

# The Emigrant's Song

The musical score is written on five staves in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are printed below the notes. The melody is simple and folk-like, with some notes beamed together and some rests. The lyrics are: "Since things are so hard I must tell you sweet - heart That I must leave off with my plough and my cart. A - way to Wis - con - sin a jour - ney I'll go, To dou - ble my for - tune as oth - er folks do, While here I must la - bor each day in the field, And the win - ter con - sumes what the sum - mer doth yield."

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“Dear husband, I’ve noticed with a sorrowful heart  
That you have neglected your plough and your cart,  
Your hogs, sheep and cattle at random do run  
And your best Sunday jacket goes every day on.  
Now stick to your farm and you’ll suffer no loss,  
For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.”

“Dear wife, let’s be going and don’t let us wait;  
I long to be going, I long to be great.  
You will be some rich lady, and who knows but I  
Will be some great governor before that I die?  
While here I must labor all day in the field  
And the winter consumes what the summer doth yield.”

“Oh, husband, remember the land will be dear,  
And you’ll have to labor for many a year.  
Your hogs, sheep and cattle will all be to buy  
And you’ll scarcely get settled before you will die.  
So stick to your farm and you’ll suffer no loss,  
For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.”

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“Oh, wife, let’s be going and don’t let us stand.  
I will purchase a farm that is all cleared by hand,  
Where the hogs, sheep and cattle are not very dear,  
And we’ll feast on fat buffalo half of the year.  
While here I must labor all day in the field  
And the winter consumes what the summer doth yield.”

“Dear husband, remember that land of delight,  
Is surrounded by Indians by day and by night.  
They will plunder your house and burn it to the ground  
While your wife and your children lie murdered around.  
So stick to your farm and you’ll suffer no loss,  
For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.”

“Dear wife, you’ve convinced me; I’ll argue no more,  
For I never once thought of the Indians before.  
My children I love them, although they are small,  
And you, my dear wife, I love better than all.  
So I’ll stick to my farm and I’ll suffer no loss,  
For a stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss.”

Note: Over seventy years ago one of my mother’s brothers, Uncle George, left Nova Scotia for a time and went to work in Massachusetts. While there he learned several new songs of which this was one.