

A Wilderness Lullaby

There's a portage trail faint and forgotten
In the land of the beaver and moose
To a lake with a murmuring outlet
That meanders through forests of spruce

From the headwaters down through the canyons
While the osprey soars high up above
We'll canoe on these sparkling waters
In this wilderness land that we love

When we've come to the end of our journey
Where the rivers flow out with the tide
Then our hearts will return to that portage
And the lake with the tent site beside

In the evening we'll sit round the campfire
While the northern lights glow in the sky
And the loon call floats over still waters
In a haunting forlorn lullaby

Written on location in 1985 and later revised. The meter of this poem was inspired by "Blue Side of Lonesome," composed by the blind Texas musician Leon Payne and popularized by Jim Reeves. Accordingly, these lines can be sung to my own slight variation of that tune, the score of which I have recorded elsewhere.