

It pleases more to hunt the moose,  
To traverse bogs, with stunted spruce,  
    In forest wilds to camp,  
To miss the monarch of the wastes,  
And note with sorrow he escapes,  
    And that their shot is blank.

Whilst others take a keen delight  
To pink the mallard in his flight,  
    And wing him on the fly;  
Or in their spring or autumn flight  
To ambush wary geese at night,  
    Made raucous with their cry.

The courser, yacht, and kindred sports  
May do for those who have their "fortes"  
    In racing and aquatics;  
In air-ships others take delight,  
And make a grand aerial flight,  
    Keen on aeronautics.

A greater pleasure 'tis to ply  
The angler's rod and mimic fly,  
    And beat his troutship wary,  
By some meandering shady stream.  
Where crystal pools, sequestered seem  
    The haunt of water-fairy.

The speckled denizens that lie  
Concealed from an observant eye,  
    Delight in depths secluded;  
To wonderful proportions grown  
And shrouded 'neath a bank or stone,  
    Some trout lies undeluded;

And wise in an experience firm  
Resists all lures, the choicest worm  
    For him has no enticement.  
He fans the water with his fins,  
The coolest depths he laz'ly wins,  
    To vanish in a moment.

O, it delights when nature beams  
Occasion'llly with mystic gleams  
    To view her pristine glory;  
And contemplate her scenes sublime,  
And note the marvellous design  
    In nature's wondrous story.