

As you extract the bawl ;  
Both day and night we take degrees,  
To cure in vain a danber ;  
We burn our gums and hold our jaws,  
And catch the running slobber.

To bed we go, with plastered cheek,  
Pressed upon the pillow,  
And groan in vain for what we seek,  
Rolling like a billow ;  
Often upright we away and sit,  
As if to take it easy.  
A hollow tooth's an ugly tilt,  
Fed well, but seldom greasy.

Delirious, the soul who knows,  
By woe this face oppressed ;  
Some say we twist from head to toes,  
We devils know the rest ;  
No rest by day, no sleep by night  
Doth crown my defenceless head ;  
No thought, no gold, can't give delight,  
With this aching nerve undead.

Two days and nights I've raved in pain  
From these unwholesome pests.  
Oh ! fool I was to bear that chain,  
Neath such tormenting guests.  
A man who never had it yet  
May laugh just as he pleases ;  
But friends like me, will say, you bet,  
Tis king of all diseases.

### Sunshine and Trouble of Spring.

The cats of the household  
Lazily bask in the sun ;  
Whilst fowls by the farm yard  
Feel the same habit done.  
The dog on the grass no longer keeps guard,  
O'er strangers who pass near his way ;  
The herds chew content, who eat round  
the stack,  
As seldom they pine for their stall ;  
The ewes on the sod are leaving their  
track,  
As their lambs ma loudly their call.

Bright sunshine of spring time,  
Lovingly gifts us with joys ;  
Such impulse through nature,  
Well become us as boys.  
We play on the grass, no longer neath  
snow,  
So soon to be clothed rank and green ;  
Flowers in woodlands are blooming once  
more,  
In splendor they boast not of pride,  
This same worthy trait they on us implore  
To honor our master and guide.

Ye trees bud in promise ;  
Handsomely shall ye be clad  
To impart, to each heart  
Blessed scenes to make glad.  
Filends now afflicted shall taste of the joy,  
As never was written by pen ;  
With 'love we behold, the team in the  
plough  
A turning each furrow so neat,  
Ye ploughman whose skill, I vain can't  
think now  
Any one great skill could defeat.

Birds' songs and their warble  
Happily float back again ;  
With profits now lifted  
From yon loud cackling hen.  
Just an egg, what a noise poor boastful bird,  
A wonder ye layed I declare.  
The chore boy now loaded with peeling and  
and swill,  
Treads his way straight off to the sty ;  
Despite the loud squeal, he's careless to spill  
A part 'gainst a block passing by.

The heat of the noonday  
Merrily gifts me to muse ;  
Half filled with the feeling,  
To forsake from my shoes.  
Whilst the sparrows preach inside of the  
barn  
In each saucy old fashioned way ;  
Until the days with a well load gun,  
All return to prompt me once more ;  
I threaten, forget, then everything's done ;  
The sparrows are safe as before.

In sunshine comes trouble,  
Truthfully, said I declare ;  
The farmer man and wife  
These very troubles share.  
From the agent, who haunts by our door-way,  
To the tramp in his crawling bed ;  
Whilst the ewinder steals from our honest  
hand  
Earned fruits, hard toils of many years.  
A mortgage once made, slowly eat our hord ;  
Thus a debt is a bank of tears.

Roads when growing dusty,  
Suddenly carry in view  
A man driving, of course ;  
Yea ! A peddler, too true.  
Somehow to me, he resembles a Jew ;  
Afraid of the dog, not at all ;  
He tethers his horse, he comes to stay ;  
Then shoulders his bundles, Oh ! my ;  
With well chosen words, he opens his way ;  
Then praises and talks you to buy.

When farmers must purchase  
Wonderful, each have the best ;  
They all have the cheapest.