

Each douce an' bonny leddy fair
 'Ill wark like ony bee,
Tae win yir siller at the ha'
 An' cook the curlers' tea!

LOON LAKE

Golden pavements there are none;
 Silver sands, beneath our feet,
In this city of our dreams,
 Echo only cadence sweet
Of the dip of Norah's paddle
 As it dances to her song—
"Daisies, waken! ferns, uncurl!
 Sing and laugh the whole day long!

All the birds and bees that waken
 To the warmth of summer hours,
Tell of laughing waves that sparkle
 Joyous welcome to the flowers.
Twilight with its rosy sunsets
 Dreams of this glad day will bring;
Star anemones will offer
 Praise ineffable of Spring."