

Sleeping at night in that humble shack
Beneath a leaky roof, among the rafters;
Dreaming of home, and the inquisition rack
Shouting in pain, for porous plasters.

God made mankind, this world to share;
Who could have made it better?
Sin crept in, and changed affairs
Love's chain is now a fetter.

Capital! in place is well,
To some it must belong;
Darn the money! fare thee well
It's justice, that is wrong.

Dress of man, is but artificial,
Tho' taste is shown in that degree;
Even his features superficial;
Form is seen, but man where's he?

For beneath that optic nerve
In that heaven mysterious region,
Lies a being on observe
Heart, soul, mind and reason.

Many honest men start out in life,
Should not that be the fate of all?—
By hardships, sickness, death or wife,
Sometimes slip, or sadly fall.

Friends tell him in the rocky west,
There's lots of work and tin;
But never mention three weeks rest
When a Corporal runs him in.