

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Away to Wisconsin

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Since times are so hard I must tell you, sweetheart,  
I've a good mind to sell both my plow and my cart,  
And away to Wisconsin on a journey to go  
For to double our fortune as other folks do.

Oh, husband, remember the land you must clear  
Will cost you the labor of many a year.  
With horses and cattle and provisions to buy,  
Why you'll hardly get started before you must die

Oh, wife, let us go now and let us not wait,  
For I long to be in that wonderful state.  
You'll be a fine lady and who knows, but I  
May even be gov'nor some day'fore I die.

Oh, husband, remember that land of delight  
Is surrounded by Indians who murder by night.  
Your house and your cowbarn will be burned to the ground.  
While your wife and your children lie mangled all'round.

Oh, wife, you've convinced me. We'll argue no more  
For I've never once thought of your dying before,  
And my children, I love them although they are small,  
But my cattle I value most precious of all.

from Folk Songs out of Wisconsin, Peters