

Bruno Coulais, The Highest Gander

Overland, above the dark seas
Wild refugees flee the seasons
Drifting beyond the night clouds
In the wake of their guiding star

There he goes the famous gander
Eating fog, dancing with witches
There he goes, the famous old gander
who longed to leave

If you hear the sound of our voices
Through the busy murmur of the Earth
You will know the meaning of our words
Praying for Spring to the ether

Night and day the travellers fly
Winter and Spring have their reasons
Sailing through sunrise and setting wild wind
And through steel blue air

Here he comes, the highest gander
Eating fog, dancing with witches
Here he comes the famous old gander
Who longed to leave

We don't feel the warmth of your breath
Through the icy edges of the Earth
We don't hear the rhythms of your call
Signalling the Spring in the ether