

Lyrics from the Westland

THE WHEAT FIELDS OF THE WEST

Oh, the fields and fields of ripening wheat,
Rolling on to the far away;
Those wide fields lie as seas of gold,
Becalmed on a summer's day.

So vast—no boundaries seem to bind
This maze of yellow grain,
For everywhere the eye doth rest,
It waves and waves again.

In the early spring in the soft, dark soil,
A myriad graves are made,
Then folded close to the warm earth's heart,
The tiny seeds are laid.

But strange! what mystery deep, for soon
From where those seedlets lay,
A countless throng of tender blades
Spring forth to meet the day.