The stars like dust upon the lake
Where watery fires reflect the sky,
Such icy flames of brilliance make,
To light the night, delight the eye.

What ancient cauldron fires spark,
What distance has your lightning run,
To fall upon canoes of bark,
To fill our night, and travel on?

We voyageurs who gather now,
Will share a firm but silent vow,
To love the life light falls upon,
To feel the joy,
And pass it on.