

## HUT V. HOTEL

I LOVE the birds that swell  
    Their songs of divers flutes ;  
But I hate the new hotel  
    And all its civilised brutes.

I love the streams that pour  
    With loud melodious throat ;  
But I hate the ill-bred roar  
    Of the evening table d'hôte.

I love the mountains proud  
    That throng on their thrones of snow ;  
But I hate the snobbish crowd  
    That throng in the hold below.

I love in the hut to dwell,  
    With its maze of mountain routes ;  
But I hate the new hotel,  
    And all its civilised brutes.