

## **Dan Fogelberg**

### **"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  
And some would curse John Sutter's Mill  
Some men's thirsts are never filled

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