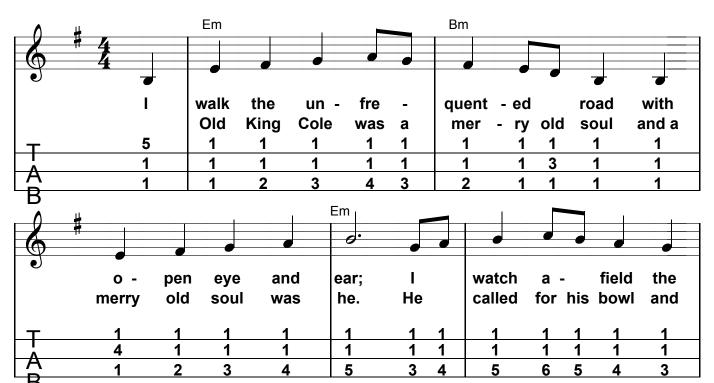
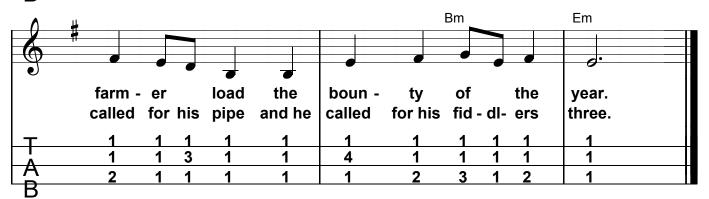
## I Walk the Unfrequented Road

DAD tuning Capo 1 Words: Frederick Lucian Hosmer, 1840-1929 Music: John Wyeth's "Repository of Sacred Music, Part II, 1813





I filch the fruit of no one's toil No trespasser am I And yet I reap from every soil And from the boundless sky.

I gather where I did not sow, And bind the mystic sheaf, The amber air, the river's flow, The rustle of the leaf. A beauty springtime never knew Haunts all the quiet ways, And sweeter shines the landscape through Its veil of autumn haze.

I face the hills, the streams, the wood, And feel with all akin; My heart expands; their fortitude And peace and joy flow in.