

O'er the water comes a call,
'Tis a sad and mournful tune,
While the pelting rain-drops fall,
 The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the west is all aglow,
When the sky is red with light,
When the evening breezes blow,
O'er the daisies large and white,
The form of a bird goes by,
Goes by and vanishes soon,
And anon there comes a cry,
 The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.