

And so it is

Well well I'm here. But after this
I dream of when I'm at home
But laugh I at the silly thought
Of wandering yet alone

This self same dream that binds me now
Its loneliness forlorn
And warns me of this present day
And agony of soul

And folly laughs at all the fears
Which honest thought could bring
And paints stages of happiness
On fancies fleeting wing

This early life is not the style
For such uneasy ones as me
But now I'm here I strive to while
The hours away. So let me see
What pastime will this brain invent
While time rolls with its own consent
I cannot go and climb a tree
For trees are strangers who would go
Up those mountains of ice and snow

Nights are long and rather rough
When frost is making on the nose
Sleep is a whosail quite enough
Shivering shivering newly frose
However something must be done
In these we days from sun to sun
And I suppose and I suppose
To exercise the body ~~travel~~
The mind. within the gossip rabble

Some resort to such a playing
Some will write while others read
Some for other sport are striding
I cannot say if they succeed
If no all right if yes go on
Man is man though right or wrong
He even proclaims O yes indeed
But blame me if I never see a
Man is man who tries to be it

But take us all in all our sport
Is a dull unseasoned mess
Though every one is on the go - it
Time is dragging nevertheless
Our pantaloons get unseated
We then must patch and keep secreted
But how I feel don't never guess
One guess would be a vent to me
To compound with this come and go