

VALLEYFIELD, P. E. I.

Of Valleyfield I now will sing,
Where first I knew my Saviour King,
Who there Himself revealed to me,
And His Salvation made me see.

Thy hills and vales are lovely green,
When in their summer glory seen ;
Soft o'er them blows the gentle breeze,
Waving the grasses, flowers and trees.

Abundant crops are yearly grown,
And many are the acres sown ;
Rich are the fields of ripening grain,
Nourished by sunshine and by rain.

There cosy homes in comfort stand,
Throughout the confines of the land,
Where comforts of all kind are found,
And peace and harmony abound.

Thy people as a rule were kind,
And few exceptions one could find ;
The wayfaring man his rest could get,
With their best things before him set.