

FREEDOM.

O weary the ways of the city,
Heart-weary her children be,
But my heart is far in a gentle land
That waits by the lonely sea,
And the music of rushing waters,
Comes over the world to me.

I see wide waters shining,
'Neath the wonder of sunset skies,
While across the hush of the moorland
A lonely sea bird cries,
And, faint in the deepening Heaven,
The tender stars arise.

I am held by the careworn city,
Must tread her noisy way,
But I smile, for my heart is singing
Where the winds and the waters play,
And the voice of the strong wind blowing,
Is the song in my heart to-day.

WINIFRED PATTON.
