

# Wordsworth's Ridge (From Fran Fike)

Sufjan Stevens

A summer night, I find a boat  
Tied to a tree, a normal home  
She lost her string and stepping in  
I push the shore there, an act of stealthA troubled glad without a voice  
A mountain song, the boat moves on  
The water runs on either side  
The circle swell, a sudden light takes meI fix my view upon the ridge  
Horizon's eye above the gray skyI tip my oar to raise the stroke  
The wading swan, the image broke  
A looming peak, a pirate size  
Uprears its head, a sudden guise takes me

Songwriters

Stevens SufjanPublished by

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