



"DIGBY CHICKENS."

They have scales instead of feathers,  
They have fins instead of wings,  
And are unlike common chickens  
In a multitude of things,  
But their friends will recognize them,  
For, though others may despise them,  
They're to us the good old, sweet old  
"Digby Chickens."

It is said, by those instructed  
In the local fishing lore,  
They were caught as little herring  
By the weirs along the shore,  
In the brine awhile men soaked them  
And then hung them up and smoked them  
Until they were fit to stencil  
"Digby Chickens."

You can boast of Yarmouth bloaters,  
And extol smoked gaspereaux,  
Or declare that well-smoked salmon  
Is the finest fish that grows,  
You can rave of finnan haddies,  
But for us who are grand-daddies  
There's no smoked fish in the world like  
"Digby Chickens."

Here's a box of "Digby Chickens,"  
Caught, as you may well opine,  
In the neighborhood of Digby,  
Put to soak in local brine,  
In the fumes of meditation  
Was completed the creation  
Of these simple literary  
"Digby Chickens."