

THE LAKE OF ME-NE-GAN

The loon's curdling cry breaks the stillness by night,
The kingfisher's loud, rattling call marks the day,
The herons wing low o'er the waves blue and bright
Where sunbeams and raindrops alternately play.

It waits in the silence to ravish the eye
Of traveller intrepid, of dreamer and seer,
The gem of the northland, reflecting the sky,
The Lake of Me-ne-gan, the lake without peer.