

Caledonia County

Alix Dobkin

In the country life
I lie on my back and
Stack up the simple fruits of living
In the Caledonia way.
And the world appears
To clear up the dismal
Ghosts of the city
Like a sister. Whisper:
Come, now youâ€™ll be
Home in the country with me.

On the days it rains
Go down to the brook
And look at the water rushing under
In the Caledonia way,
And the mountain mists,
The clouds they have kissed
Are one to another
Like a sister. Whisper:
Come, now youâ€™ll be
Home in the country with me.

On the road that comes
From two hundred years
Weâ€™ll clear us a path for barefoot dancing
In the Caledonia way
And the elm is held
In time to desist:
To earth sheâ€™s returning
Like a sister. Whisper:
Come, now youâ€™ll be
Home in the country with me.

And rest comes easily so to hold me
Caledonia, you have told me:

Be revived by the fire,
Restored by the bread;
Be fed in the light and warmth of music
In the Caledonia way,

For a gentle home
Where loving exists
Will heal up the spirit
Like a sister, whisper:
Come, now youâ€™ll be
Home in the country with me.
Home in the country with me.

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