

## A Rolling Stone

*There's sunshine in the heart of me,  
 My blood sings in the breeze;  
 The mountains are a part of me,  
 I'm fellow to the trees.  
 My golden youth I'm squandering,  
 Sun-libertine am I;  
 A-wandering, a-wandering,  
 Until the day I die.*

I was once, I declare, a Stone Age man,  
 And I roomed in the cool of a cave;  
 I have known, I will swear, in a new life-span,  
 The fret and the sweat of a slave:  
 For far over all that folks hold worth,  
 There lives and there leaps in me  
 A love of the lowly things of earth,  
 And a passion to be free.