

The River Godbout.

Contributed by one of its now oldest Salmon Fishers.

Again on the Godbout's banks we've met
With trusty rod in hand,
And envy not the greatest Prince
Who reigns o'er happiest land.

For here from the world's cares we're free.
Beneath a genial sky,
While under the rippling waters bright
The silvery salmon lie.

Ready to test the utmost skill
Of the lover of angling art,
And give to the startled nerves a thrill
That pulses from the heart.

Then come with me to the "Upper Pool,"
Well known on thy glorious stream,
And prove for thyself, if doubter thou art,
That its treasures are not a dream.

And take thy stand on the "Gravel Bank,"
Where the water glides swiftly by.
And over its surface lightly cast
The tempting "Fairy Fly."

It touches the water,—a moment floats,—
Then quickly disappears ;
With a magic tug ! and the line runs out !
Now Piscator comes thy fears !

Still hope prevails o'er every fear
That the victory will be thine,
Should no mishap occur in the fight
To break thy fragile line.

But a ready hand and watchful eye
Alone will success command,
And bring the gallant, tho' conquered fish,
At last to the Gaffman's hand.

Oft when "Salmo Salar" has seized the lure,
Quickly down in the water he goes ;
But soon discovering the mistake he has made,
He tugs and shakes his nose.