

THE CRY OF THE LOON.

This forget-me-not I gather,
And where'er I chance to roam,
I will keep this little token
To remind me of my home.

THE CRY OF THE LOON.

At night when I lie in bed
In a house by the river side,
With a pillow beneath my head,
And list to the dashing tide,
On the wind there comes a cry
To the hidden stars and moon,
A sound on the storm blown by,
The cry of the loon—
The shrill strange call of the loon,
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the river's cold and still,
On a dismal, rainy day,
When the mist hangs on the hill,
And the sky is dull and grey,