

Den all dem Beeg Chief' smile,
An' after leetle w'ile
De beeges' of dem all stan' up an' say.

" Better place I never know
For any town to grow,
Deegbee can be de fines'
In de countrie if she will,
So unless somewan git sore
An' fill up de Gut encore,
Deegbee kip her head on top de water still".

Den dem Chief' go far away,
But everywan can say
All t'ing Beeg Chief is spikin'
She's comin' very true,
We still have de Basin dere,
An' as long as Gut is clear,
We have de Bay an' 'Lantic Ocean' too.

CHERRIES.

Cherries, cherries,
This is where they grow,
Fairyland is Digby
When cherry blossoms blow.

Cherries, cherries,
Black and white and red
On a thousand branches
Cluster overhead.

"Cherries, cherries."
Robin trills away,
In the tallest treetop
Feasting all the day.

"Cherries, cherries,"
Far away they hear
This familiar music
Sounding every year.

"Cherries, cherries,"
Back again they come
Digby's son's and daughter's
Hungry to have some
Cherries.