

GIVE ME THE HUES OF THE DAWN

Give me the hues of the dawn,
The voice of the hermit thrush,
The wind that drifts like a swan,
And waters that wildly rush,

The nearness of virile pine,
The whisper of poplar leaves,
The valleys where sun doth shine,
And naught but the rain bereaves.

And I will cheerfully turn
From all that the city holds,
Its gauds, its gold I will spurn,
For the wide unbroken wolds.

My soul shall breathe and expand,
My heart shall lighten and leap;
I will be one with the land
And its friendship I will keep.