

TO THE WEST!

To the west! to the west! To the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man if he is willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil,
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most
Has aid to his fortune, and riches to boast;
Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the west.

CHORUS.

To the west! to the west! to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where the young may exult and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the west!

To the west! to the west! where the rivers that flow,
Run thousands of miles, sparkling out as they go,
Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free to us all!
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have roll'd
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are oceans in storms or in rest—
Away, far away, to land of the west!
To the west, to the west,

To the west, to the west, there is wealth to be won;
A forest to clear is the work to be done:
We'll try it—well do it and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine, or life in the air.
The bold independence that labor shall buy,
Shall strengthen our hearts, and forbid us to sigh;
Away, far away, let us hope for the best!
For a home is a home, in the land of the west!
To the west, to the west!



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368

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