

## LAC SEUL - LONELY LAKE

**W**HAT lonely Frenchman, all unknown to fame,  
Gave thee, thou many-islanded lake, thy name?

How far he was from home, this wanderer bold  
Who braved the summer's heat, the winter's cold.

On many a devious river he was lost,  
And many a forest-shaded lake he crossed.

But strong of heart, he pressed his northward way  
Unharned, though dangers all about him lay.

Until at last to this fair lake he came  
And wrote his lonely humor in its name.

Perchance, he thought of home and wife and child,  
And then looked out upon the forest wild.

Perchance, the day was drear with leaden skies  
So that the lake seemed sad to his sad eyes.

Perchance, he was alone, none of his race  
With the familiar speech and smiling face.

Perchance, the sight of this far inland sea  
Sent him in thought back to his own countree.