

Differences

My neighbor lives on the hill,

And I in the valley dwell,

My neighbor must look down on me,

Must I look up? — ah, well,

My neighbor lives on the hill,

And I in the valley dwell.

My neighbor reads, and prays,

And I — I laugh, God wot,

And sing like a bird when the grass is green

In my small garden plot;

But ah, he reads and prays,

And I — I laugh, God wot.

His face is a book of woe,

And mine is a song of glee;

A slave he is to the great "They say,"

But I — I am bold and free;
No wonder he smacks of woe,
And I have the tang of glee.

My neighbor thinks me a fool,
"The same to yourself," say I;
"Why take your books and take your prayers,
Give me the open sky;"
My neighbor thinks me a fool,
"The same to yourself," say I.