

SONG—THRESHING FAGAN'S BARLEY.

I had some barley, oats and wheat,
To pay my honest lawful debt,
And called on Paul McCabe, to wit,
 To thresh one morning early ;
And Paul came here without delay,
On Monday morn, by break of day,
And he's the boy that showed us play
 When threshing Fagan's barley.

He anchored down his ten-horse power,
And braced his cleaner on the floor,
Then chaff and straw went out in store—
 The wind was blowing fairly.
The track was good, the horses strong,
And Jehu's whip was large and long,
And well he plied that fearful thong
 When threshing Fagan's barley.

The neighbours' boys came here in crowds,
Some crossed the fields, some kept the roads,
While thistle-downs went off in clouds,
 And left the township fairly ;
Sometimes there came a curling blast,
To blind the men wth smut and dust,
But Johnny Brown still kept his post,
 And carried off the barley.

Jim Shelly's famous blacks were there,
That took the premium at the fair,
And Fagan's splendid trotting mare
 Was hitch'd with sporting Charley ;