

LAKE ROSSEAU

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DREAM of the golden day, wild wings a-flying;
Voices from far away, faint echoes dying;

Gleam of the mystic light purpling the high-
lands;
Glow of the waters bright, jewelled with islands;

Breath of the woody bowers, joyance and laugh-
ter;
Shadows of leaves and flowers, dancing in water.

Airily down the dark, music comes streaming;
Drift on, my silent barque, ecstasies dreaming.