

THE LAKE OF ME-NE-GAN

It lies like a gem in the heart of the hills;
Its many-hued splendors are flashing unseen;
Unheard is the sound of the silvery rills
That speed to its basin through arches of green.

Its waters lave shores that have never been trod
But by Indian hunters in quest of the deer
That leap from their coverts when morning's abroad,
And fly as their dusky pursuers appear.

Dark spruces mount guard on the ledges and bluffs,
And poplars troop down to the white pebbled
strand;
Secure is the lake from the north wind's rebuffs,
But by southerly breezes ceaselessly fanned.