

What *sesip*⁹ came back to its nest that once bathed in these waters?
 What *ulumooch*¹⁰ ever returned that would drink from this margin?
 You never approach it but ripples start up on the surface
 Where all was as placid as glass, for no Zephyr was stirring;
 And often, most blood-curdling splashings are heard in the darkness,
 When travellers belated pass by at the hour of midnight.
 What must it have been when the pale-face was over in Europe,
 If spirits survive all the dazzle of civilization!

This bottomless lake, long ago, was a very Avernus,
 When Blomidon still was the home of the good-loving Glooscap;*
 Before the deceit of the pale-face had driven him westward,
 To remain until men shall learn Truth in the land of the sunset,
 Returning as soon as he may, amidst wildest rejoicings,
 To lead in the final destruction of all that is evil;
 And fill up the bottomless lake called *Meskeek-uum-Pudas*;
 To plant all this Island in one most magnificent forest,
 With avenues winding in beauty from seashore to seashore;
 The demi-god Glooscap would love to return to his people,
 O that all our people might hasten his coming, and help him!

Meskeek-uum-Pudas still slumbers in awe-filling silence,
 Its depths never knew the unholy unrest of the ages;
 Nor yet in its bosom one blank, hungry-hearted Nirvana;
 They say it is one living spring o'er its entire surface;
 They say fifty fathoms to plummet would never reach bottom.

The Micmacs who lived long ago were a fanciful people,
 But sages have passed that remembered the best *ahlookwokun*;
 The names that for ages were cherished will soon be forgotten;
 The splendour is fading away from the lakes and the rivers
 Since people take pains to forget all the glories of childhood.

⁹ "Sesip," bird.

¹⁰ "Ulumooch," dog.

*See Rand's Legends for reference to mythical characters.

