

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

Such the tale, so we find,
Voyageurs love to tell,
Of the flower fair in May,
In every shade and dell.

But came the end at last,
Yes, came the end at last,
The swamp was fresh and dry,
The river's banks were pure;
No rain was in the sky,
Then came the healthy cure;
No wailings for the dead,
No watchings through the night;
The snake its skin had shed,
The crow had taken flight.

There was the lover true,
Dark-skinned, but yet was true,
Who mourned Grace years in vain;
With his keen eagle sight,
His prowess brought him gain,
But no balm for his plight;
Till in a happy whirl,
In the old Hunting-Grounds,
He joined his queenly girl;
The Maples on their mounds.