



The Loon Call

The loon calls, it echoes back from afar 'cross the lake.
The moonlight is dimmed by dark shadows crossing its wake.
The pine sighs as the wind dies and the night waits for the dawn.
The bass jumps, it ripples back from a far distant shore.
The loon calls, it echoes back 'cross the lake once more.

(Celebrate with Song – Page 113)