

Where the birds are blithe aboon,
And the laughing runnels rin
Onward in their merry din,

Treading paths the wild bee knows;
Where the grass the greenest grows,
In the haunts of the primrose.

Where the foxglove, fair and tall,
Leans against the rocky wall,
List'ning to the waterfall;

Where the bonnie hawthorn hings,
And the wee gray lintie sings
Of unutterable things:

And half hidden by the weeds,
Bonnie bluebells hing their heads,
Drapt wi' dew, like siller beads.

And the lily, meek and mild,
Blooming in the lonely wild,
That I lov'd so when a child!

Little wildlings, pure and bright,
Still, as to my childhood's sight,
Ye're a rapture, a delight!

Far from those who buy and sell,
I will seek the quiet dell—
Lone'y ones with you to dwell!

Where no worldling soils the sod,
I'll live in your green abode,
One with Nature and with God.