

Ah, thou lake! dark, treacherous lake!  
Whence that tempest so quick awake?  
Dark with lowering clouds of dread  
Are thy heaving depths, and the skies o'erhead;  
The angry waves, with mutterings hoarse,  
Strike the trembling shore with sounding force,  
Smothering the cries for help that break  
From thy helpless victims, cruel lake.

Where is the boat that glided by—  
A white winged bird in a cloudless sky?  
The blithesome hearts a watery grave  
Have found, unsought, in thy pitiless wave,  
Thy treacherous waters have closed above  
A father's pride, and a mother's love;  
While the syren song of thy mermaids rise  
To drown the dying, struggling cries.

A sunny gleam, and, heartless lake,  
Once more your silvery wavelets break,  
With dancing ripples your bosom swells,  
Though over you echoes the dolorous knells,  
For hapless victims, lured to graves  
'Neath your crystal depths, translucent waves.  
But the laugh of your waters hide not the moan  
Of the bleeding hearts, bereft and lone.

S. M. A.

