

TURNED LOOSE.

THE wild birds are singing in the willows by
the hills,
And the horses' hoofs are ringing on the plain;
The range calves are calling to their mothers by
the creeks,
And the cows are answering back to them
again.

We left the town behind us in the cut-banks far
below,
Where for months we had been tied to city life.
We've pulled the halters off us, and turned us
loose for home,
Far away from all the city's care and strife.

The waters sparkle in the creeks, the river's run-
ning high;
Above the sky is shining brightest blue;
The flowers are all in blossom, the trees are all
in leaf,
And all the sounds of Nature's calling you.