

If British farmers here resort,
No matter if their cash runs short;
They have their lands for little pay,
That little on a distant day;
Once settled here, the man and wife,
They never wish to change for life.

Our province greatly was improv'd,
Since Royal EDWARD there remov'd;
The military grand abodes,
Defensive works, and public roads
Were form'd, and from disorder rose—
All which to Noble KENT she owes.

Science encourag'd, ripening fast,
Forgets the age of darkness past;
Yes, happy coast, no more forlorn,
The peaceful arts thy groves adorn;
For thy uncultivated shade,
With corn and flowers thou art repaid;
Thy youth, alert, shall make thee yield
Fair orchards join'd to many a field;
Thy woodlands, savage now and mute,
Shall ring with flocks and shepherd's flute;
Where now a cottage decks the plain,
A village shall in order reign;
And commerce, such as rustics know,
With peace and wealth in plenty flow;

Most
In ev
For t
Who

Y
Spak
Enc
And
He
Com
In w
Of
Com
And
The
Som
Wi
“ T
So
Wi

To
He
An
A
W