BALLAD OF THE WALKER WAR--by Lieut. George McKenzie and Other Poems
BALLAD OF THE WALKER WAR—BY—LIMIT. GEORGE McKENZIE.

"Yes, boys we fought old Walker,
Way back in '59,
And it doesn't seem so long ago
To either you or me,
Since with horses and Spanish saddle
And in buckskin suits arrayed
We followed our wiley foe men
Through many a weary day.

With our guns and army pistols,
And our sabers by our sides,
We were ready for a conflict
In all our dashing rides.
We carried the war expresses,
And we stood the picket guard,
And we tried to do our duty,
Which was sometimes pretty hard.

We went out one time with Markham,
A grand old Utah man,
To do a band of hostiles
Over in Goshen land;
They had sacked the fort at Santaquin;
They had murdered without fear;
They'd committed many depredations
In that eventful year.

Now, Markham he was in it
If fighting was on hand.
The word was sent to rally
Our old heroic band.
We marched upon his orders
And camped at Santequin,
And then to find the Hostiles
Our work it did begin.

Then Markham he picked ten of us
To scout the hostile band;
"Enough to make a fight," he said,
"In case they make a stand,"
Five were to cross the western hills
Just as the sun went down,
And to report at Santequin
When the hostile camp was found.

Us five that rode with Markham,
We took a longer route,
Down through the hills on Salt Creek,
That country we did scout.
We knew our wiley foesmen,
And knew their murderous intent
And to deal out frontier justice
It was our whole intent.
Ballad of the Walker Bar... (Cont'd.)

The scouts that crossed the western hills
The Indians camp espied
Near the head of the Lake
In a large cane-break
With high banks by its side.

The force was marching in silence,
Through the long dark hours of night,
And at sunrise in the morning,
We were ready for the fight.

We rode that night with Markham though,
Through many a cedar glen,
And at sunrise in the morning
We heard the war-whoop ring.

"Now ride my boys" cried Markham,
As he flanked his chestnut mare,
And the foam flecked from our horses
In the early morning air.

We rode right down amid the boys
Who gave us a welcome yell,
We formed in cowboy fashion;

Old Steve says, "Give them hell,"
We fought the battle bravely
And when the fight was won
We took their camp and sacked it
And then began the fun.
Ballad of the Walker War... (Cont'd.)

Some took their bows and arrows,
Some dressed in Indian tags,
Some took their robes and buckskins,
But I got their hoodoo bag,
And I painted my old comrades
In yellow, red, and gray
And of some of the times we had that night
We remember to this day.

There was Acy Boyce who had a nose
Which might have been the pride of Rome;
I painted it a crimson red
With some yellow on the end,
And on old Proc some stripes of gray
Which showed quite plain you see,
And then we danced the Highland Fling
In all our boyish glee.

Then some of us were down in Tintic
Comrade Dallin, Comrade Lee
Besides as many others
That tonight I cannot see.

We crossed the Lake in the winter
To fight that savage band
Which killed the sons of Carson,
And many other men.
Ballad of the Walker War....(Cont'd.)

Some of us went out with Johnson
And some with Foogrees;
But I think we fared alike,
As afterwards we seen.
We rode down on the desert,
With a scanty bill of fare,
We lived on poor Jack rabbits
And drank the frosty air.

Now some of the boys began to kick
About this bill of fare;
They'd had enough of rabbits
And they'd drunk their fill of air.
Then our Colonel he got huffy,
And climbs up on his ear
When Proc and Joe McDonald
Were ordered to the rear.

Then the bursts of pent-up laughter,
And the smiles upon each face
As we guyed our old companion
For being in disgrace.
But, then, these times are past, boys;
And we are happy here today,
And if old times should come again
We'd rally for the fray.
Balled of the Walker War....(Cont'd.)

Then here's a health to all our comrades,
    And their memories of the past,
This grand herold brotherhood,
    Long may this friendship last.
May the light made by our campfires
    Continue bright to shine,
And call us back together,
    As in Auld Lang Syne.