

The Oregon Trail

Burl Ives

Wagon train go rollin' cross the prairie
Winding onward through the storm and gale
Towards the land of dreams trudge the old ox teams
Down the Oregon Trail

Through the night the Lord is in the saddle
Riding herd beneath the moon so pale
Watching o'er ach stray till the break of day
Down the Oregon Trail

There'll be cattle on each ranch in Oregon
There'll be valleys filled with golden grain

There'll be apples on each branch in Oregon
For there'll be plenty sun and rain

Hurry up old pioneer, keep movin'
Your gallant little band must never fail
Riding side by side 'cross the great divide
Down the Oregon Trail