

His home, may be a wooden cot,
His clothes, and victuals fair,
Still he owns his house and lot,
Life's daily comforts share

He rises with the morning sun,
Toils through the scorching heat of day,
Finds always something to be done,
That calls his busy time away.

In the eve, and cool of day
When his daily toil is o'er,
A leisure hour is passed away,
Outside his cabin door.

The moon at sunset, appears in splendor,
That brilliant, radiant, orb of light,
And countless stars, soon cluster 'round her,
The farmer's friend, his guide by night.

O'er hills and vales, o'er country green,
His flocks of cattle graze and roam;
At dusk, the hireling can be seen,
Bringing the tinkling milch cows home.

Through the still and starry night,
Wolves and coyotes cry and howl,
And should a stranger come in sight
The farm dogs bark and growl.

It is a glorious magnificent sight
To view that brilliant Northern light,
Beaming the Heavens, with rays so bright,
Through the silent hours of night.

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