

# Mike Scott, Sleek White Schooner

I dreamed I saw you sailing in  
Upon a sleek white schooner  
You were skimming over the shallow seas,  
Coming into harbour,  
Healing on your brow  
In the hard, fateful, brand new  
Twenty-first century

The cargo you were carrying  
Was richer than riches,  
Golder than gold and yet more real than real  
And the light that came a-flashing  
From the new born babe in your arms  
Was a pealing of thunder, a cannonball flying  
A sun exploding, Dawn in the heart of me

I stood there on the shoreline  
Looking out over to sea  
And I watched your white sail  
Sparkling on the horizon  
You were coming into harbour  
Healing on your brow  
In the hard, fateful, brand new  
Twenty-first century