

THE ROVER'S SONG

The right to live in the open air,
To gaze on the turquoise sky,
The rain, the dew, and the sun to share
With wood-creatures dumb and shy.

The gipsy passion is in my blood,
The passion for chance and change,
And though I encounter hail and flood,
Afar, afar I must range.

And so to the sun I turn my face,
With the wild wind for my guide;
Happy and hopeful, rapid of pace,
To traverse the whole world wide.