

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 delf—  
Lonely ones with you to dwell !

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