Dakota Land

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We've reached the land of desert sweet,
Where no thing grows for man to eat,
The wind it blows with fev'rish heat
Across the plains so hard to beat,
    Oh, Dakota land, Sweet Dakota land,
    As on thy fiery soil I stand,
    I look across the plains.
    And wonder why it never rains.
    Till Gabriel blows his trumpet sound,
    And says the rain's just gone a round.

We've reached the land of hills and stones
Where all is strewn with buffalo bones
O buffalo bones, bleached buffalo bones
I seem to hear your sighs an moans.

We have no wheat, we have no oats,
We have no corn to feed our shoats.
Our chickens are so very poor
They beg for crumbs outside our door,

Our horses are of broncho race;
Starvation stares them in the face.
We do not live, we only stay
We are too poor to get away.

From American Songbag, Sandburg.
Sort-of parody of Beulah Land
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