



5.—Peace and Plenty.

Peace and plenty in our dwelling,
Beef and biscuit in our store,
Oatmeal, all oatmeal excelling,
Where's the wretch would ask for more !
Let him go and live at Pratt's-es,
Roost a while with Dugald Brown,
Where mammas with noisy bratses,
Long to pack their traps for town.
Hip ! Hurrah ! for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah !

Let them talk of bleak Cacouna,
Or of "loathsome" Tadousac :
Rather would I sail a schooner
Up the Petitcodiac.
Fashion's weary sons and daughters,
Hither haste ere summer's gone,
Harder rocks and softer waters,
Ne'er were sailed or sat upon.
Then hurrah for old Muskoka,
For fair Joseph's Isles, hurrah !