

Northland Lyrics

Will come to me in a happy dream;
And your paddle will dip and lift

And speed her along, and through it all
The red-bud maples will burst and lean —
The swollen waters will snarl between —
Then I will awake, and call

And find that the valour of April and sun
On our Mother St. John and the Nashwaak there
Is not for me — so I'll snuff the air
And dream how the thing is done.

SOCOBIE'S PASSING

Socobie, agèd and bent with pain,
At the time of the year when the red leaves fly
Crawled from his tent door down to the river.
"I will try my wrist and my skill again
And sweep a paddle before I die."

*Time falls — the wind falls — the grey geese draw on.
There is silence and peace on our Mother St. John.*

Socobie, once a king of his tribe,
Once a lover, a poet, a man,
Launched his sun-scarred craft to the river.
"I will try my strength where the rapids jibe —
I will run her sheer, as a master can."