

But all in vain—so he angry gets
 And perhaps, as a fish may—swears
 But be that as it may, he soon dashes off,
 And away through the water tears.

The line now runs out with lightning speed,—
 The reel gives its music sweet ;
 But dependence on these alone won't do,
 So be ready with nimble feet.

For down the stream he may take a rush,
 In his madness to break away ;
 When thou must be ready to follow him up,
 Or assuredly lose the day.

Again, in his rage, to clear the hook,
 With a spring he will dart in the air ;
 And his frantic bounds again repeat,
 Which will claim thy anxious care.

Then thou must be ready with courtier's ease
 His vaulting feats to greet,—
 Quickly lower your rod and make your bow,
 Or misfortune you'll surely meet.

Your line will be snapped like a spider's web,
 When off goes the hoped-for prize ;
 But then too late, you may stamp and rave
 Who such acts polite despise.

At last the dubious fight is o'er,—
 The battle's been fought and won ;
 And the coveted prize lies safe ashore,
 A beauty!—a twenty-pounder good!
 Hurra! a prettier Salmon sure
 Was ne'er seen beneath the sun!