

Lake Arrow

Life's various scenes thou dost well portray;
A clear calm sheet, then a wallow of spray;
Keen blasts in a moment may ruffle thy breast,
Even when thou art calmest, and seemest at rest!

Oh! Such is our life! When we peacefully sleep
Regardless of sorrow that hover around,
Remembrances come, like fierce winds o'er the deep,
Or Autumn's rude blasts that the withered leaves sweep
With fiery relentless along the bleak ground

E. Fry, 1852