

# Wink Martindale, 1849

Wagons rolled out under darkened skies  
The sun refused to shine  
Four-hundred people full of hopes and dreams  
In eighteen-forty-nine  
They waved goodbye, women dried their tears  
Young men hid their fears  
They headed west, full of confidence  
That their fortunes would appear

They packed a trunk full of china, a bible or two  
A shotgun for Leroy, a pistol for Lou  
A pretty dress for Sarah  
And a hat for sister Fay  
No one thought their greed for gold would change their lives someday

They headed west in eighteen-forty-nine  
Sixty-one wagons, two miles long in a line  
They headed west in eighteen-forty-nine

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March winds came, filled the sky with lightnin'  
It rained all day and night  
Old men died and backs were broken

As they set their wagons right  
They crossed the mountains, came down to the sea  
Sure that it would be  
Gold and riches and a life of ease  
But what they didn't see...

Was a trunk full of china all broken in two  
A shotgun for Leroy that he used on Lou  
A pretty dress for Sarah  
That they used to bury Fay  
No one thought their greed for gold would change their lives that way

They came for gold in eighteen-forty-nine  
Sixty-one wagons, two miles long in a line  
A promised land in eighteen-forty-nine  
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