

THE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

You may gather your apples up from under the trees,
 And listen to the goldfinch sing,
 And out to the barn to milk your cows,
 But give me the Sulphur Springs.

You can sit in your seat and cut your grain,
 You can laugh at the old time things ;
 Put on your straw hat and crack your whip,
 But give me the Sulphur Springs.

You may spin your bicycle over the roads.
 Stop at the farm house and sing—
 Make love to the pretty Canadian girls ;
 But give me the Sulphur Springs.

You can pick your berries and send them to town ;
 Sit in the garden and sing ;
 And wait for the cash they will bring you home,
 But give me the Sulphur Springs.

You can take the Incline to Beckett's Drive,
 And listen to the blue jay sing ;
 You can gather the bullrushes high in your arms ;
 But give me the Sulphur Springs.

Professor Gant can fly his kites with four miles of
 string,
 "Sunbeam" and "Friendship" may soar high above
 the old Point Hill ;
 The girls and boys may clap their hands ;
 But give me the Sulphur Springs.

When the Toronto. Hamilton & B. comes through,
 With a happy, joyful ring,
 We'll don our hats—sunbonnets, too,
 And we'll away to the Sulphur Springs.