

## The Rolling Stone

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"Since the times have grown harder, I've a mind to leave home  
Since the times have growed harder, my plow, drag and cart,  
I will go to Wisconsin, some comfort to view,  
I will double my fortune like other folks do,  
While here we must labor each day in the field,  
The winter destroys all the summer can yield."

"Oh husband, I've took with a sorrowful heart  
Long time you've neglected your plow, drag and cart;  
Your sheep are disordered [and] the land they run on,  
And your new Sunday jacket goes everyday on.  
Stick to your farm, and you'll suffer no loss,  
[For] the stone that goes rolling will gather no moss. "

"Oh wife, let us go; don't let us stand,  
I'll buy a farm all clear to my hand."  
"Husband, remember the land is to clear,  
'Twill cost you the labor of many long year;  
There you might labor each day in the field,  
And the winter will consume all the summer will yield.  
Stick to your farm, and you'll suffer no loss,  
[For] the stone that goes rolling will gather no moss."

"Wife, let us go; don't let us wait,  
For I long to be there, and I long to be great.  
You may be a rich lady, and who know but I  
Might be a great Governor ere long, 'fore I die."

"Husband, remember the land of delight,  
'Tis surrounded by Indians and it's p'undered by night;  
Your house may be plundered and burnt to the ground,  
And your wife and your children lays mangled around:  
Stick to your farm, and you'll suffer no loss,  
The stone that goes rolling will gather no moss."

"Oh wife you've convinced me; I'll argue no more,  
I never once thought of your dying before.  
I love my dear children, although they are small,  
It is you my dear wife, I love better than all.  
I'll stay on the farm, and I'll suffer the loss,  
For the stone that goes rolling will gather no moss."

From Folk Songs of the Catskills, Cazden Haufrecht and Studer

Collected from George Edwards

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