

Lake Superior

ROYAL Superior—greatest—best—
Boundless, nigh, from the East to West;
"Hidden Sea" is the name it flaunts—
Deeper than mystery's deepest haunts;
Ever its billows are rolling o'er
Priceless treasure—a kingly store;
Ever its ceaseless undertow
Summer winds from the meadows blow,
Searching each grove and caverned wall,
Spruces, like sentinels, guard it all.
Beautiful, now, in the noonday sun;
More so, still, when the day is done,
And the shafts, that proclaim the night,
Draw from its breast, the colors bright;
Ever its bosom undulates,
Ever on to the tortuous straights,
Sirenlike is its moaning tide;
Tomb of all who have come—and died;
Merciless, cruel, yet grand, sublime,
Thus will it flow till the end of time;
Would that Nicolet might, once more,
Come from the past to thy smiling shore,
Or, Dulhut see thy troubled brow,
Ah, that thy sponsors might see thee now!