

THE SCARLET RIDERS

Who are the men that are passing
With the roll of the countless age,
That are known from the frozen Arctic
South to the purple sage.
The men that have stood for justice
Thro' Canada's vast domains—
These men are the scarlet riders,
The riders of the plains.
South where the rolling prairies
Rise up to meet the sky,
They rode in the wake of the sage brush
To the tune of the buzzard's cry.
Hard riding the trail of the outlaw,
There under the scorching sun,
They rode to the lair of the bandits
Bringing to justice each one.
They were feared by the toughest criminal
For oftentimes, stories were told,
Of deeds that were done by these riders,
So fearless, courageous and bold,
That the rules of their little red manual
Were so in their minds impressed,
That they got each man they went after
Tho' he were of the devil possessed.