

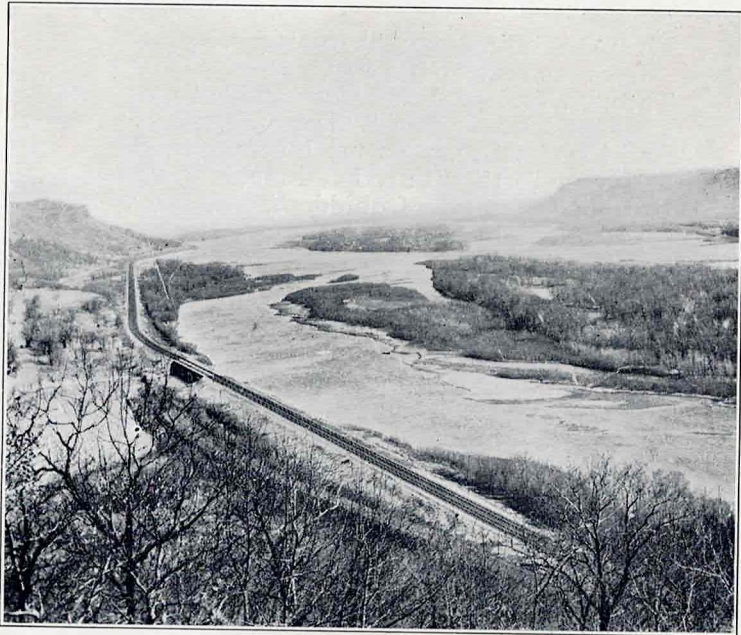
On the bank of the Mississippi;  
 In a cottage 'neath trees cooling shade,  
 There I plan to rest in retirement  
 When on the last lap of life's grade.  
 Where whistle of quail in the morning,  
 And the call of the mallard and teal,  
 Will gladden the days when it's hardest  
 To keep one's ship of life even keel.

In silence, as memory steals o'er me,  
 I'll ponder o'er days long since past;  
 When out at the point of a wing-dam  
 Came the raise of a bass at each cast.  
 I'll see again ducks by the thousands,  
 Memory's picture of flocks that came through  
 On the fly-ways crossing Lake Wilson  
 And that old favorite place, Lake Puldoe.

At evening, the sun slowly sinking  
 Beyond mountainous hills to the West,  
 Reflecting purple and gold on the water  
 And foliage on flat and hill crest;  
 I'll see there a beautiful picture,  
 No artist's brush e'er can compare,  
 With the blending of colors and splendor,  
 In the masterpiece Nature paints there.

As darkness falls o'er the landscape,  
 The music of songbird is stilled;  
 And the rapture of viewing the splendor,  
 By the shadow of darkness is chilled;  
 The moon then comes to the rescue  
 And paints there the picture anew,  
 With bright silvery beams o'er the water,  
 Sparkling crystals on grass wet with dew.

At last the picture will vanish,  
 Overcast is the sky with dark clouds—  
 The moon disappears—all is quiet,  
 As darkness the landscape enshrouds.  
 I'll have no regrets then to offer,  
 As a sportsman, I've had a full day;  
 I leave you this booklet, in memory,  
 Of the marsh and the old Trempealeau Bay.



THE MISSISSIPPI AT TREMPÉALEAU BAY