

Voices from the Range

CALGARY, "QUEEN OF THE GOLDEN WEST."

I NEVER loved the city life,
 The range looks good to me;
 But the City of the Golden West
 Is good old Calgary.
 The boys all talk about her,
 And tell you she's a queen.
 She's big and splendid like the plain;
 She hates what's small and mean.

She stands out in the Golden West,
 Our Lady of the Range,
 And we'll take our hats off to her, boys,
 As Queen of all the Plains.
 She's the Rancher's Town, we reckon,
 And we've got to call her so;
 But she hasn't need of boosting,
 For we hate all kind of blow.