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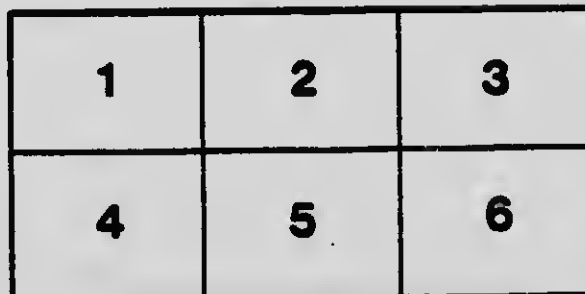
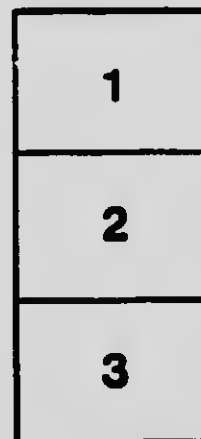
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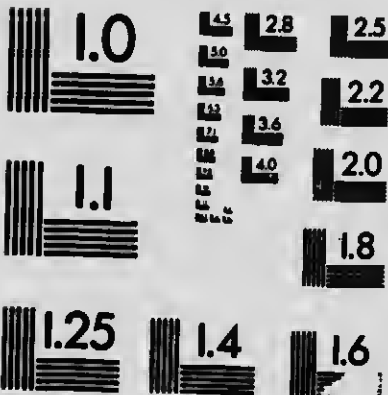
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*Rhymes from  
the farm.*

**Rhymes  
From The Farm**

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**DAUPHIN**  
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**Xmas 1909**

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1909

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## THE MAN BEHIND THE SEEDER.

The spring wind is a blowin'  
And the fields is dryin' fast;  
The seed grain's cleaned and ready  
And its seedin' time at last.  
So hump yerselves, you farm hands,  
Ain't no more time to rest;  
Fer the man behind the seeder,  
Is the boy that rules the West.

Yes, the spring's been rather backward,  
But it ain't no odds, nohow;  
Fer we did so much fall plowin'  
Ther ain't nothin' left to plow.  
Jest git hoisy with the harrow,  
Git the seeder down to biz,  
And the grain'll be a sproutin'  
'Fore a man knows wher' he is.

Yes, the spring wind is a blowin'  
And the ground is dryin' fast;  
Feels like spring, 'tis spring I'm thinking;  
Heard the wild geese honkin' past  
Late last night; and saw a robin  
Sittin' on a tree to-day,  
Lookin' kindo coid and chilliy,  
But as if he'd come to stay.

And the ice in the Vermillion  
Is agoin' out, they say;  
And you'll see the jackfish comin'  
Up the stream most any day.  
So boys; jest git yer spears out,  
For we're gittin' tired of meat,  
And I think a Jackfish dinner  
Would be somethin' of a treat.

Its agin the law to spear 'em  
So you want ter cut and run,  
Ef you see the fish inspector  
Acomin' with a gun;  
But I shooldn't be a mite surprised,  
Ef he should take a crack  
At them; hisself, jest on the sly,  
Ef you shud turn yer back.

Well, I gotter git aworkin;  
Ain't no joke, 'long seedin' time,  
'Pears to me, to be a farmer.  
Guess the crops this year'll be prime;  
L' stways everbody's sayin'  
Inderestions point that way;  
"Sore to be a humper harvest"  
All the Western papers say.



So jest himp yerselves, you farm hands,  
For the fields is dryin' fast;  
The seed grain's cleaned and ready,  
And its seedin' time at last,  
When the spring wind starts a blowin'  
Ain't no more time for rest,  
For the man behind the seeder  
Is the boy that rules the West.

### A COUNTRY ROAD

Oh! a country road, on a bright spring day,  
When the sun shines bright with the cheer of May  
Is a charming place to walk,  
And if on the road there's a country maid,  
With a sunbonnet pink and manner staid,  
There are chances, too, for a talk

I wandered down thro' n rural lane,  
And smiled, thut my quest was not in vain,  
For I spied n bonnet gay  
Thro' the budding trees, (thut, hanging down  
O'er arched the road with branches brown)  
And I hastened on my way.

I caught the lass at a rustic stlie,  
And asked with my finest bow and smile,  
"Oh! whither awsy, fair maid?"  
She paused, and on the stlie sat down,  
And I bejng wise, tho' I llyed in town  
Feared not her manner staid.

So I boldly sat down, close at hand  
And wishing, as you will understand,  
To put her quite at ease,  
I spoke of the crops on her father's farm,  
(Adaptability's always n charm,  
And also I love to tease)

"And how is the wheat?" I guily asked,  
"Is it up?" And I thought I had her tasked;  
But she npswared quick as thought  
"Oh! yes, one field's as green as green,  
Four inches high, the best I've seen"  
But I knew I had her caught.

"Why I was all round past your place,  
And of green grain, saw not a trace;  
You surely joke," said I.  
"But down beyond, I saw n field  
Thut surely means an early yeild,  
"Twas quite six inches high."

"And did you cross a rustic bridge?  
 Go thro' a hollow, and scale a ridge?"  
 She cried, and I said I had.  
 "Why that's our boundary field," said she,  
 "And that's the wheat I meant you see,"  
 And alas, 'twas I looked sad.  
 They're great deceivers dan't you think,  
 With their manners staid, and sunbonnets pink,  
 These maids of rural mode.  
 Yet the month being sentimental June,  
 I think I'll go and view the moon  
 From that same country road.

### THE ROAD THROUGH THE MARSH.

Along the lone pathway that leads through the marsh,  
 I carelessly wandered one evening in May;  
 A great crimson hail, on the western horizon  
 The sun hung, proclaiming the close of the day.  
 From the depths of the dark pools, and up through the  
 brushwood,  
 The golden marsh marigolds lifted their heads  
 And shy little violet faces were peeping  
 From green ferny nooks, where no foot ever treads.  
 When the sun had descended below the horizon,  
 And gathering shadows of twilight closed in,  
 The fireflies their glittering lanterns all lighted,  
 And signalled the frog orchestra to begin.  
 And then on that evening air rose a trilling,  
 A croaking and shrilling, so strident and harsh {ing,  
 And the sound seemed so weird, in the dim lonesome gloam-  
 I fled up the pathway that leads from the marsh.

### DAUPHIN MUD.

I will sing a song of mud  
 Dauphin mud:  
 Does not the very mention  
 Bring of memories a flood?  
 Memories of mud so dire,  
 Which the meekest heart, with ire  
 Would inspire  
 Of the countless times we've puddled  
 Or more cautiously have waddled  
 Through the mire  
 Thro' the mud, mud, mud, mud  
 Mud, mud, mud.  
 Thro' the silmy, sloppy, slippery  
 Dauphin mud

If ahroad we're forced to wander  
In the mud;  
We sally forth in terror  
And in terror homeward scud,  
Lest we're planted with a thud,  
In the slippery Dauphin mud  
What a sight;  
With the people looking out  
From the windows all about,  
At our plight;—  
While we flounder in the mud, mud,  
Mud, mud, mud,  
In the dirty, sticky, greasy,  
Dauphin mud.

The time that we're most pestered  
With the mud,  
Is early in the springtime  
Ere the trees are out in bud.  
But a trifling summer shower  
Will reduce us in an hour  
To despair.  
Oh! that some smart Dauphin man  
Would invent a lasting plan  
Of repair,—  
And deliver us forever from 'he  
Mud, mud, mud,  
From the slimy, sloppy, slippery  
Dauphin mud.

#### UNDER THE HAWTHORN TREE.

"Twas on a bright October day,  
The weather was divine;  
"Now, if we went for ferns to-day  
It would be quite in line."  
"Twas Etta spoke, and Jack looked up,  
"I'm with you Ett," cried he,  
"Because, perhaps we'll find some haws,  
Upon the hawthorn tree."  
"Now that's just like a man, I vow"  
In high disdain, cried Fan,  
"His constant cry is 'what's to eat?  
Avaunt, ye sordid man!  
A girl in woodland ways, will all  
The wildwood beauties see,  
But man—he only sees the haws  
Upon the hawthorn tree."

Then Peter (he rushed Ett just then)  
Said in his drawling way  
"Well I don't care if I come too—  
That's if you say I may."  
They said, of course, he knew they would;  
And all four, merrily  
Went off in search of ferns, and soon  
They reached the hawthorn tree.

Pete threw him down beneath its shade  
No further would he go;  
He's easily tired—I've wheeled with him  
And so of course I know.  
Said Ett, "Say Fan, where are the ferns?"  
Quoth Fan, "Oh! don't ask me."  
They looked for ferns for two whole hours,  
Under the hawthorn tree.

And when they wandered slowly home,  
We stared, surprised because  
The only thing they carried, was  
A fern bowl full of haws.  
They gave us some and we inquired,  
"What kind of ferns are these?"  
Jack said "These are the only kind  
That grow on hawthorn trees."  
'Twas thus he gave the snap away,  
We tumbled, on the spot;  
I guess he's sorry that he spoke  
We've let them have it hot,  
We do not know the facts, of course;  
But know the hunch, you see,  
And we'll bet the birds some spooning saw  
Under the hawthorn tree.

#### THE FIRST COLD SNAP.

When the first snow-flakes start comin'  
And the wind's ahowlin' roun':  
When Jack Frost starts his prowlin',  
And the taters in the groun'  
(What you ain't got in) are freezin';  
'Long hout then a farmer chap  
Feels he's got some kick acomin'  
At the first cold snap.

When the plow is lyin' idle  
And the horses in the barn  
Are eatin' of their heads off,  
Like they didn't give a darn,  
Say! I'd like to be a kickin'  
Of that pesky Foster chap;  
Ascending 'long ahead o'time  
This first cold snap.

When the toot toot of the thresher,  
 Which we've heard all round about,  
 Seems ter stop all of a sudden;  
 And the threshin' gang's let out,  
 And it seems we've sure struck winter;  
 'Long 'bout then the threshin' chap  
 Feels that he's been treated shabby  
 By this first cold snap.  
 But on these same chillly even 's,  
 When the fire's aroarin' loud  
 Up the chimney, and the family  
 Likes aronn' the stove ter crow,  
 And you got some pop corn poppin':  
 'Long 'bout then the farmer chap;  
 Finds some sort of compensation  
 Fer the first cold snap

#### THANKSGIVIN' ON THE FARM.

You ken talk about yer villege an'  
 Yer city an' yer town;  
 About the great advantages  
 They hev the whole year roun'  
 But 'loog about Thanksgiving time  
 They seem to loose their charm;  
 Say, now! confess you'd ruther spend  
 Thanksgiving on the farm.  
 Especially when, like this past year,  
 The crops is somethin' grand:  
 An' all the roots we've gathered in  
 The finest in the land;  
 An' then the long fine fall should sure  
 The grouchlest disarm,  
 And wake him keen to celebrate  
 Thanksgiving on the farm.  
 Say! don't ye like the smell o' goose,  
 A sizzling in the pan?  
 An' apple sauce an' punkin pies  
 Ain't very hard to stan'  
 An' yet eat any other place  
 They ain't just got the charm,  
 That seems to hang 'round cookin', served  
 Thanksgiving on the farm.  
 An' then when eatin's over with  
 You city folks is fahn  
 To wander off to concerts in  
 A mizzlin' drizzlin' rain;  
 While we draw up aronn' the fire,  
 So nice an' snug un' warm,  
 A swappin' yarns to celebrate  
 Thanksgiving on the farm.

## TWILIGHT.

Wandering wearily, aimlessly, drearily,  
One winter eve, as the twilight grew chill  
I, in the gathering gloom, saw the dark pine trees loom  
Black 'gainst the sky, on the brow of the hill.  
As towards them, carelessly, slowly and cheerlessly  
Through the dim evening, my footsteps I bent,  
I fell to envying those who'd ceased journeying  
And 'neath the shroud of snow, slumbered content  
Soon in the dimnet, still, there on the lonely hill  
Pausing, the land all around, I surveyed  
For when last roaming, I passed in the gloaming, by,  
Warm tints of Autumn, the bright land arrayed.  
Then, on this hill-top, bleak, zephyrs played hide and seek'  
Through the green pines, and amid the graves stole  
Now, in the graveyard drear, all those who rested there  
Slept 'neath the sound of the wind's mournful howl.  
Silently pondering, I lingered, wondering  
If those departed ones under the snow  
Were not much happier than we who suffer here  
Misunderstanding wherever we go.  
Racked by grim doubts of those, whom as our friends we  
Sadly we wear our existence away [chore  
Grievous unhappiness, bitterest loneliness  
Dogging our footsteps as day follows day.  
E'en as I envied those, by the cold earth enclosed,  
Some of their peace through the dusk came to me  
Borne through the evening lone, by the weird pine trees'  
Causing my late morbid fancies, to flee. [moan  
Then with a quiet mind, I left the hill behind  
Where doleful pine trees eternally sigh  
And as, less discontent, back to my life, I went  
Night's mantle dropped from the leaden grey sky.

## WHEN SNOWFLAKES FALL.

When harsh King Winter, sweeping down  
On the wings of the wind, from the frozen north,  
With glittering legions of ice, and snow,  
Drives mournful Autumn, shivering, forth;  
Then woe, woe, on my soul descends,  
For I love him not, and would if I might,  
Unloose the shackles that bind me here,  
And follow the birds in their southward flight.

Ah me! I am here to stay, and soon  
The wind blows, chill, from the cold north east,  
And the mercury drops so low, so low  
Scant comfort, indeed, has man or beast,  
And then, when my patience is almost spent,  
(Tis Manitoha's own fickle way)  
I arise some morning, and find installed  
An absolute gem of a winter day.

My day of days, in the winter time,  
Is a dull soft day, when snowflakes drift  
Not eddying, wild, at the winds free will,  
But gently down through the mild air sift.  
And whenever the cold King's hard old heart,  
Is moved to grant me a day so fair;  
I hie me forth to the silent woods,  
Down the woodland path, through the still pure air.

Down the woodland path, where stately trees,  
Form on either hand, so tall and brown,  
A background, dim, of sombre hue.  
To feathery snowflakes fluttering down,  
Just pausing to rest on the gnarled old oaks  
Or the maple boughs, till Earth's eerie lure,  
Bids them to blend with their star-like mates  
And weave for my pathway, a carpet, pure.

In deep mid-woods, is an open glade  
Where I linger, to rest, on a fallen tree,  
And the joy of living enters my soul  
In this fair white world, which holds only me.  
Beyond the trees there's a town, perhaps,  
But here I'm alone 'neath the soft grey sky,  
Save a twittering snow-bird overhead,  
Or a snow-white rabbit scurrying by.

Beyond the trees there's a town, may be  
With hurrying mortals, too intent  
On business, or household cares, to know  
That a fairy day has to them been sent.  
Insensate? perhaps, yet I so hest,  
A sigh for their loss, can surely spare,  
When even King Winter's hard old heart  
Has softened, to grant me a day so fair.

Dear day of days, if you could but stay  
With your crystal flakes, and your soft grey sky,  
But ah! in the air there's a twilight chill,  
A hint that the hours are passing by.  
And as up the woodland path I stroll,  
Through the falling snow, to the haunts of men,  
A prayer from the depths of my heart, I breathe,  
"Dear snowy day, come soon again."

## THE SHORT OUT.

Muskoka Lake lay glittering in the sun  
A sheer expanse of smooth and glassy ice.  
One, gazing, felt the frost had nobly done  
It's part in aiding nature's artifice,  
Along the shore and far back in the woods,  
Within the lumber camps, were men at toil  
Felling the giants of the drear hackwoods,  
Where Indians, once, roamed, monarchs of the soil.

The young time-keeper stood upon the bank,  
And laughed at the advice of woodsmen, old,  
"If you go, lad, you'll have yourself to thank,  
For we're afeared, young man, the ice won't hold;  
This sunny spell most like, has left it's mark".  
But stubbornly the boy still shook his head  
"I'll lose my job if I'm not there by dark,  
I'm one day late with my reports;" he said.

So off he started 'cross the slippery sheet.  
Twilight, descending, found him almost o'er,  
But then—oh! horror!—underneath his feet,  
An ominous sound of cracking—then a roar—  
"Heipi heipi oh! help!" his cries, the cruel waves drown,  
Oh! God above, is no one near to save?"  
The dark, cold, chilling waters drag him down,  
Down, down, into an icy dreadful grave.

When April came, and with increasing heat,  
Old Sol shone down upon the frozen land,  
King Winter needs must heat a quick retreat  
With all his allies grim—Jack Frost's chill hand.  
And when the ice broke up, that held the lake  
Captive, through all King Winter's dreary reign,  
The waves, beginning on the shores to break,  
Their liststarred human prey, cast up again.



