

Angler's Ballad

J.A. Cooper

The angler leads a sorry life
From dawn 'til dusk he'll wade
About in muddy brook or stream
As time-out from his trade.

With wit and wile and baited hook
Or fly he'll hourly sport,
To spring a trap so cunning as
A canny fish to thwart.

For silver bream or speckled trout
He mounts a manly hunt,
While sporting tackle worth a kingly
Ransom for the stunt.

In weather fair or foul he toils
'gainst ev'ry earthly strife,
Then empty-handed trudges home
To reckon with his wife.