

Teaberries and strawberries out in the woods,
 Black squirrels in abundance did roam,
 Wild pigeons from afar, young thrushes in their nest,
 Woodpeckers thought best to stay at home.

Scythes to cut grass, reap hooks to cut corn ;
 The cheese was dried in the sun.
 And pens were made from the goose quills ;
 Turpentine was chewed into gum.

Scarecrows in the garden to frighten the birds,
 The fence was made out of stumps,
 We drank our water from a running spring
 That came down the stream with a thump.

Walking two and three miles to school,
 Studying how to read and speak,
 Snowballing each other out in the road,
 And washing doll's clothes in the creek.

Indians in their wigwams making baskets and mats,
 Papoose on the dirty floor ;
 The old Indian chief with feathers in his hat,
 And his bow-arrow hung over the door.

Making tracks in the snow to the white rabbit snares,
 With bright expectations, to bare
 High in our arms on the cold frosty morn
 The beautiful much cheated hare.

The glimmering light of the tall tallow candle,
 That often beckoned us home, [hearth,
 And the wood burning bright on the old-fashioned
 In the cold, cold winter's gloom.

Gypsies in tents trading horses, and drinking green
 tea.
 Stealing corn from the fields,
 Playing dominoes and cards,
 As lively as gypsies could be.