

I earned by sawing wood last night  
My supper and a legal right  
To rest up in a loft of hay,  
And sleep o'ercame that dreadful day.

Homesick next morn before t'was day,  
I crawled out from bed of hay,  
And started on the road once more,  
With aching back and feet all sore.

But, now a change has come at last,  
The curtain falls and hides the past,  
A little rest. a change of scene,  
And morning breaks in living dream.

I am the vagabond no more,  
I stand firm on this solid shore.  
God's schoolhouse since this world began,  
And I'm a god-created man.

I got a constant job last night,  
And now I claim the moral right  
To work nine hours in a day  
And draw my honest, legal pay.

Farewell ye dusty roads, farewell.  
A dismal story you can tell  
Of aching back and feet so sore,  
I begged for work from door to door.

Farewell ye farmers' lofts of hay  
Where many nights I crept and lay,