

# ROUND-UP SOUVENIR EDITION



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FOR A MAN IS A MAN AND A HAWSE IS A BRUTE"

## The Outlaw

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.  
When my loop takes hold on a two-year-old,  
By the feet or the neck or the horn,  
He kin plunge and fight till his eyes  
go white,  
But I'll throw him as sure as  
you're born.  
Though the taut rope sing like a  
banjo string  
And the latigoes creak and strain,  
Yet I've got no fear of an outlaw  
steer  
And I'll tumble him on the plain.

For a man is a man and a steer is a  
beast,  
And the man is the boss of the  
herd;  
And each of the bunch, from the  
biggest to least,  
Must come down when he says the  
word.

When my legs swing 'cross on an out-  
law hawse  
And my spurs clinch into his hide,  
He kin 'ar and pitch over hill and  
ditch,  
But wherever he goes I'll ride,  
Let 'im spin and flop like a crazy top,  
Or fit like a wind-whipped smoke,  
But he'll know the feel of my rowel-  
led heel  
Till he's happy to own he's broke.

For a man is a man and a hawse is  
a brute,  
And the hawse may be prince of  
his clan,  
But he'll bow to the bit and steel-  
shod boot  
And own that his boss is the man.

When the devil at rest underneath  
my vest  
Gets up and begins to paw,  
And my hot tongue strains at its  
bridle-reins,  
Then I tackle the real outlaw:  
When I get plumb riled and my sense  
goes wild,  
And my temper has fractious  
grewed,  
If he'll hump his neck just a triffin'  
speck,  
Then it's dollars to dimes I'm  
thrown.

For a man is a man, but he's partly  
a beast—  
He kin brag till he makes you deaf,  
But the one, lone brute, from the  
West to the East,  
That he kaint quite break is him-  
self.

