

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

One night this maiden met in glee
Her lover at the lake,
And knew no spice of danger,
Within the tangled brake;
Sweet was the uncouth meeting,
In regions undefiled,
In stranger days and stranger ways,
Abysmal, lone and wild.

As surety to their amours,
Arched low a scented spruce;
The cedars with their welcome
Cast cheery fragrance loose;
The dewy-surpliced welkin
Drooped down with rustling sheen;
And all around the whimsy sound
Gurgled in whistling green.

Nearby in leafy banks agog
Was heard a song-bird's note;
Adrift on murky waters
The water-lilies float;
The spectral lake, relenting,
Toyed with the pliant wind,
For time was sweet like this to meet
Each one to her own kind.