

TO THE LAKES.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

With purple glow at even,
With crimson waves at dawn,
Cool bending blue of heaven
O blue lakes pulsing on ;
Lone haunts of wilding creatures dead to wrong ;
Your trance of mystic beauty
Is wove into my song.

I know no gladder dreaming
In all the haunts of men,
I know no silent seeming
Like to your shore and fen ;
No world of restful beauty like your world
Of curv'd shores and waters,
In sunlight vapours furled.

I pass and repass under
Your depths of peaceful blue,
You dream your wild, hushed wonder
Mine aching heart into,
And all the care and unrest pass away
Like night's grey, haunted shadows
At the red birth of day.

You lie in moon-white splendor
Beneath the northern sky,
Your voices soft and tender
In dream-worlds fade and die,
In whispering beaches, haunted bays and capes,
Where mists of dawn and midnight
Drift past in spectral shapes.

Beside your far north beaches,
Comes late the quickening spring ;
With soft, voluptuous speeches
The summer lingering,
Fans with hot winds your breasts so still and wide,
Where June, with tranced silence,
Drifts over shore and tide.

Beneath great crags, the larches,
By some lone, northern bay,
Bend, as the strong wind marches
Out of the dull, north day,
Horning along the borders of the night.
With ic'd, chopping waters
Out in the shivering light.