

Out beyond it to southward, where the cool lake breezes
blow,

Kalaria sits on her rugged rocks, where the waters come
and go

O'er the jagged boulders of granite, and shower them with
their spray,

When the wind blows wild, from lakeward, and the white-
topped breakers play,

And the voices of little children blend sweet with the
surges' roar,

And we seem to see the face of *one* who is gone to "the
other shore !"