



WESTERN WAGONS

By Stephen Vincent Benet

They went with axe and rifle,
when the trail was still to blaze,
They went with wife and children,
in the prairie-schooner days,
With banjo and with frying pan-
Susanna, don't you cry!
For I'm off to California
to get rich out there or die!

We've broken land and cleared it,
but we're tired of where we are.
They say that wild Nebraska
is a better place by far.
There's gold in far Wyoming,
there's black earth in Ioway,
So pack up the kids and blankets,
for we're moving out today!

We're going West tomorrow,
where the promises can't fail.
O'er the hills in legions, boys,
and crowd the dusty trail!
We shall starve and freeze and suffer.
We shall die, and tame the lands.
But we're going West tomorrow,
with our fortune in our hands.