

THRESHING

TIME



I. Oh! the merry, merry threshers once a year must come and go;
All the pretty maids in ribbons their approach will herald so;
The hardest now is over, the grain is gathered in,
And soon the garnered fructage will fill the empty bin.

II.

Oh! the merry, merry threshers are a healthy, sturdy lot;
Oh! the pretty maids in ribbons that can weave a Cupid's knot;
Oh! the pies and cakes and puddings, the everything that's good, —
These pretty maids are artists when it comes to drink and food.

III.

Tho' they may not play sonatas, or trill a love-sick song,
They can trip it with a thresher when the working day is gone;
The music they all love is the hum of the machine,
And the rousing, rolling voices of the threshers strong, I ween.

IV.

There's Janet, Meg, and Mary, with their hair all crimped and curled;
A thresher's weak as any when such charms at him are hurled.
Now, Mary's eyes are blue, there's a rose upon each cheek;
Meg's eyes are grey and downcast, and her voice is soft and meek.

V.

Yet, she's saucy, is our Meg, and I wouldn't trust her far;
But such sly arts are graces, and graces never mar!
Black as night are handsome Janet's, with the moonlight's softening ray,
And she knows well how to use them in a killing sort of way!

VI.

Oh! the merry, merry threshers once a year must come and go;
Oh! the pies and cakes and puddings their approach will herald so;
Oh! the sly and saucy maidens, pretty tricks and ways they feign,
All to win Love's golden harvest with the threshing of the grain.

MAUD TISDALE.

