

NATURE STUDY LESSONS



THE CALL OF THE WILD

The call of the wild hath charm for me
'Mid green woods, bright flowers alone and free,
Over the hills across the green lea,
I wander in dream as it used to be.

The call of the wild comes back to me
In the office or shop, where ere I be,
Through the mist of years the past I see
As real in dream as it used to be.

The call of the wild, my boyhood free,
The song of the bird, the hum of the bee,
My dog and gun, sweet mem'ries to me,
A dream I love of the used to be.

REFRAIN.

The song of the bird, the hum of the bee,
Flowers are shedding their beauty for me;
Scenes of the wildwood, a life ever free,
My heart in its dream is longing for thee.

J. E. WAILL.