

Kagawong

From the foot of the falls the current has sped
Through ages no tongue can tell.
It has graven its gorge—it has worn its bed—
As a tortured soul, its hell.

With eddyng swirls
It tosses and whirls,
As it splashes and rushes away;
Till the rocks are past,
And it rests at last
In the calm of Kagawong Bay.