

WELCOME HOME

From the salty sea the Ojibway came to the
shores of Whitefish island
From France came the voyageurs to trade and to
sing "À la claire fontaine"
From out of the mist came the blackcoat priests
with the cross and the name of Jesus
Then the redcoats came and the words
that soon echoed in the woods were English

These woods they felt the footprints of the
ancestors of Shingwauk
These waters heard the words of
Étienne Brûlé as he talked
These clouds saw Father Druillettes pray
for sick Ojibway families
These whitefish leaped into the nets
of Alexander Henry

CHORUS

Welcome home, every bird is singing
Welcome home, every tree is swaying
Welcome home, every river is an
endless poem
Every rock and every stone
has a voice all of its own
and I hear them saying, "Welcome home"

This air has danced to the tune of the Irish
accent of John Johnston
These trees have given sugar to his
Chippewa wife Susan
These shores have watched the anger and the
trials of John Tanner
These flowers sighed as Jane Schoolcraft
wept for the son who'd left her

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From the streets of Montreal came a young man
named Ermatinger
From Sandy Lake he brought his wife and
made a stone house for her
From the rolling hills of Scotland
Joseph Wilson brought his vision
From a dedicated angry mind judge
John Prince brought decisions

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