

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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