

So jest himp yerselves, you farm hands,
 For the fields is dryin' fast;
 The seed grain's cleaned and ready,
 And its seedin' time at last,
 When the spring wind starts a-blowin'
 Ain't no more time for rest,
 For the man behind the seeder
 Is the boy that rules the West.

A COUNTRY ROAD

Oh! a country road, on a bright spring day,
 When the sun shines bright with the cheer of May
 Is a charming place to walk,
 And if on the road there's a country maid,
 With a sunbonnet pink and manner staid,
 There are chances, too, for a talk

I wandered down thro' n rural lane,
 And smiled, thnt my quest was not in vain,
 For I spied n bonnet gay
 Thro' the budding trees, (that, hanging down
 O'er arched the road with branches brown)
 And I hastened on my way.

I caught the lass at a rustic stlie,
 And asked with my finest bow and smile,
 "Oh! whither away, fair maid?"
 She paused, and on the stlie sat down,
 And I bejng wise, tho' I llyed in town
 Feared not her manner staid.

So I boldly sat down, close at hand
 And wishing, as you will understand,
 To put her quite at ease,
 I spoke of the crops on her father's farm,
 (Adaptability's always n charm,
 And also I love to tease)

"And how is the wheat" I gaily asked,
 "Is it up?" And I thought I had her tasked;
 But she npswered quick as thought
 "Oh! yes, one field's as green as green,
 Four inches high, the best I've seen"
 But I knew I had her caught.

"Why I was all round past your place,
 And of green grain, saw not a trace;
 You surely joke," said I.
 "But down beyond, I saw n field
 That surely means an early yeild,
 'Twas quite six inches high."