

# SONG OF THE 'GLADES

*Lyrics and music © Jack Williams*

*{with prose by Marjorie Stoneman Douglas}*

On a wide oak hammock with a low shell mound  
There's no human voice but life abounds  
God's Little Boy rests on the ground, sleeping  
Out over the glades, a thunderstorm  
Starts a fire and the birds all swarm  
The boy awakens but he fears no harm  
He's been dreaming

Snail kite, egret's flight  
Alligator rests on the old shell mound  
Cypress knees, a warm Chokoloskee breeze  
The clouds above the glades don't make a sound

Pink sky, spoonbills fly  
Water catches fire through the red mangrove  
Full moon, in the eyes of a big raccoon  
The old cat moves through a twilight no man knows

Lay me down where the sawgrass blows  
Let Okechobee's waters roll my bones  
Lay me down with the apple snail  
Where the sunlight glints on the ripples  
And the limpkin wails

Cattails, clapper rails  
Flamingos flock a thousand islands long  
Manatee, floatin' in the slough by me  
Where the clear Caloosahatchee rolls along (check sp)

The clear, burning light of the sun  
Pours day-long into the sawgrass and is lost there  
Soaked up, never given back  
Only the water flashes and glints  
The grass yields nothing  
The truth of the river is grass

Gamble rambled  
From the prairie to the isles of Florida Bay  
Oh, man, clearing out the great oak stands  
Don't haul the rest of Florida away