

“AN EASY-GOIN’ FELLER”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

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 would n’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.