

## Spirit of the Wilderness

*By David King*

Spirit of the wilderness  
 I wake to hear your call  
 Wandering 'round these fences  
 Trying not to fall  
 On a moonlit night your shadow's cast  
 Dance upon my bedroom wall  
 I hear a voice of innocence  
 Calling through the fog  
 Dancer of another time  
 I hate to see you fall  
 Passing through the woods Sublime  
 I hear your curtain call  
 The crashing of exploding smoke  
 Disappear before the dawn  
 I wake to find you all alone  
 Your blood runs through us all  
 Spirit of the wilderness . . . .

Though they cut back all the land  
 To put their highway's through  
 Your territory is untied integrity still true  
 The grid they laid upon the ground  
 Marked progress at every shore  
 But I like it best when I'm alone  
 I see you by my door

It's a sadness of the times we live  
 Where industry is king  
 We're losing all our artisans to tractors and machines  
 It's a modern life of acquisition  
 Vapid as can be  
 Our friends are burdened  
 Our loved ones weather  
 And nobody is free

Spirit of the wilderness . . . .