



ROAMIN'

*I long to roam through the country side  
When the leaves come a tumblin' down,  
And the Master Designer has beautified  
His woods in a dazzlin' gown  
The shellbark is stained in a golden hue,  
The maple's a mantle of red.  
The glories of nature are on review  
In the colors of leaves oer head.  
The woodlot at dawn is shrouded in fog.  
A spider's web's pearly with dew.  
I'll sit on an ancient and mossy log,  
And revive my soul with the view.  
I'll walk with Him in the woodland  
Far from the clattering mills.  
Away from the world and its contraband  
I'll find...myself...in the hills.*

*David B. Bates*