

TROUT FISHING

*Give me a rod of the split bamboo,
a rainy day and a fly or two,
a mountain stream where the eddies play,
and mists hang low o'er the winding way,*

*Give me a haunt by the furling brook,
A hidden spot in a mossy nook,
No sound save hum of the drowsy bee,
or lone bird's tap on the hollow tree.*

*The world may roll with it's busy throng,
And phantom scenes on it's way along,
It's stocks may rise, or it's stocks may fall,
Ah! What care I for it's baubles all?*

*I cast my fly o'er the troubled rill,
Luring the beauties by magic skill,
With mind at rest and a heart at ease,
And drink delight at the balmy breeze.*

*A lusty trout to my glad surprise,
Speckled and bright on the crest arise,
Then splash and plunge in a dazzling whirl,
Hope springs anew as the wavelets curl.*

*Gracefully swinging from left to right,
Action so gentle- motion so slight,
Tempting, enticing, on craft intent,
Till yielding tip by the game is bent*

*Drawing in slowly, then letting go
Under the ripples where mosses grow
Doubting my fortune, lost in a dream,
Blessing the land of forest and stream.*

Eunice Lamberton