

*I walked down to the rivers' side  
to where the whip-poor-wills reside.  
Their songs resound in echoed chorus there,  
while cedars' fragrance fills the nighttime air.  
The full-moons' beams cast light to glimmer  
on waters that sparkle a diamond like shimmer.  
Imagine if time could 300 years lose,  
reveal shadows of Chippewa in birch bark canoes.*



*This night was enchanted, with sounds that reverb.  
Would I dare to yodel, to croon so superb?  
Those night birds now silent, I felt it my turn  
To break that still air with a song from Lucerne.  
I leave you with this, my nocturnal birds.  
A song to transcend, speaks greater than words.*

*My yodel resounded with echo supreme.  
Could this be my voice? It seemed like a dream!*



*My Brule River Yodel*

*A Poem By:*

*Fred Swanson Jr.*

*1948*