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LAC DES CHENES.

Oh thou lake: thou beauteous lake:
How the rippling waves o'er thy bosom break,
And joyously dance from shore to shore,
Sweet silvery singing forever more,
While the ruby flame of the sunset glow
Spreads a rosy blush in thy depths below,
And flushes thy opalescent skies
With the wondrous hues of Paradise.

The sapphire heavens above appear
Less deep, serene, than thy waters clear.
So calm they lie in untroubled rest,
A care-free heart in a guileless breast.
Zephyrs waft the white-sailed boat
With trustful hearts, on thy breast afloat,
Who list to the mermaids' sweet refrain,
Singing thy praises, Lac des Chénes.