

THE WHEAT FIELDS OF THE WEST

On each small blade grows a cell-like sheath
That points towards the sky,
And in the heart of each little cell
The grain of wheat doth lie.

Thus it grows on the wide prairie's breast,
And the west winds over it blow,
Each day as the sun shines down from the blue
On each blade it deepens the glow.

The poor man's hope and the rich man's wealth
Lie yonder on the plain;
A nation's strength and a nation's pride
Rest there in the golden grain.