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Ballad of Blackie Gonzales

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Ballad of Blackie Gonzales

By WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

Blackie Gonzales took deadly aim
There was a bark . . . a menacing flame!
The barkeep died, then Blackie fled,
Seeking the canyon to make his bed,
For well he knew a hiding place
Where only eagles could see his face—
A tiny hole near the canyon rim
With a boulder standing guard for him!
“I’m safe up here,” the killer said,
“No ranger can find this rock-ribbed bed!”
There was a thud . . . then a dull roar—
The boulder slipped, closing the door.
The years went past like wolves in the night—
Gonzales, the killer, was hidden from sight . . .
Buried away in a hole in the wall;
His funeral dirge a coyote’s call.