

London Town

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The golden streets of London town,
Their magic calls to me;
Yet what know I of London town—
Between us rides the sea.
The stretches of the prairie sod
Are all my memory knows,
The cool, clean wonder of her moons
Upon her silver snows;
But still the name of London town
Has ever held for me
A strange, unnamed attraction, born
Of charm and mystery.

The olden streets of London town
Are paved with Hist'ry's gold—
Oh, I must go to London town
Soon, soon—before I'm old,
While yet my heart can understand
Romance of other days,
While yet my feet aweary not
In treading unknown ways.
Gay capitals of other lands
May lure with revelry,
But, Oh, it's grey old London town
That holds a call for me.

—WINNIFRED REEVES.