

Sleep on, sleep on young slumberers
 Who died in the far west
 No prancing steed will feel your hand
 No trumpet break your rest
 Sleep on until the great Archangel
 Shall burst death's icy chains,
 And you hear the great Reveille
 Ye Riders of the Plains.

We bear no lifted banner,
 The soldier's care and pride,
 No waving flag waves onward,
 Our horsemen as they ride,
 Our only flag is duty's call;
 And well its strength sustains,
 The dauntless spirits of our men,
 Bold Riders of the Plains.

We muster but three hundred,
 In all this great lone land,
 Which stretches o'er this Continent
 To where the Rockies stand.
 But not one heart doth falter,
 No coward lip complains.
 That few, too few in number are
 The Riders of the Plains;

In England's mighty Empire,
 Each man must take his stand,
 Some guard her honored flag at sea;
 Some bear it well by land
 'Tis not our part to bear that flag,
 Then what to us remains?
 What duty does our sovereign give
 Her Riders of the Plains.

Our mission is to plant the flag
 Of British freedom here:
 Restrain the lawless Savage,
 And protect the Pioneer,
 And 'tis a proud and daring trust,
 To hold these vast domains,
 With but three hundred mounted men,
 The Riders of the Plains

And though we win not praise or fame,
 In the struggle here alone.
 To carry out good British Law
 And plant "old England's Throne."
 Yet when our task has been performed,
 And law with order reigns;
 The peaceful Settler long will bless
 The Riders of the Plains.

*One of these Mr. Charles Baxter was from Niagara.

Frank