

And we haven't once forgotten
 Our good friend, old Mrs. Cotton,
 We hear her raise the tune when
 in the church;
 Treble, alto, tenor, bass—
 She could take a strong man's place—
 Her music had no jerkiness nor
 lurch.

Mrs. Ashwell we discover
 To the valley with her lover
 Came about the year of eighteen-
 sixty-eight;
 Of Old England she's a native—
 That's why she's appreciative—
 Though aged she is by no means
 out of date.

Now we come to Mrs. Ryder
 And her John who likes his cider,
 She's fresh as ever, looking just
 like new;
 John at one time was a freighter,
 And there wasn't any greater
 Of the men who drove their teams
 to Cariboo.

Just a moment now we'll wander
 Down to Upper Sumas yonder,
 And see our good, kind friend,
 old Mrs. York;
 Of all the Fraser ladies,
 Whether Susans, Janes or Sadies,
 She was first to have a visit from
 the stork.