

LONGINGS IN LONDON.

Y soul is sick of those miles of brick,
I'm weary of "London Town ;"
I long to flee from this dismal sea,
And to Scotland hurry down.
I'm weary of smoke, and pale faced folk,
And I long to flee away ;
I long to breathe on the mountain heath,
As a school-boy longs for play.

I'm sick of routine, I would change the scene,
O ! give me the life that thrills ;
Exchange dead books, for the living brooks,
And the joy of the savage hills.
O ! set me free, and away I'll flee
With the live things of the rocks,
And be as of old, a hunter bold,
In the land of herds and flocks.

O ! for the joy without alloy
'Mong the hills of Highland Dee,
Where torrents roar, and the eagles soar,
And the stag is bounding free.
O ! for the test, on the heather bent,
And the hardy Highland fare ;
And the wild halloo' of our jovial crew,
In our short relief from care.

O ! for the flock at rest by the rock,
Each stag with his lordly crown ;
How still they lie, 'neath the bending sky,
And the great hills looking down.