1849

Lighthouse

Wagons rolled out under darkened skies
The sun refused to shine
Four-hundred people full of hopes and dreams
In 1849They waved goodbye, women dried their tears
Young men hid their fears
They headed west, full of confidence
That their fortunes would appearThey packed a trunk full of china, a bible or two
A shotgun for Leroy, a pistol for Lou
A pretty dress for Sarah and a hat for sister Fay
No one thought their greed for gold
Would change their lives somedayThey headed west in 1849
Sixty-one wagons, two miles long in a line
They headed west in 1849March winds came, filled the sky with lightnin'
It rained all day and night
Old men died and backs were broken
As they set their wagons rightThey crossed the mountains
Came down to the sea sure that it would be
Gold and riches and a life of ease
But what they didn't seeWas a trunk full of china all broken in two
A shotgun for Leroy that he used on Lou
A pretty dress for Sarah that they used to bury Fay
No one thought their greed for gold
Would change their lives that wayThey came for gold in 1849
Sixty-one wagons, two miles long in a line
A promised land in 1849
A promised land in 1849
A promised land in 1849

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