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Courtesy of Bonnie Jean Bacon Feser (see cover sheet)

THE PIONEERS  
BY  
CLARA HONOR PORTER HOFF SMITH  
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK FOR THE PIONEERS  
THAT LIVED HERE FIRST IN OUR LAND SO DEAR.  
THEY CAME A HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
IN THE GOLDEN MONTH OF SEPTEMBER GLOW.  
THOSE FAMOUS PIONEER WAGONS OF 1863  
SLOWLY ROLLING ONWARD TO A LAND THAT  
KNOW AS BEAR LAKE VALLEY, BEAUTIFUL AND  
BLESSED.  
THE LAKE, THE SAND, THE WOODED HILLS,  
A PLACE OF PEACE AND REST.  
ONWARD WAS THEIR MOTTO  
AS THEY FACED THE VAST UNKNOWN.  
WITH TRUST IN GOD THEY JOURNEYED ON  
TO FIND A PLACE FOR HOME.  
THEY GAZED AT THE FAR HORIZON  
BUILDING DREAMS FOR THE FUTURE AHEAD.

THEY WORSHIPPED, THEY LAUGHED,  
THEY WORKED AND PLAYED.  
IN TEARS THEY BURIED THEIR DEAD.  
THE PIONEER CABINS WERE BUILT SO STRONG.  
SOME STANDS TODAY THOUGH THE TIMES BEEN  
LONG.  
CORRALS AND BARNs, THEIR SPRING HOUSES  
TOO,  
WHERE FLOWED COOL WATER LIKE MORNING  
DEW.  
THERE THE MILK CROCKS SIT IN THE COOL DEEP  
SPRING,  
STORES OF HOMEMADE BUTTER, CHEESE, AND  
MOST ANYTHING  
IT WAS THEIR FRIDGE IN THOSE DAYS OF OLD.  
IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THEN TO KEEP THINGS  
COLD.  
THE TRAILS THAT THEY LEFT ARE STILL FAINTLY  
THERE,  
IN PLACES NOW UNUSED BUT ONCE PICKED OUT  
WITH CARE  
WINDING UP SOME HILL THROUGH THE SOD AND  
THE SAND,

TO THEIR FARM THAT WAS ONCE A FRONTIER  
LAND.

NOW THE LANDSCAPE HAS CHANGED WITH OUR  
MODERN SKILL

WHERE BROAD HIGHWAYS ROLL WITHOUT THE  
HILLS.

WHERE WE DASH WITH SPEED IN OUR MIGHTY  
RUSH

SO WE MISS THE SIGNS THEY HAVE LEFT FOR US.

THOSE WINDING DUSY ROADS OF

WAGON WHEELS ARE SYMBOLS OF

AN ERA THAT THE MARCH OF

TIME CONCEALS. SO WE PAUSE

AND PAY OUR TRIBUTE TO THOSE

NO LONGER HERE. WE LIFT OUR

HEARTS IN GREATFUL PRAISE

TO OUR NOBLE PIONEERS.

Image #1An illustration of a pioneer wagon being  
pulled by two oxen.By Clara S.