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## Territory Bound 1898

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*moving out and on*

# Territory Bound 1898

By Dick Chapman

The stars grow dimmer in the east, and soon the sun  
get them horses harnessed, the coffee on and breakfast done,  
the cover raised, things loaded up. Step lively son, our  
trip to the Territory has just begun.

Every day the same but nothing old, in morning's dew we look  
ahead for something in the distance new, a speck on a ridge,  
suppose what can it be?  
We see so far where there is no house or tree.

What's left behind is gone not to return  
when cooking time comes we wonder what we'll burn,  
some dry sticks tied on from some creek bed or  
will we have to burn cow chips instead?

The miles go by, sometimes we think they're slow  
but not really as we'll make thirty miles today  
and we'll know and remember every mile of the way  
and be startled when a lazy coyote taken by surprise  
makes a few quick leaps and vanishes o'er a rise.

Steep canyon banks; must be "locked down." We slide the same at  
every creek and river side  
if waters high and rolling at the crest  
we'll have to wait: 'twill be a needed rest.

Impatient tho we are to be on the go Dad says it's better to be  
safe tho slow. The days count up and finally into weeks  
how many canyons have we crossed, rivers and creeks, how many hills  
and valleys have we passed oer, there surely can't be very many  
more. We look each day and dream in our lowly bed just when or  
how we'll reach our new homestead.

Range cattle cross our trail and stop to stare  
then race away with tails high in the air  
a lone rider dark against a setting sun,  
no doubt he wishes them settlers back where they came from.

We'll camp tonight "we hope" where waters flow  
where willows are and a few old cottonwoods grow  
and eat our grub by lanterns' light dim glow, perhaps  
we'll build our fire down on the sand and spread our beds  
over there near by, and sleep with faces turned to a star  
besprinkled sky.