

Parrance Herald

IT'S
HERE
AGAIN!



TIME

GET READY FOR THE CALL *of the* OPEN ROAD

DECORATION DAY THREE-DAY HOLIDAY, MAY 29, 30, 31

AFOOT and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light,
The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is not
wanted,
The cheerful voice of the public road—the gay fresh sentiment of the
road.

I inhale great draughts of space,
The east and west are mine, and the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought,
I did not know I held so much goodness.
Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.

Allons! the road is before us!
It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet tried it well—be not detain'd!
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf
unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court
and the judge expound the law.
Camerado, I give you my hand!

I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law;
Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?

From "Song of the Open Road" by Walt Whitman