

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

These are the men who battle the blizzards,
the suns, the rains,

These are the famed that the North has
named the "Riders of the Plains,"

And theirs is the might and the meaning
and the strength of the bulldog's jaw,
While they keep the peace of the people
and the honor of British law.

These are the men of action, who need not
the world's renown,

For their valor is known to England's throne
as a gem in the British crown;

These are the men who face the front, whose
courage the world may scan,

The men who are feared by the felon, but
are loved by the honest man;

These are the marrow, the pith, the cream,
the best that the blood contains,

Who have cast their days in the valiant ways
of the Riders of the Plains;

And theirs is the kind whose muscle makes
the power of old England's jaw,

And they keep the peace of her people and
the honor of British law.