Trumpeter Swan

Jane Siberry

Will you wipe the flour from your hands and look this way?
Perfect, now hold your apron by your side
Perfect, no, no, your hair's just fine
PerfectWill you let me paint you? I'll take such pride
Many sorrows, many ways life could be kinder
But you laugh a lot, life is still a surprise
Meeting you and greeting you is always an armful
Oceans of love, crinkling in your eyesNeck white and eager, my trumpeter swan
Gliding through the ferns the fronds
We feel your love
Oh, trumpeter swan, oh, love onNow I see you kneeling amidst the fiddle-heads
And ferns at the side of the pond
Weaving 13 magic flaxen shirts for 13 brother swans
And never once in your sweet thoughtsDo you ever think maybe you might fail
In your unknowing way your love is strong
Me, I fear the 13 brother swans are going
Me, I curse them when they've goneBut you will never know for we will rearrange
The ferns and fronds to re-surround you
The devil makes us see more and you don't see more
But somehow you go beyondNeck white and eager, my trumpeter swan
Gliding through the ferns the fronds
We feel your love
Oh, trumpeter swan, oh, love onWhen I think of you, I think of Christmas
Of oranges and mangers on the mantelpiece
Of red and greens and velvets
Of stars that twinkle on the Christmas treeI don't know if trumpeter swans are immortal
But if ever from this beautiful pond you should fly
The reason would be, the reason would be
You were loved too much by them by INeck white and eager, my trumpeter swan
Gliding through the ferns the fronds
We feel your love
Oh, trumpeter swan, oh, love on

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