

1-1-1949

The Homesteader

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Recommended Citation

Larsen, J. A. (1949) "The Homesteader," *Ames Forester*: Vol. 36 , Article 4.
Available at: <https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester/vol36/iss2/4>

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THE HOMESTEADER

by J. A. Larsen

Farewell the foundry, grime and gloom;
The sooty life, the din and dust!
Why should I sweat in any room;—
A prison full of scrap and rust?

I have a feeling for the West,—
A cabin by a river clear;
Tall timber pointing to the sky;
Where roam the bear, the lynx, the deer.

When spring comes and the pheasants drum,
Anemonees and trilliums smile;
And God breathes down the valley from
The snow-bound ridges all the while.

The hum of bees, the feel of hay,
In summer when long twilight gleams.—
Kind nature stretches out the day;
I seek the trout, the sheltered streams.

And in the fall the yellow larch
Will carpet all my trails with gold;
The frosty diamonds on the brush
Can scatter beauties yet untold.

My stock and I, one horse, one cow,—
Will pass the winter warm and snug
Beneath the purest load of snow;
The bearskin is my only rug.

I look into the stars and say,
My life is mine; I'm really free!
Thank God no man can say me nay;
Or dare to hint what I should be.