

Here virtuous dames with busy hand,
Untiring do what should be done,
And sons and fathers till the land,
And to each manly duty run.

The winsome maids with willing hearts,
In youthful beauty all aglow,
Right cheerfully perform their parts
Where duty's voice may bid them go.

Oh, may their graceful figures long
Their youthful energy retain,
And may they meet no heartless wrong,
To fill their gentle souls with pain.

As yet there is no village bell,
Save that which rings the call to school,
Where festive youth drink at the well
Which flows from knowledge' sparkling pool.

And yet, whene'er the Sabbath comes,
Or week night held for praise and prayer,
No need for signal bells and drums,
Each knows the time, and he is there.

There is the daughter, there the son,
To kneel in humble prayer to God,
And those whose race is well-nigh run,
Who humbly kiss the chast'ning rod.

Oh, blest content, and lowly life
That blunts Ambition's biting sting,
Unknown to thee the bitter strife,
Which proud refinements often bring.
