I wild bear cheese, didst never see?
Then heat their fires or none.
The proudest bane of glories, glue,
She, arson in thy brain.

When first my father set thee free,
Thy path, the frontier lane;
The panther, scream, fierce, and warp,
And bear preyed at the limb.

But we for Brinny, that knew him,
When bore the spearing cry;
Now man and bear with bow and gun
For vengeance at his flee.

A sound of danger, strike, his ear;
They give the lunge a sniff;
Away he comes, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled thong.

On press his foot, and reach the pike.
There's left his half-munched meal;
The dog, in circle,quez around,
And mark the flesh made hair.

With instant cry away they dash,
And move at fast pace;
One leap they lead through water splash,
And shoot the bear half bo.

Now to awhim the eager pack,
Bear stuns the few growls;
Though matter once he takes his turn
And runs it roman and roman.
The tall fleet car with deep mountain noise
Now gleams on by the road;
While half-grown pup and shaggy-dog pins
Are gazing far below—

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the men once;
With yelp and yell—a mingled din—
The words are in a roar—

And around and round the chase one goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick sabres, horse he rides them,
And thus, Hill drops his gun—

Now porc, pressed near glance, back,
And lifts his keen tongue;
Where is, to force him from his track,
In ambush on hills spring—

Across the glades he sweeps for flight
And falls in view—
The deep, keen fired by the sight,
His cry, end speed renew.

The foremost one, now reach his rear,
The turn, they dash away;
And crying how the multitudinous
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horses came,
All screaming in a roar
“Whoof! Take him! Eger—dye! he's done!”
Bang—bang—the rifle, go—
And furious now, the dogs he tear,
And cours'd, in his ter-
Wheee, right and left, and square rear,
With eyes of burning fire.

But leader death is at his feet,
Draw all the strength he has,
And, sprouting blood from every part,
The neck, and waist, and arm.

And now a dinous clang roar,
Not who shal. have his skin.
Who first draw's blood, each has his score,
The future must always win.

But who die this, and how to know
What's true from what's a lie.
Like lawyer, in a murder case
They start justiciary.

Aforesaid fire of burning sleep,
Keen, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood,
Arries upon the spot.

With grinning teeth, and upturned hair,
Thin face of spunk and whack,
The growl, and breathe, on dead bear.
And shake for life and beasts.

And swell, as if his skin were teen,
And grow, and shake again.
And bigger, to feel a dog can swear
That he has won this skin.
Conceit no help! we laugh at them.
Nor mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged ass, there be,
Conceit's quite a, you.