In springtime the fishes run shallow to
We sit by our campfire and gaze at the
spawn, and rivers run dashingly and free.
moon, while slowly the stars replace the day.
ground, and timber wolves howl in the wood.

The otter and beaver, the moose and the
ey, and if this isn’t heaven then it’s not far away.

The chorus: Farewell to the walleye, farewell to the lakes, farewell to the rivers and wood.

We’ll remember your waters when far from your shores, where
living was simple, and fishing was good.

Thanks to Mark Jones who suggested the song and title on the last morning of a wilderness canoe trip.