

## 16 A COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME

(Contained within the short story, "Mary Erving; or, The Country Cousin.")  
(Carl Cantab)

I do not love the crowded street,  
With all its varied show,  
Through which a sea of human forms  
Keeps heaving to and fro.  
My spirit yearns for fairer scenes,  
For bird, and flower and tree I cannot bid,  
farewell to these;  
A country life for me !

The bird has sought his last year's nest,  
Within the fairy dell;  
The squirrel in the greenwood hides --  
His haunts I know full well;  
Along the meadows flower-bestrown,  
I hear the humming bee I  
I cannot live apart from these;  
A country life for me !

'Twas there I roamed, in years gone by,  
With careless step and fleet,  
And scarcely deigned to pluck the flowers  
That blossomed, at my feet.  
Oh, golden time of childhood's prime,  
When life was blithe and free,  
Thy memory lingers in my heart;  
A country life for me !

I love to climb the steep hill-side,  
And catch the sun's first glow,  
When, rising from his watery couch,  
He gilds the waves below.  
My spirit yearns for fairer scenes,  
For bird, and flower, and tree;  
I cannot live apart from these;  
A country life for me !

### Sources:

True Flag, July 16, 1853.

Newsboy, July-August, 1985.