



TO THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PUBLICS, AT WHOSE GENEROUS HANDS  
HAVE RECEIVED SO MANY FAVORS, HOSPITABLE ATTENTION  
AND NUMEROUS SPECIAL KINDNESSES;

AND

TO THE ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, THE BRAVE COMRADES AND PIONEERS  
WHOSE VALOROUS DEEDS, THOUGH UNWRITTEN IN THEIR COUNTRY'S  
ANNALS, AND WHOSE GRAVES ARE UNMARKED SAVE BY THE  
SOUGHING OAK OR THE MODEST DAISY, BUT WHO HAVE  
LEFT THE HERITAGE OF A MILLION HAPPY AND  
PROSPEROUS HOMES IN THE REDEEMED WEST,

THIS BOOK

IS INSCRIBED, BY ONE WHO HOLDS THEIR COURAGEOUS LIVES IN GRATEFUL  
REMEMBRANCE.

W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL).

# THE GREAT SCOUT

By F. P. LIVINGSTON

Across the rolling, trackless plains  
I see a vision as of old.  
Aye, like a knight in armor girt,  
As noble, free and quite as bold;  
His flowing locks and massive brow  
Proclaimed the gallant life he  
passed  
While toiling to prepare the way  
For those who built an empire vast.  
They called him Bill—  
Just Buffalo Bill.

What were the thoughts that filled  
his brain  
While waiting for the final call?  
Methinks he saw the blood-stained  
trail,  
The rifles flash, the red man's fall.  
The war-whoop and the massacre.  
Ah, God! His life was one great  
fight  
To master man and elements,  
To force the erring mortal right.  
They called him Bill—  
Just Buffalo Bill.

He loved the fellowship of man,  
But on the veldt his fame was  
earned;  
On silent plain, on lonesome trail  
Where drifting sand in summer  
burned,  
And winter chilled unto the bone,  
By night, by day, he saw the star  
That lifted him beyond his peers;  
That made him first in peace or  
war.  
They called him Bill—  
Just Buffalo Bill.

The last of all the famous scouts  
That blazed the way across the  
sand,  
He led the van thru lands unknown,  
Where now a hundred cities stand.  
His princely mien, his kindly deeds,  
Will long resound from hearth to  
hearth.  
Strange tales they'll tell by fireside  
Of mighty deeds and of his worth.  
They called him Bill—  
Just Buffalo Bill.