

**Kawenodeb.**

Where the zephyrs murmur softly  
Thro' the fragrant balsam trees,  
Where the waves come drifting, drifting,  
Till upon the shore they break,  
Where the sunlight, glancing ardent  
Thro' the boughs stirred by the breeze,  
Casts dim shadows, shifting, shifting,  
On the shores of Balsam Lake.

There a dusky Indian maiden,  
(Kawenodeb), so they say,  
Neath a balsam, spreading, spreading,  
Sitting only half awake,  
Hears the foot of white invaders ;  
(Never heard before that day),  
Down the portage treading, treading,  
Towards the shores of Balsam Lake.

One light-hearted lad, among those  
Traveling in Champlain's train,  
Thro' the balsams singing, singing,  
Causes echoes to awake ;  
Echoes that soon find a haven  
In one maiden's heart and brain,  
Round her heart-strings, clinging, clinging,  
As she skims o'er Balsam Lake.

Back along the ancient portage,  
Back along the Indian trail,  
Go the white men, careless, careless,  
From the shores where whitecaps break.  
And behind them sad and lonely,  
Sits the maiden of this tale,  
Sitting, weeping, cheerless, cheerless,  
On the shores of Balsam Lake.

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