

Farm chickens, should an hawk appear,
Will to the old hen cling,
And in a moment will be clear
Beneath her outspread, sheltering wing.

Sportsmen hunt the wild game,
The partridge, chicken, and duck;
In a thicket, bush or stream,
Bring down a fawn, doe or buck.

Upon the bridge, or river bank,
Anglers cast the hook and line,
Waiting anxious, for a pull or bite,
In golden hours of summer time.

Along a creek, or babbling brook
School boys cast their net and snare
Secures a fish, within the loop
Before the darting shoal's aware.

Soon comes the season for the haying,
Mowers hum, the farmer's busy time;
Roaming the fields, are youngsters playing,
Making the most, of the western clime.

Grain fields are laden, tall and waving
Tinted o'er with a golden hue,
The mustard weed and thistle shaking,
Is common here, in this country new.

Through harvest time, crows and blackbirds
O'er grain stacks take their flight,
Flocking on a field of grain,
On some corn stacks will alight.

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