a hundred dollars at a clip.

THE BRONCHO BOOK


Then I went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel,
With a million-dollar mine I had to sell.
 Showed the gold sand in a rocker—
 The sharks they tried to stock her,
But I winked the other eye and thought a spell.

For that mine was worth a million, don't you see,
And quite suddenly the thought occurred to me,
 It's only worth a million—
 They'd stock it for a billion—
Then a nigger's somewhere hidden in the tree.

So I pulled my freight and struck the western trail
And to-day that big bonanza ain't for sale.
 I've found a little money—
 I'm combing up the honey,
And the crocodiles and sharks can go to jail.



The Reporter

 DON'T turn him down—don't scare
 and fret,
 But greet him with a shake
 and smile;
 And if you're proper stuff, you'll get
 What's coming to you, and you bet
 He'll do you justice all the while.

But if you're tough—though debonair
 And dainty in your style of dress—
 And if you meet him with a glare,
 And undertake to shed some swear,
 And say you've nothing to confess—

Well, say! he'll skin you every clip,
 And smooth you down as slick as wax;
 And with his oily, practised lip,
 He'll surely get you on the hip,
 And on you grind his little axe!

But if you'll only reason right:
 Perhaps he wants to make a scoop,
 And you can help him in his flight—
 He needs more tail to fly his kite,
 Why, get in with him—loop the loop!

Just give it to him, right offhand,
Because he's bound to get it—see?
The whole world is his grand stand—
He won't be left nor balked nor fanned
By tenderfoot like you or me.

And thus you find him every day,
With bulldog grit and lots of gall;
And when he comes, he comes to stay,
And every shot's a grand-stand play;
“Don't chew the rag—play ball!”



A Memory

When Bill Nye come to Higginsport

WAP read it in the Weekly Spear
To all us folks not long ago,
'At ol' Bill Nye was comin' here
To give his great unequalled show;
An' then he sort o' luffed an' said
'At folks 'd git their money's worth,
Fur he would bet his bottom red
It was the greatest show on earth.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Then all us boys just buckled down
To make enough to take us in,
A-doin' chores around the town—
By jinks, we worked like mortal sin
A-choppin' wood an' shovelin' snow,
An' doin' jobs of every sort,
Fur we was bound to see the show
When Bill Nye come to Higginsport.

Pap said he was the queerest cuss
'At ever breathed the atmosphere,
An' showed his photygraf to us,
Tuk just a purpose fur the Spear.
By jucks, we all jest laughed outright,
An' mam, she helt her sides an' squealed—
On top his head was jest as white
As any 'tater ever peeled.

Pap said 'at Bill was in the war,
But never had to march a bit—
They had 'im in the signal corps.
An' when they thought 't was time to quit
The fightin' fur a while, pap said,
They 'd fetch 'im out an' turn 'im loose,
An' when the rebels seed his head
They 'd know it was a flag o' truce.

Pap said 'at once a big cyclone
 Come howlin' 'round where Bill was at,
 An' he jest stood up on a stone
 An' lifted up his ol' white hat.
 The cyclone stopped an' fetched a yell,
 Then had a awful laughin' fit,
 An' somehow tuckered out until
 It could n't blow another bit.

When pap an' mam an' sis an' me
 Went down to Parker's Publick Hall,
 I honest was afraid 'at we
 Could never git inside at all.
 It beat camp-meeting times the way
 The folks was crowdin' at the door—
 I never seed a circus day
 Wake up the town like that afore.

The folks inside was mighty nigh
 Like sheep a-cuddlin' in the storm,
 But I pushed through up close where I
 Could see the funny cuss perform.
 But goshamighty! wa'n't I sold
 When Mister Nye come out to act,
 Fur all the stories Pap had told
 Were forty million miles from fact.

He did n't wear show clothes at all,
He did n't dance, he did n't sing,
His doin's was n't what I 'd call
A public show at all, by jing;
He had n't one dissolvin' view,
He did n't on the tight rope walk—
I swear to gosh he did n't do
A 'tarnal thing but grin an' talk.



Dot Little Crippled Boy Vot Died

An old German Cobbler in the coal fields grieving over the death of a little orphan cripple boy to whom he became very much attached.

X DOND vas feelin' good von bit,
A great big lump vas in my neck,
Und ven I try to svaller it,
It seems yust like my heart would break;
Sometimes my eyes vas like a spoud
Mit tears I somehow dond could hide,
Und I yust sit and fret aboud
Dot little cripple boy vot died.

He used to come my shoe-shop in
 Und vatch me ven I drive dem pegs.
 Und it yust make my heart ache ven
 I see dem little crippled legs.
 But he vas always schmilin' mit
 Dem big blue eyes so open vide,
 Und nefer mind dot pain von bit,
 Dot little crippled boy vot died.

I tol' 'im Deutschland stories, und
 He laugh yust like dem angel dings,
 Vot mit der picture books go 'round
 Up yonder mit der schnow vite vings;
 Und now my eyes vas all in schwim
 Mit tear-drops dot I dond could hide,
 Because I got some love mit him,
 Dot little crippled boy vot died.

Some day he dond vould come, und den
 I feel all ofer black mit blue.
 Und sighs vould shake my bosom ven
 I tried to cobble mit a shoe.
 Den I vould go out by my door
 Und look aboud mit efery side,
 My old heart yust vas achin' for
 Dot little crippled boy vot died.

Vun time he dond vas come for more
 As most a veek—I dond know vy—
 Und von day standin' mit my door
 I see some funerals go by.
 I ask von little bootblack who
 In dot vite hearse vas took a ride;
 Und he say, "Dutchy, dond you know
 Dot little cripple boy vas died?"

It feeled yust like my heart vas sick,
 Und nefer vant to beat some more.
 I glose my shop up pooty quick,
 Und hang some black stuff mit der door.
 Und den I t'ink, "Some day I go
 Mit angels by dot other side,
 Und how den vas I goin' to.know
 Dot little crippled boy vot died?"

Dose little legs vill all be straight
 In dot bright land so far away,
 Und ven I go in by der gate,
 Vere all der little angels blay,
 I vonder if I find him oud.
 Maybe he run away und hide;
 Vell I dond t'ink I shtay midoud
 Dot little crippled boy vot died.

The Mountain Boy's Letter



EAR Giner'l:-

I ain't no great schollar,
 An' I never done nothin' to brag,
 'Cept this, I was one of the outfit
 As fought for our Star-Spangled Flag.
 An' to-day, while yer toasted by schollars,
 An' big guns as make a great noise,
 Why, I thought it the square thing to write yer
 An' clip in a word from the boys.

Cos, yer see, we ain't got the collat'r'l,
 Nor the larnin' to dish it up right;
 But you'll find should thar' be any trouble,
 Our boys are still ready to fight.
 As fur you, if they did n't corral yer,
 You'd shake comrades' hands that you seed,
 An' that's why I wanted to tell yer
 We'll jest take the word fur the deed.


But y're back, and the men of all nations
 War proud to do honor to you,
 An' I reckon, Ulysses, yer told 'em,
 Ye wor proud o' yer comrades in blue,

For you, we are sure, of all others,
Remembered our boys in the ranks,
Who follered ye into the battle,
An' gallantly guarded the flanks.

So welcome, a thousand times, welcome;
Our land is ablaze with delight;
Our people give thanks for yer safety—
Your comrades are happy to-night.
We know you are weary an' tuckered,
But seein' as you're a newcomer,
You'll Grant us one glance on this line, if
In reading, it takes yer all summer.



Heard in the Cane-Brake

 O' de Lord, I's gwine ter hustle,
I's a-pullin' fo' de shore,
Whar' de bridegroom am a-waitin'
Fo' to tote de shif'less o'er;
Whar' de weary am a-restin',
An' dar's sorrow never mo',
On de othah side ob Jordan in de mawnin'.

Oh, dar ain't no automobiles
 In de Hallelujah Lan',
 Whar' Jehovah's golden chariot
 Am a-rollin' through de san';
 Whar' de bressed Lawd am waitin'
 Fo' to take you by de han',
 On de othah side ob Jordan in de mawnin'.

Hallelujah! fo' de streets ob gold,
 Whar' night am lak' de day,
 Hallelujah! fo' dem golden harps
 On which dem angels play,
 Hallelujah! fo' de Lam' ob God
 Dat wash mah sins away,
 On de othah side ob Jordan in de mawnin'.



The Elk and His Mission

COME stately stepping, noble, grand
 And lordly Elk, and take command;
 For truly thou art king and head
 Of every other quadruped
 That ever stalked the forests wild,
 Or roamed the plains from tide to tide.
 A thousand thousand bear thy name,
 Nor half so pure, nor near so tame

As thou, Oh Monarch of our land!
 And I, a broncho in the band,
 Humble, but having followed you,
 I would be honest, brave and true;
 With head erect and eyes aglow,
 With that fraternal overflow
 That comes to irrigate the soul
 When Mother Nature has control.
 I feel her touch, I catch the strain,
 And I am with her once again.

Let 's take a faltering brother's hand,
 And when he fails to understand
 The blessings—"sometimes in disguise"—
 The blanks that oft precede the prize,
 That come to test his fitness for
 Some mighty trust, some mission, or
 Some greater struggle, when the test
 Will rack the soul and spoil his rest;
 Ah! then's the time to take his hand
 And try to make him understand.

And when at last he sees the light
 Through gloomy caverns of the night,
 And glints of gladness glorifies
 The soul that's peeping through his eyes,
 Sometimes a word, a look, a smile,
 Will tell you it was worth the while.

He sees the sunshine through the tears,
He laughs at all his fretful fears,
And thanks the great Exalted, who
Has made him brave and strong and true;
And when his eyes are clear of mist,
He finds the rod that he has kissed
Upholding him, and points the way
To help some other wayward stray
Adrift upon the Sea of Sorrow—
And points him to a brighter morrow.



Captain Jack's Tribute to Chicago

SAY, Chicago, you're a daisy,
Openin' the people's eyes;
An' a-settin' of 'em crazy
With your 'tarnal enterprise.
Seems as though you're never snoozin',
Always in a rushin' stew;
An' eternally a-cruisin'
'Round fur somethin' else to do.

When a sea o' fire come creepin'
Like a tidal wave o' hell,
All your royal grandeur sweepin'
From the earth; an' when the knell

THE BRONCHO BOOK

Of your death war still a-soundin'
Through the press the country 'round,
To the front you come a-boundin',
Somewhat scorched, but never downed.

You just looked upon the ruins
With a sort o' sickly smile;
Swore a little at the doin's
O' the hungry flames; an' while
Banks o' smoke war' yit a-lurkin'
Whar' the fire had made its play,
You had architects a-workin'
On the city of to-day.


When you tried to make a dicker
For the great Columby Fair,
How some Eastern towns did snicker
At the gall you had, to dare
Fur to stake your bottom dollar
With them settin' in the game;
But you let 'em whoop and holler,
An' you got thar', just the same.

An', by jinks! you masticated
All the monstrous bite you tuk,
While your rivals stood an' waited
Fur to see you gittin' stuck.

Now they stand an' gaze in wonder,
 Fur they're mightily perplexed;
 An' they're axin', "What in thunder
 Is she goin' to give us next?"



To the Daughter of General John B. Gordon

AIR daughter of a noble Sire,
 I thank thee from my very soul;
 And all I wish for or desire,
 The height to which I would aspire,
 Is where he signs God's muster roll.

For men are few who died like him
 And men are few who lived so pure,
 But they who try to follow him
 With truth their motto, lamps all trim,
 Will read their title clear, I'm sure.

And yonder where eternal peace
 And love shall reign forever more,
 The man who said, "Let us have peace,"
 And he who said that, "War must cease,"
 Are comrades on the other shore.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

God! how I pity those who hate
The bravest of the blue and gray,
And fearlessly I dare to state
That such as they were always late
Or from the battle far away.

God bless the "reb" that shot me down,
The very thought rolls out a tear,
For such as he will wear a crown
While Hell will do the coward brown
Who did his fighting in the rear.

Sweet daughter of my noble friend,
Among the "Yanks" in Hampshire's hills,
Besides the simple verses penned,
These honest sentiments I send
With no aristocratic frills.

* * * * *

Our Country, more than ever blessed,
Our Flag by North and South caressed,
One purpose that our love increase,
For Truth and everlasting Peace.



To One of God's Queens

Mrs. W. T. K.



WHEN first I took your hand
in mine,
And looking in your eyes
to see,
A something there almost divine,
Was pictured in the soul of me;
And as you whispered sweet and low,
"The boys will bless you and rejoice,
Because of love that you bestow,"
I thought I heard my mother's voice.

And as the balmy days were spent,
In praise and prayer and soulful song,
My heart was full, and sweet content
Lit up my soul and made me strong;
And when I saw upon your cheek,
A mirrored gem a-sparkle there,
I surely heard an angel speak,
And saw my mother's face so fair.

God bless you, dear, kind, gentle soul!
If He should call you ere I go,
As through the Pearly Gates you stroll,
You'll meet my mother there, I know;

And she will surely show you through
 The Lord's domain, and give you joy,
 Because of friendship pure and true
 You gave to her wild wayward boy.



Old Glory




BEAUTIFUL emblem of Liberty's tree!
 O Star-Spangled Gem of the Land of the Free
 I love thee, Old Glory, with love that's as true
 And as pure as the stars in thy heavenly blue.
 There's no flag like my flag; there's no flag like
 thine,
 O patriots, countrymen, comrades of mine!
 'T is kissed by God's breezes, by angels caressed,
 Beloved by the North, by the South, East and West,
 And each brilliant star shooting out when unfurled
 Sends flashes of hope to the oppressed of the world.



Woman's Influence

To Mrs. M. M. B.

EAR Friend, what a halo of sunshine and glory
Your womanly wisdom has wove in my soul.
With clear intuition you brought out my story,
And somehow my life seemed just then to unroll.
Thank God for the love-light that sometimes is given,
That opens the windows of glory to me;
That gives to my peepers a glimmer of heaven
And pours oil of peace on a troublesome sea.

Thank God for the influence—essence of sweetness—
That reaches my soul with a carol and thrill;
Thank God for the wonderful way, the completeness
In which He is guiding me over life's hill.
Oh, thank Him, ye men, for that moment of giving
A helpmate to guide your weak steps through
the world;
For she makes every moment more worthy of living
And points to the flag of ENDEAVOR unfurled.

Thank God for the voices that whisper a blessing,
Though falter your feet over forbidden way,
That hold you and love you, while praying—caressing,
And follow your pathway wherever it lay.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

So leaving our sorrows to heaven's adjusting,
Come stand on the plane where no tempter
can ^fdope,
Where womanhood places us, loving and trusting—
The up-turning, deep-winding highway
of Hope.



To My Winchester

SWEETHEART of mine,
For years thy loyalty has proven true
As is the steel of which thou art
created;
There are no fickle vanities in you,
Thy constancy might well be emulated
By beauteous sweetheart of a softer mold,
Whose eyes gleam love on every new
adorer,
Who bends the pliant knee to god of gold
And blesses every knight who bows
before her
At Cupid's shrine.

My pretty pard,
As loyal helpmate thou hast ever stood
Facing with me the dangers placed be-
fore us,
Faithful 'mid trying scenes of war and blood
As when the skies of peace shone
clearly o'er us;
'Mid all the trying hours of olden days,
When peril threatened, thou hast never
failed me—
Loyal wert thou in many deadly frays,
When painted foemen wickedly assailed me,
And pressed me hard.

Thou art not sweet
In disposition unto all, my dear;
To some thou art most spiteful in thine
anger—
Many have quailed in abject fright to hear
Thy ringing tones in war's resounding
clangor.
Although thy face may gleam with polished smiles,
Thou art a spitfire when the scene is
fitting,
And gone are all thy sweet coquettish wiles
When foes with mine their battle powers
are pitting
In war's mad heat.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

I love thee, dear,
And love of loyal man was never placed
Upon a more deserving, true companion,
In Western wanderings, when peril faced
Our daily life, on plain, in gloomy
canyon.
My trust in thee has never been betrayed,
True as thy tempered steel I've always
found thee,
In scenes of danger I was not afraid
Though savage foemen lurked in rocks
around me,
For thou wert near.

Come, dear one, fling
Thy moody silence off, and lift thy voice
In song as in the days now gone
forever;
For all the dangers past let us rejoice,
I'll beat the time with thy quick-acting
lever.
Sing in thy wildest tones, let not a note
Be soft as note from tender woman,
Sing as thou didst when from thy fiery
throat
We hurled defiance at a foe inhuman.
Sing, sweetheart, sing!

A Coming Together of Nature and Art

A COMING together of Nature and Art—
A flowing of souls, in which all had a part.
The twinkling stars that were clustered by you—

The real, unconventional ring, that was true
As the stars that illumined the scene by their wit;
While I, strange to say, was n't nervous a bit,
Just because Mother Nature was holding my hand—
Dear old Mother Nature—I well understand
The language she taught me, when rocked on her
breast

Where the deer has its home and the eagle its nest.
She touched me so gently that night with her fun,
That she sparkled with brilliants, while every one
Was imbued with the spirit of love and good cheer,
And it seemed that my own Rocky Mountains
were near,

With their echoes of gladness, the laughter of rills,
The songs of the birds and the sun-kissing hills,
The babble of brooks and the hum of the bees
That joined in the anthem, atune with the breeze;
And my soul was atune with the gladsome refrain
As I felt Mother Nature embrace me again.

God speed the Club. May each brilliant aspire
To help struggling brothers and sisters up higher,

THE BRONCHO BOOK

To sprinkle with sunshine the tortuous trail,
To stand by for action in every gale,
To throw out the life-line when hope is deferred,
To strengthen and comfort and say a kind word
To genius uncultured, perhaps, and uncouth,
Unknown and unnoticed, neglected in youth,
Yet dying for knowledge—Oh, stretch out a hand!
For often the bashful were born to command—
And Lincoln and Sherman, Grant, Chaffee and Banks
Were more unassuming than men in the ranks.
Yet it was accidents brought them to light,
And old Mother Nature who branded them right;
And to-day on the Bowery, in poverty's fangs,
Are Loomises, Johnsons and Zangwills and Bangs',
Dear little rough diamonds—decidedly rough—
Ask one and he'll tell you, "De Journal's de stuff,"
And the hair-lifting drama, "Hully gee, ain't dat slick!
I kin copper de story—it's only a nick."
And with soul all aglow and his heart on a tear,
He reads of fake heroes and lifting of hair.
And here is the field that I'd lead, if I knew
That I could get some ammunition from you;

Here is the field where your big guns could play,
On the heartstrings of genius and level the way
For a Christ-like revival, more glorious and grand
Than ever was won by the greatest command.

THE BRONCHO BOOK

But pardon me, dear Mrs. President, please,
Perhaps you are not interested in these
Tough little outlaws; but hear me, I pray,
For I was a wild little prodigal stray
Deprived of the knowledge that books can impart,
Handicapped—misunderstood from the start—
Longing for sympathy; once in a while
I'd steal a concession and capture a smile,
And then would my soul be inflated with joy—
I was only a runaway, barefooted boy.

And now, when the world is beginning to smile
On Nature's achievements, I think it worth while
To offer to others the lessons she's brought;
To show the conditions experience has taught;
To hold up the mirror that others may look,
And find in a broncho an excellent book;
To thresh out the grain and to scatter the chaff;
To mellow their hearts with a tear and a laugh.
I'm telling a story no other can tell—
All my life I've rehearsed it, I know it so well
That I jump from the Waldorf and into the mire,
And while I am talking the boys never tire
Of the story—my story of battle and strife,
The shadows and sunshine of strenuous life.

So here then letteth up and giveth in **THE BRONCHO
BOOK**, being Buck-Jumps in Verse, by **CAPTAIN
JACK CRAWFORD**. ¶ Turned into the Alfalfa Field of
the Literary Blessed this Seventh day of June, **MCMVIII**





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