

## The Call of the Woods

♫ HERE'S a murmuring in the trees,  
And a sighing of the breeze,  
There's a calling from the robins on the hill :  
And it fills my heart with pain  
And a longing —that is vain—  
To be up and out awand'ring at my will.

There are wild flowers everywhere  
Shedding fragrance on the air,  
The butterflies are hurrying to and fro.  
The squirrels and the bees  
Are as busy as you please,  
Up there among the hills where I would go.

For it's there that one can rest,  
Lying close to Nature's breast.  
And the breeze's lullaby is low and sweet :  
So I turn my longing eyes  
Where the stately mountains rise,  
And the wooded hills are nestling at their feet.

