

Fields Of Progeny

Great Lake Swimmers

Old melody that I tried to learn,
When I gave myself over to it,
Learned every step and my efforts were met,
When it rang and it told and it sang.

Prattle on strings, familiar rings,
If the line is a chain past today,
Then each fiddler that played is another that stayed,
To turn himself into the link,
And he's still up here somewhere I think.

And I hear the old voices singing,
This song will never end,
It was here long ago and continues to grow,
In the fields of progeny,
In the fields of progeny.

Where is the culture you ask, I don't know,
And when is the future you ask, I don't know,
Is it locked in the ice?
Is it under the frost?
I can hardly hear the heart beating.

But it's under the snow I suppose,
And where is the history?
And where is the memory?
Where is the language that I used to know?

Is it locked in the ice?
Is it under the frost?
I can hardly hear the heart beating,
But it's under the snow I suppose.

And I hear the old voices singing,
This song will never end,
It was here long ago and continues to grow,
In the fields of progeny,
In the fields of progeny.