

## GLEN-EERIE.

I've a little log cabin at Glen-Eerie,  
And its measurements are only twelve by ten;  
When of town's folks and town's ways I grow weary,  
Then I hie me away to the Glen.

For I'm happy when I'm there,  
Free from all the world's care,  
With nothing to disturb Nature's repose;  
I am monarch of the dell,  
Where Queen Nature loves to dwell,  
I'm happy there and free from all my woes.

Of the world and its ways I am weary,  
I am tired of its mockery and sham;  
But when I rusticate at Glen-Eerie  
I'm free from the hypocrisies of man.

I have proved a smiling face doth often cover  
A heart full of deceit and wicked guile;  
But around me at the "Glen" there seems to hover  
The beaming face of Nature and her smile.

The plaudits of the world are all hollow,  
Friendship is but a dictionary name;  
Affection ne'er lasts longer than the morrow,  
But Nature at the "Glen" is aye the same.