

THE SPIRITS OF THE LAKE

II.

Where the sun touched water shivers
Into silver on the blue,
Where the night is purple beauty
And the dawn brings wonder new,
Where your own lake shines around us
Rippled by the summer air,
You are with us
You are with us,
You who died to keep this fair.

Where the cedar scented sweetness
From Gibraltar's high rock steals
As the idler drifts beneath it
And the cooling shadow feels,
And the afternoon is stillness
Stirring not the lightest breath,
You are with us,
You who dying
Kept this precious in your death.

Round the lake we sailed and paddled
Fished together in deep bays,
Where the circling mountains heat-veiled
Shroud them in a greyish haze,
Where the hills cry out to Heaven
And the waters sing His praise,
All this wonder, all this beauty
Shall stand in the world to be;
You, for countless other children
By your dying
Kept it free.