

Why should truth be marked by fame?  
Is it not stranger than fiction?  
Unrobe it, call it by its name;  
Let it be a curse, or benediction.

Whether souls exist'd 'fore Adam's race  
Calls no proof, no date record;  
And to predict our orbit's age  
Short mental time can ill afford.

True life is sprung from deeds we do;  
Life is what we make it;  
Luck be hang! the dice brings rue  
Whatever way you shake it.

Three thousand miles from home, and broke,  
Out on the rolling prairie wide  
Looking for work, can't get a stroke,  
Old folks well off, the other side.

Knocking gently at a farmer's door,  
The inmate listens to his plea—  
A little farming, and very little chore  
Soon takes the polish off degree.

Note book empty, full of old credentials  
coloured with the aristocrat hue;  
Manners refine, speech and dress ornamental—  
But says the farmer—what can you do?

Milk a cow, feed a pig, hitch a horse, or plough;  
While at home, did your mother call thee  
Pat?

Never mind my son you'll soon know how—  
On murpheys and pork got rolling fat.