

7.—Song of the Bass.

Over the waters, merrily dancing,
Softly glides our light canoe,
While the phantom mirror, glancing,
Shines alternate white and blue.

CHORUS :—Never can tell when the bass is a-coming,
Never can tell when he's going to bite ;
First thing you know your reel will be humming,
Strike him quickly and hold him tight.

Past the maples red and yellow,
Crimson oak and purple ash—
Gosh ! you've hooked a monstrous fellow !
Golly ! don't you hear him splash ?

Hold him lightly, reel him slowly
If you wish your fish to save ;
Nothing's gained by hurry—Holy
Moses ! what a jump he gave !

Lower your rod ; now take the slack up
Thank your stars you've got him yet !
Now he sticks his thorny back up—
Now you've got him in the net !

In the basket, wrapped in fern, he'll
Lie in state in scaly grace ;
In the pan, when we return, he'll
Find a warmer resting place.