

Miss Iridescent Gladys wheel'd

Along the footpath, near the fence ;  
The breeze that came from far afield  
Seemed very grateful to the sense ;  
"Fern" pedalled gravely on behind,  
His tall form forwardly inclined.

The fields, dry, warm and sun be-kissed,  
Like hot-beds waited for the seed ;  
From the fresh plough land curled a mist,  
Spirit of plenty, summer freed,  
And from the ploughman's lusty jaw  
Came the loud call " Haw ! Haw ! boys, Haw ! "

Now from the roadside spreads a field  
For turnips being fertilized ;  
Huge piles of compost, stables yield,  
By farmers very highly prized,  
With noisesome vapors filled the air ;  
Men, horses, carts were also there.