

TROUT LAKE

Far, far away from the city's strife
From its bustle and noise, and its busy life,
In the northern part of the Empire State
Where winter comes early and lingers late
Is a beautiful lake, and its water blue
Seems ever to whisper a story new
Enclosed in a Forest whose holy calm
Is equalled alone by its healing balm

And now, if you please, I will try to
trace

Some scenes from the lives of a vanished race
Tho' they sail no more these waters blue
Nor moor to these shores the birch canoe
Here an Indian lad with heart as true
As the sun that shines from the vaulted blue
Told a winsome maid a sweet love tale
By the campfires' side or in moonlight pale
Placed his tall teepee by Trout Lake's side
As a furtive home for his dark-faced bride
Oft Indian hunters this way would take
In quest of deer or to fish in the lake
Still the forest stood in its wonderful pride
So beautiful, so rich, so grand and wide
And the red man came, and the red man went
Knowing no fear, with his life content
Till the white man came, tis a story old
At least one like it - has oft been told.
Then people came from cities far
They must ~~of~~ have been led by a wondrous star,
And they saw our beautiful lakelet here
With evergreens growing far and near
Inhaled the fragrance of fir and pine
And took deep draughts of nature's wine

And when they were back in the towns again
They'd a homesick feeling akin to pain
And they said when another year rolls 'round
I'll go back to Trout Lake Camping Grounds.
And they did come back as they prophesied
And builded their cabins side by side.

In the near by hills rich with shining ore
The rocks they blasted, and rent, and tore,
And the farms and the places where people trade
Are signs of the progress the white man has made
And signs are being fulfilled each day
As old scenes change or pass away.

And the years roll on and the lakelet here
Is known to people far and near
And more of them come each year to rest
And enjoy its primitive loveliness.
For now the people are fully awake
And long for a camp at Old Trout Lake
If nervous and weary by life depressed
Tis a beautiful place to come and rest
And it seems to welcome one and all

Who will listen to its inviting call
Should you find life's burdens hard to bear
Or you feel bowed down by the weight of care
Come to Trout Lake, this sparkling gem
Seems ever a balm for the spirits of men.

Mrs. MacLeod

1923