

White Lake Poem
By Alfred B. Street
Written circa 1830's/1860's

Pure as their parent springs! how bright
The silvery waters stretch away,
Reposing in the pleasant light
Of June's most lovely day.

Curving around the eastern side,
Rich meadows slope their banks, to meet,
With fringe of grass and fern, the tide
Which sparkles at their feet.

Here busy life attests that toil,
With its quick talisman has made
Fields green and waving, from a soil
Of rude and savage shade,

While opposite the forest lies
In giant shadow, black and deep,
Filling with leaves the circling sky,
And frowning in its sleep.

Amid this scene of light and gloom,
Nature with art links hand in hand,
Thick woods beside soft rural bloom
As by a seer's command.

Here, waves the grain, here, curls the smoke;
The orchard bends; there, wilds, as dark
As when the hermit waters woke
Beneath the Indian's bark.

Here, the green headlands seem to meet
So near, a fairy bridge might cross;
There, spreads the broad and limpid sheet
In smooth, unruffled gloss.

Arch'd by the thicket's screening leaves,
A liliated harbor lurks below,
Where on the sand each riffle weaves
Its melting wreath of snow,

Hark! like an organ's tones, the woods
To the light wind in murmurs wake,
The voice of the vast solitudes
Is speaking to the lake.

The fanning air-breath sweeps across
On its broad path of sparkles now,
Bends down the violet to the moss,
And melts upon my brow.