



LOVELY LAKE.

I marvel not thou liest
So mirror-like, at dawn,
A polished, silvery surface
No ripple plays upon,
Save where two soft-eyed creatures
Their thirst, unstartled, slake,
Thou hast so much to mirror,
Lovely Lake,

On high the wooded mountain,
The verdant hills below,
The brightening blue above thee,
Where soft clouds come and go;
Save where the speckled beauties
In rippling circles break,
No marvel thou art placid,
Lovely Lake.

Unruffled, and unsullied,
Thou mirrorest to me,
In softened tones, all beauty
The light reveals to thee;
Of that great One whose garments
So fair a picture make,
I, too, would be a mirror,
Lovely Lake.