

She's like a thoroughbred well groomed,
I've heard a stockman say;
And when I saw her well-kept streets,
I thought of her that way.
Oh, I like her stately bearing,
And yet she's warm and true;
And you never feel a stranger there,
The way she welcomes you.

The Rockies stand behind her,
To guard Our Lady there.
Great rivers wind around her,
To make her look more fair.
So we'll take our hats off to her, boys,
As Queen of all the Plains,
And we'll wish her great prosperity,
Our Lady of the Range.