

# SHINGWAUKONSE

In a birchbark lodge in the wintertime  
a little boy quietly cried  
He was hungry, sleepless, he was all alone,  
when the wind blew the door aside  
Then a voice called, "Oh poor Shingwaukonse  
you are wretched, come to me."  
A path appeared, hovering there  
from his bed to the sky it did lead  
He climbed that path and found a man  
"Look to the sun" was his command  
Weh-ahh

The boy saw tents and kings and chiefs  
and braves and warriors strong  
In the war council they gathered on the field  
and to be with them he longed  
The white-robed man said, "Shingwaukonse,  
you are young, persecuted and poor,  
so I give this picture to your heart  
so that you can always be sure  
that I will always think of you  
and one day you will be mighty too"  
Weh-ahh

"Everything must change, you must  
understand the game, you must  
keep the little flame burning strong  
for those you love  
Everything must flow, you must  
shape how it will go, and then  
leave behind a fire when you're gone  
for those you love  
to keep them warm"

The man gave Shingwauk a fluttering flag  
and the boy began to walk  
Down the path all lined with fluttering flags  
he walked in mighty triumph  
At last he reached his own little bed  
but then a cold wind did blow  
The boy woke up and everything was gone  
but his heart remained aglow  
From that day on he loved the sun,  
and the man who said what he'd become  
Weh-ahh  
Weh-ahh