

A Lazy Chap

I'm the laziest chap, I reckon, that a feller ever seen;
 Feel drowsy at the tinkle of a bell or tambourine;
 Warn't never made fer reachin' where the revenue is foun'—
 I'm what you'd call "a lazy chap," jest built fer lyin' roun'.

Contented? Mighty right, I am! when spring winds whistle sweet
 In the meadows where the daisies make a carpet fer your feet,
 Where the nestin' birds is chirpin', where the brook in witchin' play
 Goes laughin' on, jest pushin' all the lilies out his way.

You'll find me almost any time, a-huntin' shady trees,
 With the lull song o' the locust, and the drowsy drone o' bees
 Above me an' all roun' me; I'm a queer one, so they say,
 Fer I'd ruther hear the birds sing than to shoot 'em any day!

I wouldn't nigh be guv'ner, though it's kinder great to be,
 An' the Georgy legislatur' ain't a drawin' card fer me!
 An' as fer that old Congress—now' what's its biggest seat
 To a feller on a river bank with lilies at this feet?

Jest let 'em take the offices an' keep 'em in a whirl!
 I'd ruther have a vi'let from the sweet hand of a girl
 Than run the whole United States! So let th' country roll!
 Fer a streak o' April sunshine is a-lightin' up my soul.

I'm a-rollin' in the blossoms as they come a-tumblin' down,
 An' I'm glad as all creation there's a fence 'twixt me an' town;
 I'm a rakin' in the sunshine an' takin' of my ease,
 Whistlin' when I want to an' singin' when I please!

Jest laziness, they tell me, an' I reckon that they're right;
 But the world's so full o' beauty, an' the sun goes down at night!
 But diff'runt folks has diff'runt minds, an' drink a diff'runt cup;
 When I'm talkin' to the lilies, they're a-plowin' of 'em up!

My field's a pasture fer the cows, an' though it never pays,
 It's a powerful source o' pleasure jest to see the creeturs graze!
 The tinkle, tinkle o' the bells is sich a-pleasin' soun'—
 But I'm a lazy chap, you know, jest built fer lyn' roun'!

—James Whitcomb Riley.