

### BACHELOR HOMESTEADING

And then the time you prove up when you've fought  
the fight, and won

The title to a square half-mile of continent, that's spun  
Since creation, pure, unsullied, waiting for your heart  
and hand.

You take it virgin, and it's yours to prosper and ex-  
pand—

That's Homesteading.

Oh it's prove, prove, proving up with all a winner's  
pride,

Proving that you're worth the land, and many things  
beside;

For Manhood comes apace with the winning of the  
race—

But that's only one phase of the Homestead  
Life.

Just some phases picked at random from a year with  
changes rife,

For every day's a new one in the bachelor homestead  
life;

Times of hope and disappointment, aching fear, and  
dark despair,

But 'neath it all you feel it's Life—primeval, real,  
and square—

That's Homesteading.

Oh it's live, live, living out creation's ordinance,

Living clean and honest on a God-given expanse;

The sloven ways you keep, would doubtless make  
your mother weep—

But Man is made of phases of the Homestead  
Life.