

For us no cheerful hostelry
 Their welcome gates unfold,
 No generous board or downy couch
 Awaits our troopers bold.
 Beneath the starlit canopy,
 At eve when daylight wanes,
 There live the hardy slumberers,
 The Riders of the Plains

In want of rest, in want of food,
 Our courage does not fail;
 As day and night we follow hard,
 The desperado's trail.
 His threatened rifle stays us not,
 He finds no hope remains,
 And yields at last a captive to
 The Riders of the Plains.

But that which tries the courage sore,
 Of Horseman and of Steed,
 Is want of water, blessed water,
 Blessed water in our need.
 We'll face like men what ere befalls
 Of perils, hardships, pains,
 Oh God, deny not water to
 The Riders of the Plains

We've taken the haughty feathered chief,
 Whose hands were red with blood,
 E'en in the very Council Lodge,
 We seized him as he stood,
 Three fearless hearts faced forty braves,
 And bore their chief in chains,
 Full sixty miles to where lay camped
 The Riders of the Plains.

And death, who comes alike to all,
 Hath stricken us out here;
 Filling our hearts with bitter woe,
 Our eyes with many a tear,
 Five times he drew his fatal bow,
 His hand no prayer restrains,
 Five times his arrow sped among
 The Riders of the Plains.

Hard by the "Old Man's River,"
 Where freshest breezes blow
 Five grassy mounds lay side by side
 *Five Riders sleep below
 Neat palings close the sacred ground
 No stranger's step profanes
 Their deep repose, and they sleep well
 Those Riders of the Plains.