

The men their scythes are swinging,
The keen blades gently ringing,
The maids are sweetly singing,
There is life and stir all round ;
Now swells out the pleasing sound,
To breakfast calls the horn.

The orient orb is spurning,
Scattering the mists, and burning
The reapers, now returning
To later morning's labour,
Where each—vies with his neighbour,
And cuts, or binds the grain.

Meridian tide ascending,
Old Sol is downward bending,
His fiercest heat is sending ;
And now the reapers swelter,
And now the time for shelter,
Hark ! sounds the dinner horn.

The cattle now are housing,
In shady pastures drowsing,
Or in the woods are browsing ;
The sweet, melodious singing,
Of warbling song birds, ringing,
Is hushed to twitter song.

The golden sun descending,
The harvest day is ending,
Tired labourers now are wending
To rest and peaceful slumber ;
May blessings, without number,
Crown each Canadian home.