

*You will smell the wild clematis,  
As it falls in a cloud of white,  
Sending its glorious fragrance  
Far out in the prairie night;  
See the moon skinning over the river,  
Hear the call of the coyote shrill,  
And the long, deep bay of the lone wolf  
Coming down from a far-off hill.*

*You will see Dick the broncho buster,  
The rider who doesn't blow;  
You will hear of the cold, hard winter,  
The crust on the frozen snow;  
Of the outlaw hunted by redeouts  
When he hid in the old range hills;  
Of the mist that hangs over the river;  
Of the soft rain that never chills.*

*Then come with me to the old range  
Just for an hour or so;  
I'll show the sweetest things on earth  
Out where the Chinooks blow.*