

The Western School Journal



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Where the West Begins

Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
Where friendship's grasp is a trifle stronger,
That's where the west begins.

Out where the sun shines a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
And the bond of home ties are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the west begins.

Out where the skies are a little bluer,
Where friendship's ties are a trifle truer,
Where there's music in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping, less of sowing,
That's where the west begins.

Out where the world is still in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are breaking,
Where there's more of singing, less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving, less of buying,
Where a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the west begins.

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