The Wyoming Nester

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"Here's luck to all you homesteaders,
You've taken this country at last;
And I hope you succeed in the future
As the cowboys done in the past.

"You've homesteaded all of this country
Where the slicks and the mavericks did roam,
You've driven me far from my country
Far from my birthplace and home.

"The cattle are still getting thinner,
And the ranches are shorter on men,
But I've got m a full quart of whiskey
And nearly a full quart of gin.

"You have taken up all of the water,
And all of the land that's nearby,"
And he took a big drink of his bottle
Of good old '99 rye.

He rode far into the evening
His limbs at last had grown tired.
He shifted himself in his saddle
And slowly he hung down his head.

His saddle he used for a pillow,
His blanket he used for a bed
As he lay himself down for a night's slumber,
These words to himself he then said:

"I'm leaving Wyoming forever,
This land and the home of my birth
It fills my heart with sorrow
But it fills your heart with mirth."

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