

Arthur Chapman, "Out Where the West Begins" (1917)

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
 That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where the friendship's a little truer,
 That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
 That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes a friend without half trying—
 That's where the West begins.