

GREETING TO THE WILDERNESS

AWEARY of the world of books and men,
With joy I greet the Wilderness again.

These woods, these rocks, these lakes and rivers clear,
They waited for me all the tedious year.

They know no change, these old, old friends of mine;
They flourish in immortal youth divine.

We come and go—our life a little span,
But they were here when first the world began.

Our restless days, our nights of troubled sleep—
Contrast them with their joy and stillness deep.

They give to all who seek their healing balm
Their strength, their freedom, their unbounded calm.

Oh friends of mine, I greet you once again
Let me forget the world of books and men.