

Prairie Greyhounds

C. P. R. "NO. 1," WESTBOUND

I swing to the sunset land—

The world of prairie, the world of plain,
The world of promise and hope and
gain,

The world of gold, and the world of
grain,

And the world of the willing hand.

I carry the brave and bold—

The one who works for the nation's bread,
The one whose past is a thing that's
dead,

The one who battles and beats ahead,
And the one who goes for gold.

I swing to the "Land to Be,"

I am the power that laid its floors,
I am the guide to its western stores,
I am the key to its golden doors,
That open alone to me.