

COME WITH ME TO THE OLD RANGE.

*Come with me to the old range
Just for an hour or so;
You'll hear the call of the range stock
And the voice of the Chinook blow.
Blowing down o'er the wind-swept hills
Where the pups of the grey wolf play
And their dens lie deep in the hidden steep
Of the cut-banks far away.*

*You'll hear the song of the bluebird
As she swings on the willow tree,
And the note of the wild dove cooing;
See the range that looks good to me;
Hear the wild young range horse neighing,
The music of unshod feet,
And the sun o'er the range hills setting—
The things that make life complete.*