

But now, alas! those days are o'er,  
And peace has fled beyond the hills;  
The axe is heard along the shore,  
And falling trees have choked the rills.

Where stood the tall and stately fir,  
And sprang the bluebells, fair and sweet,  
Is heard the sawmill's rasping whirr,  
And comes the echoing tramp of feet.

The woodland isles have ceased to be;  
The deer have fled; the grouse have flown;  
The hills resound with crashing tree,  
And all is desolate and lone.

But in the distant, future years,  
Sweet Nature, with her healing hand,  
Shall come and shed her kindly tears  
Upon this sad and desolate land.

The bluebells fair shall bloom again,  
The deer shall wander by the shore  
And peace shall rule the valley, when  
The gang is gone for evermore.

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### FARMER CORNCOB COMES TO GRANDE PRAIRIE

Have you heard how Farmer Corncob  
Came to settle at Grande Prairie,  
In the Prairie City District,  
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake?

You have not, so I will tell you,  
Though my verse is somewhat rummy,  
But sit tight and you shall listen—  
If you don't, then go to Hades.

From the land of the Dakotas,  
Where the wheat had yielded nothing,  
Came the Corncob land a-hunting,  
Bringing bills of many X's;

Came to Saskatoon and Gul Lake,  
Edmonton and south to Lethbridge,  
Looked at many quarter sections,  
Was not satisfied to purchase,

On the Edmonton Dungwagon, B.C.  
Which is sometimes called a railroad,  
Came the Corncob, still unsettled,  
And alighted in Grand Prairie.