

IN THE VALLEY OF THE GRAND

By S. RITTER ICKES

(Written for this book)

I've heer'd o' the land o' Canaan
And of Illynois and sich,
Whar the craps they grow termenjus
An' the siles rite rotten rich
Onct I heer'd a feller statin'
Thet way down ter Albermarl
Why, they grow'd sich rousin' taters
Thet three pecks would fill a barr'l.
Gentle stranger, let me tell yer
If yer want ter see 'er sight—
If yer want ter see some kentry
Thet is purty mighty rite,
If yer want ter see a great big
Jag o' God's own growin' land,
Yer'll find it here in Canada
In the Valley of the Grand.

Oh, the great Grand River Valley
It is Eden's Garden, sure !
Why ! There aint a 'tarnal critter
Livin' roun' here that is poor !
An' the cows down in the meader,
An' the steers out on the plain
An' the wheat fiel's jist er wavin'
With ther forty bushel grain.
An' the cool an' balmy summer
An' the long an' meller fall

An' the sweet month of October
She's the queen bee of them all,
Fer the woodlan's jest a picter
Painted out by God's own hand.
Gentle stranger, come an' see it
In the Valley of the Grand.

Oh! Canadian October !
She's the one month of them all,
When the season's turnin', turnin',
Turnin' Summer inter Fall !
An' the purple grapes is hangin'
Tons an' tons upon the vine,
An' the great, big, luscious punkin
In its golden tinted rine,
An' the orchards jest are loaded
With the fines', reddes' fruit.
An' the swishin', rushin' river
Sings er song thet's never mute ;
An' the bob-white in the corn fiel'
An' the rabbits shinnin' roun'
An' the racoon in the low lan's
Whar the black squir'l may be foun',
An' the flowers 'roun' each homestead
Loads an' loads they brightly stand,
Was ther ever sich a country
As the Valley of the Grand ?

In the Grand River Valley, Canada.