

The Beauty of the West

Traditional



When first I left old Buck Eye,
Location for to find,
I heard of a distant country,
In language most divine.

A land of milk and honey,
And waters of the best,
They called it Minnesota,
The Beauty of the West.

But when I came to Galena,
I didnt like the town.
The Streets they were too narrow,
And winding was the ground.

I stepped up to my tavern
And wrote upon my chest,
I'm bound for Minnesota
The Beauty of the West.

I jumped on board a steamer,
The Northern Belle by name,
She soon let loose her anchor,
And we were off again.

She rang her bell at Winona,
And landed me and chest
In this said Minnesota
The Beauty of the West.

And when we got recruited
A-rampbling I did go.
I wandered the state all over
I trailed it through and through.

Its when I came to a cabin
Its I a welcome guest
In this said Minnesota
The Beauty of the West.

And so they called us Gophers
As you will understand.
We're good as foreign beggars
Or any in the land.

We're not the little gophers,
The gardners are in quest,
But Minnesota gophers,
The Beauty of the West.

The gopher girls are cleaner,
The gopher girls are kind.
I scarcely thought of Clara,
The girl I left behind

There girls of rand and beaury
And tempers of the best
In this said Minnesota
The Beauty of the West.

The gopher girls are cunning
The gopher girls are shy,
I'll marry me a gopher girl
Or a bachelor I will die.

I'll wear a stand-up collar,
Support a handsome wife,
And live in Minnesota
The balance of my life.