

Wordsworth's Ridge (For Fran Frike)

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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