

Returning small Birds then the Country fill,  
And Cock-grouse chatter on each barren Hill.  
The Ice parts from the Shore, and now the Ducks  
Their Northward course beat back in num'rous flocks.  
Deer in small Herds the same route bend their way,  
Affording pastime for your Gun each day.  
All Animals their Winter-quarters leave,  
And Ocean, now awake, begins to heave.  
Ice, rotten grown, in ev'ry Lake you'll see,  
And swelling Rivers, from their Bonds set free.  
The Woodmen now with Sledges, on the Snow,  
Their Winter's Work draw out and homeward go.  
What's yet to do, must instantly be done,  
For other Work must shortly be begun.  
Shallops now launched, the crews no longer stay,  
But in their Boats, bring all their Work away.  
In such like Toils and Sports, the Year goes round,  
And for each day, some Work or Pleasure's found.  
And now to finish this long task of mine,  
For each day in the year behold a line.

