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CALL OF THE WOODS

By Allen F. Brewer

Call of the woods, I love you
When the gray goose spreads its wings
From the sugar brakes
To the northbound lakes,
Where the freshets ripple "Spring."
Aye! Call, and the hills will echo
The messages you bring.

Call of the woods, I hear you,
When the evening shadows creep
Through the timbered glens
To the older fens,
And the pools where the brook trout leap.
Aye! Call, and your song shall hear me,
Afar to a peaceful sleep.

Call of the woods, you lure me
Far from the path of man,
Where the north winds wail
Down the balsam trail,
O'er the home of the forest clan
Aye! Call, and my heart will follow
Your charms where'er I can.

Call of the woods, you grip me,
When the gray wolf leaves his lair
To hunt with pack
Where the red deer track,
As the snow flakes fill the air.
Aye! Call, and the winds shall waft you,
E'en to the Southland fair.