

The following is a song written by my great grandfather Sam Kenner in 1860

It describes a memory of the days he spent in Utah's Dixie, along with his wife, Nancy, The family was ordered to develop this area by Brigham Young.  
We don't know the music to the song.

As I was a walking on Main street one day.  
A commrade came to me and this did he say.  
"Prepare yourself "Doc", for the favor is thine,  
To go down to Dixie, raise cotton, make wine.

I packed up my blankets, my hopes did high,  
To pay my first homage to fair Dixie sky.  
Ah, but the hardshops we then did see,  
Came pouring in plenty on Nancy and me.

Arriving in Dixie, the scenery was grand,  
The lofty crowned cactus and rich sandy land.  
The food we took with us was just about gone,  
But, I said to Nancy, "We'll have to go on."

My wife she came to me one morning and said,  
"I'll tell you the truth Doc.  
We are quite out of bread."  
"Just give me a sack," I replied with a  
frown.  
I think I can borrow some cornmeal in Town."  
"Now "doc", you well know I took the last sack,  
To patch up the holes on your sun-stricken back."

I tried one dark morning to lay down and die,  
And pay my last homage to fair Dixie sky.  
But the bishop came along and told me quite flat,  
To, "Come work on the ditch, "Doc". There"s no time for  
that.