

WA-BO-JEEG

Where are my foes? say, warriors, where? No forest is so black.
That it can hide from my quick eye, the vestige of their track
There is no lake so boundless, no path where man may go,
Can shield them from my sharp pursuit, or save them from my blow.

The winds that whisper in the trees, the clouds that spot the sky.
Impart a soft intelligence, to show me where they lie,
The very birds that sail the air, and scream as on they go,
Give me a clue my course to tread, and lead me to the foe.

The sun at dawn, lifts up its head, to guide me on my way,
The moon at night looks softly down, and cheers me with her ray.
The war-crowned stars, those beaming lights, my spirit casts at night,
Direct me as I thread the maze, and lead me to the fight.

In sacred dreams within my lodge, while resting on the land.
Bright omens of success arise, and nerve my warlike hand.
Where'er I turn, where'er I go, there is a whispering sound.
That tells me I shall crush the foe, and drive him from my ground.

The beaming west invites me on, with smiles of vermil hue,
And clouds of promise fill the sky, and deck its heavenly blue,
There is no breeze, there is no sign, in ocean, earth or sky,
That does not swell my breast with hope, or animate my eye.

If to the stormy beach I go, where heavy tempests play.
They tell me but, how warriors brave, should conquer in the fray.
All nature fills my heart with fires, that prompt me on to go.
To rush with rage, and lifted spear, upon my country's foe.

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