

Now dwells he nigh to Rideau's shore,
Where you in spring may hear
The murmur of the tumbling waves,
On cloudy days and drear,
And the farmer takes it as a sign
That rain is surely near.

Broad fields spread fairly round his home
Where ample herds are seen ;
And springs in lusty vigor forth
The clover's early green,
And later in long, leafy lines
The maize of graceful mien.

No hovel rude of logs and bark—
Stone walls and iron roof,
Hot water coils and well-hedged lawn,
Untrod by roving hoof ;
Fish, flesh and fowl ; fine flour, fair fruit,
Keep want far, far aloof.