

"And did you cross a rustic bridge?  
 Go thro' a hollow, and scale a ridge?"  
 She cried, and I said I had.  
 "Why that's our boundary field," said she,  
 "And that's the wheat I meant you see,"  
 And alas, 'twas I looked sad.  
 They're great deceivers don't you think,  
 With their manners staid, and sunbonnets pink,  
 These maids of rural mode.  
 Yet the month being sentimental June,  
 I think I'll go and view the moon  
 From that same country road.

### THE ROAD THROUGH THE MARSH.

Along the lone pathway that leads through the marsh;  
 I carelessly wandered one evening in May;  
 A great crimson hail, on the western horizon  
 The sun hung, proclaiming the close of the day.  
 From the depths of the dark pools, and up through the  
 brushwood,  
 The golden marsh marigolds lifted their heads  
 And shy little violet faces were peeping  
 From green ferny nooks, where no foot ever treads.  
 When the sun had descended below the horizon.  
 And gathering shadows of twilight closed in,  
 The fireflies their glittering lanterns all lighted,  
 And signalled the frog orchestra to begin.  
 And then on the evening air rose a trilling,  
 A croaking and shrilling, so strident and harsh {ing,  
 And the sound seemed so weird, in the dim lonesome gloam-  
 I fled up the pathway that leads from the marsh.

### DAUPHIN MUD.

I will sing a song of mud  
 Dauphin mud:  
 Does not the very mention  
 Bring of memories a flood?  
 Memories of mud so dire,  
 Which the meekest heart, with ire  
 Would inspire  
 Of the countless times we've paddled  
 Or more cautiously have waddled  
 Through the mire  
 Thro' the mud, mud, mud, mud  
 Mud, mud, mud.  
 Thro' the slimy, sloppy, slippery  
 Dauphin mud