

Dakota Sunshine

When the winter winds have waned
And warm breezes play
What a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on your day.

If in Dakota land you dwell,
And harvesters you meet
What a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on the wheat.

When the meadows have been cut,
and in rows it lay,
What a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on the hay.

If you hunger for a treat
And fish is what you like,
What a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on the pike.

When you want a glass of milk,
Oh, you may raise your brow;
But it's a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on the cow.

If alcohol is hard to get
And you feel ill, alas,
What a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on the glass.

When women do their finest clothes
And brush their silken tresses,
It's a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on their dresses.

If you are in the house of God
To worship or to feast;
What a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on the priest.

Though the nuggets may be few
That ever reach your pan;
It is a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on the man.

And though my struggles never cease,
and from my pain, I pine,
A sorry sight t'would be indeed
A sun that did not shine.

So when at last I'm laid to rest,
Earth claims my flesh and bone,
What a lovely sight to see
The sunshine on my stone.

(Translated by Gudrun Hanson)