

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

'Tis a sketch of an English bulldog that
tigers would scarce attack,
And round and about and beneath him is
painted the Union Jack,
With its blaze of color, and courage, its
daring in every fold,
And underneath is the title, "What we have
we'll hold."

'Tis a picture plain as a mirror, but the
reflex it contains
Is the counterpart of the life and heart of
the Riders of the Plains ;
For like to that flag and that motto, and
the power of that bulldog's jaw,
They keep the peace of our people and the
honor of British law.

These are the fearless fighters, whose life in
the open lies,
Who never fail on the prairie trail 'neath the
Territorial skies,
Who have laughed in the face of the bullets
and the edge of the rebels' steel,
Who have set their ban on the lawless man
with his crime beneath their heel ;