

This wood of Spruce, which rises to the sky,  
 The fish'ry's future Shipping will supply.  
 Some fell the Trees, and some saw out the Stock,  
 Whilst others form the Vessel in the Dock.  
 In these Employments Winter's pass'd away ;  
 No change is found, till near the approach of May.  
 Returning small Birds then the Country fill,  
 And Cock-grouse chatter on each barren Hill.  
 The Ice parts from the Shore, and now the Ducks  
 Their Northward course beat back in num'rous flocks.  
 Deer in small Herds the same route bend their way ;  
 Affording pastime for your Gun each day.  
 All Animals their Winter-quarters leave,  
 And Ocean, now awake, begins to heave.  
 Ice rotten grown, in ev'ry Lake you'll see,  
 And swelling Rivers, from their Bonds set free.

The