

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