

An Easy-Goin' Feller

Ther' ain't no use in all this strife,
An' hurryin', pell-mell, right thro' life.

I don't believe in goin' too fast
To see what kind o' road you've passed.

It ain't no mortal kind o' good
'N' I wouldn't hurry ef I could.

I like to jest go joggin' 'long,
To limber up my soul with song;
To stop awhile 'n' chat the men,
'N' drink some cider now an' then.

Do' want no boss a standin' by
To see me work; I allus try
To do my dooty right straight up,
An' earn what fills my plate an' cup.

An' ez fur boss, I'll be my own,
I like to jest be let alone,

To plough my strip an' tend my bees,

An' do jest like I doggoned please.

My head's all right, an' my heart's meller,

But I'm a easy-goin' feller.