

FC 3099

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M65

1912

OUR OWN BROAD LAKE.

Written by the late Thomas MacQueen for the Huron Signal, over sixty years ago.

"Immense, bright lake! I trace in thee
An emblem of the mighty ocean,
And in thy restless waves I see
Nature's eternal law of motion!
And fancy sees the Huron chief
Of the dim past kneel to implore thee:
With Indian awe, he seeks relief,
In pouring homage out before thee;
And I, too, feel my reverence wake,
When gazing on our own broad lake!

"I cannot feel as I have felt,
When life with hope and fire was teeming,
Nor kneel as I have often knelt
At beauty's shrine, devoutly dreaming;
Some younger hand must strike the strings
To tell of Huron's awful grandeur,
Her smooth and moonlight slumberings
Her tempest voice loud as thunder;
Some loftier lyre than mine must wake
To sing our own broad gleaming lake!"

