

The woodman's axe, now put aside,
Each neighbor with his neighbor vied,
And essayed still with growing zest,
To make his farm the country's best.

The stumps and stones were soon removed,
E'en ev'rything that hindrance proved,
And well I know the part I bore,
The land to free from ev'ry sore.

With courage and with faith men wrought,
'Gainst ev'ry obstacle they fought,
Right gladly did their acres till,
And conquered all by force of will.

And as the seasons circled round,
In each, employment meet was found,
In spring, in summer, and in gold
Of autumn, and in winter's cold.

And though their pastimes were but few,
They now and then a frolic knew,
When dance and song did time relieve,
Or games and chats, on winter's eve.

And had the merry quilting bee,
Where stitched and sang with care-free glee,
Fair country maidens, who, at e'en,
With sturdy youths, shared joyous scene.

But in the charms of nature kind,
Enjoyment real and true we find,
And warmth and cheer that's better far
Than chasing pleasure's fickle star.

Yea, this to me was purer joy,
That I could eye and ear employ,
'Mid beauties rare on ev'ry hand,
That strewed and decked our pleasant land.

'Twas oft my happy lot to go
Through field and heath, and where did flow