

JANE

Born in 1800, a Chippewa-Irish daughter
of O'zhawguscodaywiquay and John
Jane Johnston knew where she belonged
From her first day she heard, the sound of the
rapid's water
she loved the music of its song
and the way all nature sang along

John took her to Ireland to get the best schooling for
her
Jane very quickly fell apart
far from the home inside her heart
She was a writer, poems and stories flowed right
through her
She poured the Indian love of the land
into an English poet's hand

CHORUS

Jane, she is the sound the stars make
rushing through the sky
Jane, down by St. Mary's river you can hear her fly

Bamewawagezhikaquay

Jane lost her son when he was two
her husband always traveling
The doctor gave her laudanum
and so addicted her to opium
There in Sault Ste. Marie
she was a Chippewa-Irish queen
but when she went to Washington
she was a half-breed in a gown

CHORUS

Jane, she is the sound the stars make
rushing through the sky
Jane, down by St. Mary's river you can hear her fly

Bamewawagezhikaquay

Jane lived inside a frame of beauty and pain
and painted it blue

Jane cried rivers of rain 'till the rocks were all
stained
and the words all rang true

Held together by contradictions
Lost in the dark of the light of day
she married a man who loved her so
even as he studied and robbed her soul
Jane lived among and far removed
she was at home and gone away
When she breathed words upon the page
she was the spirit of her age

CHORUS

Jane, she is the sound the stars make
rushing through the sky
Jane, down by St. Mary's river you can hear her fly
Jane, she is the sound the stars make
rushing through the sky
Jane, down by St. Mary's river you can hear her fly

Bamewawagezhikaquay

Peter White © 2010