

AC 451
P3
v2. 21
P x 44

III.

There's to be no more livin' way out here alone with God,
The feller with the hoe is comin' to claim the native sod.
Soon the wheat fields will be stretchin' o'er this great green grassy
sea,
Where the waves a-comin' to you sets your pen to poetry;
Where old Nature sings of something sweeter than you ever knew,
While you dream of childhood's posies and the places where they
grew.
Where there's just a sea of blossoms stretchin' out before your eyes,
And a depthless blue is hangin' in the turquoise-tinted skies.

IV.

Where the wild wind laughed and called you goin' up the lonesome
trails,
And the white clouds in the distance looked like ships with silvery
sails.
Where you half forgot the cattle that was pokin' on ahead,
And you let a daydream get you and just follow where they led.
Where we broke the buckin' broncho and lassoed the maddened steer,
Where we slew the fatted buffalo and pursued the fleecin' deer.
Where we rode the winding circle in a sort of aimless way,
Or went gallopin' together up the range on brandin' day.

V.

Holdin' thousands of wild cattle in a herd without a fear,
Ropin', throwin', ticin', brandin' on the freedom fraught frontier,
Where we slept upon our songans, after hours of ridin' hard,
With our saddle for a pillow and our broncho for a guard.
Where we looked off to the eastward as the horizon dropped down,
And we knew the dusk was stealin' through the byways of the town.
Then old memory came a-slippin' up behind and roped our heart,
And we somehow had a feelin' that we'd missed the sweetest part.

VI.

Then you thought of other years, and felt yourself a sort of wreck,
And you kinder longed to feel a woman's arms around your neck.
You can get along without her when the day is full of swing,
When you're livin' in the saddle, and the hours are on the wing;
But you're mighty sure to want her when the evenin' shadows fall,
For there's nothin' like a woman clingin' to you, after all;
I'm sure no richer blessing can your cup of fortune fill,
Than those furnished by a woman—if she only will.

