

JOHN JOHNSTON

From the hills of northern Ireland to the forests of the Algonquin
If you had known John Johnston, you'd have known a gentleman
All for love and love for all, and all beside St. Mary's falls
with the woman of the green glade in the hinterland

He was born into the gentry not so far from Belfast town
He was fatherless at seven years of age
He loved literature and history and to not burden his family
So in the year 1790 he turned a new page

He was twenty-eight years old when he set foot down in New
York
He made his way on up to Montreal
He met a man named Andrew Todd who said let's go to
Mackinac
You'll trap your weight in furs and sell them all

From Mackinac he set out for the island of Lapointe
when winter came his men deserted him
At the end of lake Superior he was up against it that's for sure
but John stood there and took it on the chin

CHORUS

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While trading up at Red Cliff Point with man they called Wa-bo-
jeeg
His eyes fell on the daughter of the chief
He sighed a sigh, asked himself why, then died a death that
would not die
then asked the man to save him from his grief

"White Man!" said the chief, "You ask me for my daughter's
hand,
but how do I know that your heart is pure?
I've watched your other countrymen take women then abandon
them
Come back in one year and we will know what's sure

John could not believe these words and tried hard to persuade
with arguments and presents all in vain
One year later with his breath he swore to hold her 'till his death
in autumn colours, winter snow, in spring and summer rain

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O'zhawguscodaywiquay was the name of John's new bride
For 36 long years they lived as one
Eight children filled their family of love there at Sault Ste Marie
in Chippewa moonlight and Irish sun

As years went by the offers came to take John far away
With thanks he turned every one of them down
One smile from those he loved was all John Johnston wanted to
recall
the day they laid his body in the ground

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