

For on *his* courage I relied.
 Bears, wolves and foxes, dreadful foes,
 In my imagination rose,
 And all the formidable train
 Terror could picture on my brain.
 When'er I heard the bushes crack
 I thought them bouncing on my back,
 And twitch'd about my head to see
 What monster was attacking me !
 But ah ! how would my bounding heart
 Within my bursting jacket start,
 When thro the opening trees I saw
 The fields, the house, the barn and a'
 Then courage kindled in my breast,
 And boldly I defied the beast
 That howled so hideous in my rear,
 And made my body quake with fear.
 Around the evening fire I'd tell
 Of the terrific, frightful yell,
 And having *just escap'd* the claw
 Of monster that I never saw.
 My listening brothers gather'd near,
 Intent my every word to hear,
 Believed the stories that I told,
 And wondered *how I was so bold*.

But now I see the fields arise
 And greet my long desiring eyes—
 My fathers's fields—where early day,
 My boyish years I pass'd away.
 There stand, deep rooted in the soil
 The stumps, memorials of my toil :—
 There have I swung the axe around
 And fell'd the tall trees to the ground,
 And listened to the echoing roar,
 The fields resounding o'er and o'er :
 There have I often held the plow,
 And mark'd the field with furrows thro' :—
 And here my father once did crack
 The oxgoad smartly round my back,
 Because I did refuse to do
 What he was pleased to bid me to,
 There oft, beneath that plumb tree's shade,
 I've loll'd a summer's day and play'd—
 Or early at the rising morn
 I've scar'd the black-birds from the corn,
 Arm'd with a sling, and nimbly thrown
 Amidst their flocks the whizzing stone,