

Party Time in the North Woods

There's a tradition of longstanding
On our wilderness canoe jaunts
Of renewing past acquaintances
In their old familiar haunts

Oh how they love to party
As they gather all around
And signify their pleasure by
Their vibrant whining sound

All their friends soon join the fun
By the billions in a blink
They provide the music
While we provide the drink

STC, 2007