

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