

DWIGHT'S DITTY

When a feller's feelin' happy
An' the sun's begun to climb,
When the birds are all a-singin'
An' the church-bells start to chime,
Then it's pow'ful easy, brother,
To fergit your restless soul
And amble to'rds the river
With your ol' bent fishin'-pole!

You hear the elder preachin'
And a-steerin' of you right
But somehow you get thinkin'
'Bout them worms you dug las' night;
An' when the choir gets singin'
How the Jordan's goin' to roll,
You wisht you was on Jordan
With your ol' bent fishin'-pole!

From "Marsden's Money"