

Dave Cameron, the Scot
Chewed tobacco a bit;
Though chewing for years,
He never did spit.

John Wallace, the Irish,
For high land he sought;
And when he had cleared,
Found stones he had bought.

Noah Cotton, Joe Langman,
Sawmillers, indeed;
With lumber and shingles,
Filled every need.

John Anderson, the Songster,
Knox singing did lead;
For many long years
Like a steady old steed.

Robert Minty, the notes
Could read from the book;
And when John was awa'
The Precenter's stand took.

Joe Locke may have been Irish,
He may have been Scot;
By dint of hard work
A good living he got.

Walter Hunter, the cobbler,
Made shoes big and small;
Also farmed for a living,
As did they all.

Thomas Lawson, the Squire,
The servant of law,
Served up the doses
To fit needs as he saw.

Bob Storey, "Be Garry"
He had a sore titch;
Through the midst of his farm
Ran Little John's ditch.

Bob Porter, the teacher,
For honors did run;
He raised a large family
All full of fun.