

The Men That Don't Fit In

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*There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.*

*If they just went straight they might go far;
They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
And they want the strange and new.
They say: "Could I find my proper groove,
What a deep mark I would make!"
So they chop and change, and each fresh move
Is only a fresh mistake.*

*And each forgets, as he strips and runs
With a brilliant, fitful pace,
It's the steady, quiet, plodding ones
Who win in the lifelong race.
And each forgets that his youth has fled,
Forgets that his prime is past,*

*Till he stands one day, with a hope that's dead,
In the glare of the truth at last.*

*He has failed, he has failed; he has missed his chance;
He has just done things by half.
Life's been a jolly good joke on him,
And now is the time to laugh.
Ha, ha! He is one of the Legion Lost;
He was never meant to win;
He's a rolling stone, and it's bred in the bone;
He's a man who won't fit in.*

Spell of the Yukon (1907)

Discussion:

Guess the meaning of the following words by the context?

- 'kith and kin' *kith and kin: friends and family*
- 'range the field' *range: pass over and through in all directions*
- 'rove the flood' *rove: wander through*

As it relates to the Klondike Goldrush, who are the men who don't fit in?
men who wander a lifetime searching for gold, never giving up hope of striking the big one)

