

When glorious June was breathing her zephyrs
Which laden with odours blew in soft whispers.
Through maples, and oaks, the bass-wood and
butter,
The willows and balsams, and aspens which flutter—
'Mongst cedars and firs and hemlocks fine silken
With soft fleecy clouds floating high in the welkin.
Happy it was with this maiden canoeing
Halycon days were these in their wooing.

Where the stream softly glides in musical ripples,
And the heart Ah! the heart accords with the scene,
With the South's balmy breezes perfumed with rose
petals,—

It all seems a blissful, elysian dream.
Where quietude reigns and peace from high heaven,
When nature is glad, responsive serene,
'Tis then, O, 'tis then that happiness given
Floats in a canoe with love down the stream.
'Twas then that this maiden was happy with Gladyn
When duty relaxing gave him surcease
To bid care be gone and never to sadden
The swift, happy hours too brief for to please.

'Twas wintry night, and on the snow
The campfire shed a ruddy glow,
Gladyn all day the hunt had plied,
And Madocwando was his guide.
But at the setting of the sun
No game had fallen to his gun.
And as the twilight 'gan to grow
To darkness, and the winds to blow
Through leafless trees with moaning plaint,
They pitch their camp with hunger faint,
The fir tree's fine and silken bough
Afforded couch and ease enow,
Whilst venison steak provided cheer
To men relieved from hunter's gear.
And so refreshed, from hunger freed,
Succeeded smoking of the weed.
O social pipe, the bond and tie
Of fellowship, who could deny
Thy soothing influence, so dear
To a poor wight harassed with care!
'Twas then as night was growing late,
And asked some exploit to relate,