

The Riders of The Plains

By T. A. Boys, D. Division, N. W. M. P., 1876

Ho! wake the Prairie Echo's with
The ever welcome sound,
Ring out "The Boot and Saddle" 'till
Its stirring notes resound,
Our Horses toss their bridled heads
And chafe against the rein,
Ring out, ring out the trumpet call
For the Riders of the Plain.

O'er many a league of prairie wild
Our trackless path must be
And round it roam the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfoot and of Cree
But danger from their Savage bands,
A dauntless heart disdains,
The heart that bears the helmet up
Of the Riders of the Plains.

The prairie storm sweeps o'er our way,
But onward still we go
To scale the rugged mountain side,
Descend the valleys low
We face the broad Saskatchewan,
Made fierce by heavy rains
With all its might, it cannot check
The Riders of the plains.

We tread the dreaded Cactus land,
Where lost to white-man's ken;
We startle there the creatures wild
With the sight of armed men:
For whereso'er our leaders bid,
The trumpet sound its strain,
Forward in marching sections go
The Riders of the Plain

The fire ring stalks the Prairie,
And fearful 'tis to see
The rushing walls of flame and fire
Girdling around us rapidly,
'Tis then we shout defiance
And mock his fiery chains,
For safe the cleared circle guards,
The Riders of the Plains.