

Sutter's Mill

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In the spring of 47
So the story, it is told
Old John Sutter went to the mill site
Found a piece of shinin' gold

Well, he took it to the city
Where the word like wildfire spread
And old John Sutter soon came to wish he'd
Left that stone in the river bed

For they came like herds of locusts
Every woman, child and man
In their lumberin' Conestogas
They left their tracks upon the land

Some would fail and some would prosper
Some would die and some would kill
Some would thank the Lord for their deliverance
And some would curse John Sutter's Mill

Well, they came from New York City
And they came from Alabama
With their dreams of findin' fortunes
In this wild unsettled land

Well, some fell prey to hostile arrows
As they tried to cross the plains
And some were lost in the Rocky Mountains
With their hands froze to the reins

Oh, some would fail and some would prosper
Some would die and some would kill
Some would thank the Lord for their deliverance
And some would curse John Sutter's Mill

Well, some pushed on to California
And others stopped to take their rest
And by the Spring of 1860
They had opened up the West

And then the railroad came behind them
And the land was plowed and tamed
When old John Sutter went to meet his maker
He'd not one penny to his name

Oh, some would fail and some would prosper
Some would die and some would kill
Some would thank the Lord for their deliverance
And some would curse John Sutter's Mill
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Some men's thirsts are never filled