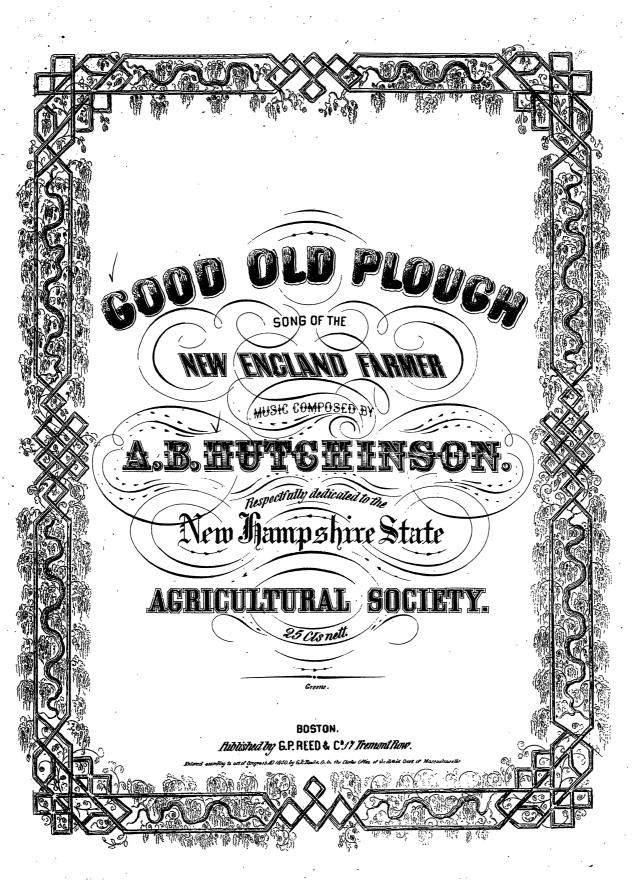
Deposited Oct. 30.1850 Recorded Vol. 25, Page 477, 115



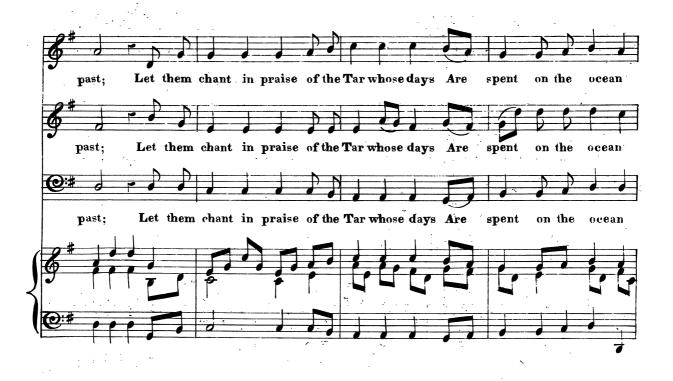
FARMER

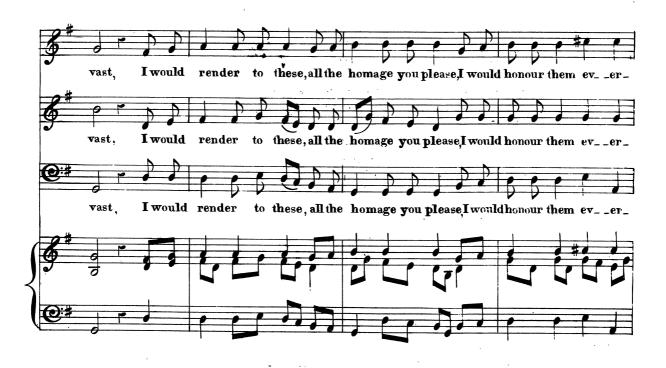
Respectfully Dedicated

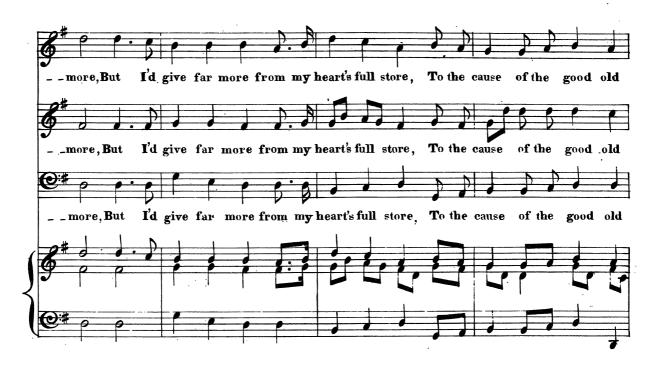
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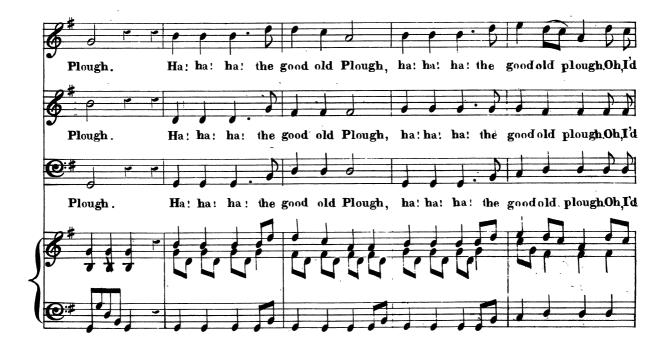
New Hampshire State Agricultural Society















Let them lend the notes that in music floats,

Through their bright, and their glittering halls,
While the amorous twirl of the hair's bright curl,
'Round the shoulder of beauty falls.'
Yet, dearer to me is the song from the tree,
And the rich and the blossoming bough!
Oh! these are the sweets, which the rustic greets,
As he follows the good old Plough!

3

Full many there be, whom we daily see,
With a selfish and hollow pride,
Who the ploughman's lot, in his humble cot,
With a scornful look, deride.

Yet, I'd rather take, __aye! a hearty shake,
From his hand, than to wealth I'd bow: __
For the honest grasp, of that hands rough clasp,
Has stood by the good old Plough!

4

All honour be then, to these grey old men,
When at last they are lower'd by toil;
Their warfare then o'er, why, they battle no more,
For they've conquered the stubborn soil
And the chaplet each wears, are his silver hairs,
And ne'er shall the victor's brow,
With a laurel crown, to the grave go down,
Like these sons of the good old Plough!