

A Canadian Lake

Ada S. Walker

Where the surges break, by a lonely lake
 Encircled by living green,
 Where, his thirst to slake, from out of the brake,
 The wild deer glides unseen.

Where on wave-washed sand, twixt water and land
 The sandpiper spends his days,
 Where the beaver band, as with human hand
 Build homes by the quiet bays.

Where echoes around, the booming sound
 Of the bittern's lonely dirge,
 From the far-off bounds, of the marshy ground
 By the water's ceaseless surge.

Where the white swan glides, as the wave he rides,
 Amidst the flashing spray;
 Where the wild duck bides, in the ebbing tides
 Till he wings his southward way.

Where the silvery gleam, of the seagull's wing
 Flash circles of living light—
 Where the grey loons scream, o'er the waters ring
 As he wheels his lonely flight.

Where the breakers roar, twixt the reef and shore
 In measureless monotone—
 By the echoing reach, of the limestone beach
 Where the waters sigh and moan.

Where the emerald sheen, of the trees that lean
 Far over the water's edge—
 In the depths are seen, like a low ravine
 Where sand-willows line the ledge.

Where the seaweed drifts, by the rocky cliffs,
 On waves crested high with foam—
 Where the silvery rifts, of the wind cloud drifts
 Through the blue of Heaven's dome.

It's there I would stray, far, far, and away
 From all human sights and sounds—
 And I'd dream all day, of the Rainbow Way —
 To the Happy Hunting Grounds.

For 'tis only here by that lake so fair
 That the soul finds perfect rest
 In that sweet, pure air, each thought is prayer
 Offered up from Nature's breast.

So there let us go, when from every woe
 Our souls shall desire to part
 Where the breezes blow, and the waters flow
 Near to Nature's inmost heart.

Thus strengthened are we, as we rest by the lea
 In mind, in soul, and in heart,
 More brave and more free from sin we shall be,
 More nobly to play life's part.