

MORNIN' ON THE DESERT

(Found written on the door of an old cabin in Southern Nevada)

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Mornin' on the desert, and the wind is blowin' free,
And it's ours, jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you
and me.
No more stuffy cities, where you have to pay to breathe,
Where the helpless human creatures move and throng and
strive and seethe.

Mornin' on the desert, and the air is like a wine,
And it seems like all creation has been made for me and mine.
No house to stop my vision, save a neighbor's miles away,
And the little dobe shanty that belongs to me and May.

Lonesome? Not a minute! Why, I've got these mountains here,
That was put here jest to please me, with their blush and
frown and cheer.
They're waitin' when the summer sun gets too sizzlin' hot,
An' we jest go campin' in 'em with a pan an' coffe pot.

Mornin' on the desert -- I can smell the sagebrush smoke,
I hate to see it burnin', but the land must sure be broke,
Ain't it jest a pity that wherever man may live,
He tears up much that's beautiful that the good God has to
give?

Sagebrush ain't so pretty? Well, all eyes don't see the same,
Have you ever saw the moonlight turn it to a silvery flame?
An' that greasewood thicket yonder -- well, it smells jest
awful sweet
When the night wind has been shakin' it -- for its smell is
hard to beat.

Lonesome? Well, I guess not! I've been lonesome in a
town.
But I sure do love the desert with its stretches wide and
brown.
All day through the sagebrush here the wind is blowin' free,
An' its ours jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you and
me.



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*"Desert Poem"
Inside
Don't Lose*

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