



THIS GOD-FORSAKEN LAND

This "God-forsaken Land" they call it,
As they gaze with pitying eye,
"Nothing here but sand and sage brush,
And a vast expanse of sky."

"We don't know how you stand it,"
These city folks declare,
"How do you make a living -
Or do you live on air?"

We could tell them of our ranches,
Where great herds of cattle roam,
Or of the flocks of woolies,
That claim Wyoming for their home.

We could show to them our oil wells,
That pour forth-liquid gold,
And in these places they call "barren,"
There are deep, rich veins of coal.

They may not see our fertile valleys,
With their fields of hay and grain,
But nestling there among the hills,
We have them - just the same.

This "loneliness" they talk about,
To us is God's own peace.
There's so much beauty all around,
Our thanks shall never cease.

Our streams are full of rainbow trout,
We've antelope and elk and deer,
We're a mile up nearer heaven,
And the air is pure and clear.

Our sunsets glow with color,
And in the pearly dawn of morn
The pungent sent of sage drifts down
On a breeze that's mountain-born.

If they only lived here for a while,
Those folks would understand,
Why we only smile at them,
About this "God-forsaken Land."

We don't know much of city life,
Or where they seek God there,
But we do know in Wyoming
That we find Him everywhere.

So we'll leave them to the cities
Where the living is so grand.
And we'll stay in Wyoming
In our God-Beloved Land.

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