

## THE ROVER'S SONG

I set my face to the rising sun,  
And own the wind my master,  
I follow the track of sunbeams spun  
With footsteps fast and faster.

I leave behind me the city streets  
And the city sights and sounds;  
I go in search of freedom's sweets,  
And the life unvexed by bounds.

I shall be friend to the wilding birds,  
Warden of spruce and the pine,  
Interpreter of the water's words,  
Support for the trailing vine.

A rover am I till life is spent,  
And never will I return  
To the narrow walls, where hotly pent,  
I have panted and craved to earn