

I listened
 the air was shaking
 I watched him open his mouth
 he could not speak
 I watched him open his mouth
 he could not speak
 I listened
 he spoke from a broken throat
 I heard him say
 water

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL NEW GLASGOW MUSIC FESTIVAL
 FOLK SONG SECTION

Fraser Sutherland

One by one they up and down
 the wooden dais. Turn around
 and you're a young girl with
 a voice of your own. Last
 night I had the strangest dream:
 a blur of fairy love, Billy
 boy, gay cabalero,
 peasant's dancing day.
 Applauding with the parents
 all the fair and tender ladies,
 wishing to be a gypsy calling
 for her answer: I know where I'm
 going O whistle and I'll come to you
 down by the Sally Gardens
 or in First Presbyterian Church Hall.
 Marvel at the strange ironies:
 the ugliest girl singing
 I never will marry.
 And in every lyric,
 for every deathless vow
 of fealty there's a legacy
 of lust. Such is spring-singing,
 snow thawing, and it's
 westering home with a song in the air.