

The fowler too, finds grand employ,  
No tax to mutilate his joy :  
Free for peasant, as a king,  
To shoot at fowl of ev'ry wing.

Wild geese and ducks, with dippers rare,  
And birds that wing the woodland air ;  
Wild pigeons, plover, snipes abound,  
And partridges the country round,  
Of taste most pure for sav'ry use,  
Larger than Europe can produce ;  
Sweet robins and the snow-bird prime,  
Peculiar to our favor'd clime ;  
But, if to sport you have no call,  
The Indians shoot and sell them all.

Wild berries, delicate and good,  
Grow where the sun peeps through the wood ;  
Immeasurable heaps appear,  
Of such as grace our gardens here.

The apple, plumb, and goodly pear,  
And cider pure, the farms prepare ;  
The full round grain, man's heart to cheer,  
With bread of life, and cordial beer ;  
Here European merchants dwell,  
And almost cheap as London sell ;  
Cape Breton's subterraneous fields  
For fuel, sooty mineral yields ;