

STILLMAN GOTT

I've got no money in ther bank—
They bust once in er while;
An' what's ther use uv havin' it
Ef sum cuss gits ther pile?

An' when yer think it's safe an' sound,
An' where it's right on hand,
Ther cash 'er starts sum cold, dark night
Fer sum queer forin' land.

I've froze an' sweat, an' dug like sin,
Right here in this small town,
An' worked merself ter skin an' bone
Ter keep ther mortgage down.

An' every year I'd make er p'int,
When int'rest day come round,
Ter hev ther stuff ter make it good
An' plank ther money down.

An' when one day I paid it off,
An' house an' farm wuz free,
It kinder sorter made me feel
That God wuz good ter me.