

SIGHS IN THE CITY.

WEARILY my days are past ;
For my heavy lot is cast
In the crowded city vast.

How my spirit longs to be
From this dreary prison free—
Oh, the laughing meads for me !

Oh ! to follow the cuckoo,
While the glades are drapt wi' dew,
And the lark is in the blue !

Oh, to tread the flowery sod,
Free from all this heavy load—
One with Nature and with God !

Spring is forth with joyous air,
Strewing gems so rich and rare,
Showering gowans everywhere.

I will go where'er she goes,
Pausing often where she throws
The vi'let, and the red, red rose.

And we'll seek the glades of green,
Where the honeysuckles lean,
And the bluwarts ope their een ;

Where the auld witch hazels hing,
And the woodbines creep and cling,
Round about the lonely spring ;