

Then, at the close of that ill-fated day,
The last log raised that his poor throat compressed ;
Each man though dying would make oath and say—
A cry most dread rushed from that stifled breast.

A cry that smote each toiler to the bone ;
That never might by them forgotten be ;
Most weird and awful, anguish burdened tone,
Sweeping the silent shores so ghostly !

So to the lake a sombre name is bound,
Long as its face shall mirror back the sky ;
In weird remembrance of that fearful sound,
They call it yet Lake of the Dead Man's Cry.

