

De grey-dock an' de mallarde,
De're knocking at your door.
De black-bass an' de doré
De're looking for de bait,
I could not go in de fall-tam—
Some odder tam— I'll wait.

I would not die in winter-tam,
W'en de snow was hon de ground,
W'en you race de ponay hon de hice,
Wid' de habitant all around.
Most every naight som soiree—
You dance an' sing so free—
You husk de corn an smoke de pipe,
An' spark de gal till wan, two, tree.
De snow she's fly as you pass by,
Wid' your ponay an traineau,
It's de magnifique ole winter-tam—
Dat's no good tam to go.

Dees life shее's pass so vere fast,
Down in dees plaice below,
Dere's hardly tam to turn aroun'
Before you have to go.
Your visit's only for a day,
You come, you breathe, an' you're away,
Joust like de foolish shad-fly,
You aint got long to stay.
I find no hour, no tam to go,
In dose season of de year,
For each wan ees more beautifule,
An' each wan is more dear.

De spring's de sun-rise of dat day,
De summer ees de noon,
De fall ees joust de twilight—
De naight ees coming soon.