

In the lily pads to his very eyes,  
 He bids defiance to gnats and flies.  
 No hunter here to claim the prey,  
 No gun booms out on the drowsy day,  
 For no foot these lonely rocks has trod  
 Save he who bears the tapered rod.  
 The sun sinks low o'er the purple hill,  
 Where the deer and caribou roam at will;  
 And the lake smiles back to the rising moon,  
 While the spirit cry of the ghostly loon  
 Rings on the camper's startled ears,  
 And fills the novice with groundless fears  
 Of that mournful cadence wild and high,  
 As some gruesome fiend's ill omened cry.

Morn's golden hand, with a touch divine,  
 Wakes the silver birch and the gloomy pine,  
 And a chord chimes in with the whispering breeze,  
 As though spirits sang in the swaying trees ;  
 Rousing up in his forest lair  
 To another day the lazy bear,  
 And filling the angler's silent tent  
 With a cure-all for lungs and shoulders bent.

The lake's broad bosom is glancing bright,  
 As the ripples gleam in the golden light;  
 And the speckled beauty leaps bold and high,  
 As the master hand casts the fatal fly ;  
 While the reel shrieks out on the startled air,  
 For strength and science are fighting there  
 A battle royal—he will not yield  
 The struggling fight till he's safely creeled.

By the murmuring shore the light canoe  
 Skims noiseless over the restless blue,