

OLD TIME CAMP AND TRAIL TUNES

WILD WEST

By Wallace D. Coburn

Wild West! Sweet ruler of the past
Whom I shall ne'er forget;
To thee whose power once was vast,
These lines I write, and yet—
E'en as I write I fain would look
Upon thy charms once more—
As when in by-gone times I took
Advantages of the smiles you wore;

But thou are gone and naught remains,
Of thy sweet presence here
Except thy subjects of the plains,
Whose love for thee was dear,
And even they are few and gray,
And with the passing years,
Like all things human, fade away,
Adown the vale of tears.

Yes! thou art gone and in thy stead
Dame Progress proudly stands
With stolen crown upon her head,
And blood-stains on her hands.
But though from sight of loving eye
Thou hast sadly passed away;
My love for thee shall never die
Till in the ground my form they lay.

