

Arctic Love

by George Albert Leddy

THERE ARE MANY SONS, WHO COULD TELL YOU TALES, WHOSE DADS HAVE TRAVELED THE ARCTIC TRAILS.

I'll never forget the moon that night, as it hung so low in the distant sky;
A tired moon, with a hungry light, an anemic thing, and about to die;
But it showed me the way that I had to go, and it cast weird shadows on the snow.

I'll never forget the way I felt, as I said "Goodbye," to the little shack;
To the little shack, where we'd lived and loved, and I dreamed of the day we'd be coming back.
But there's many things that we do not know, as you live your life, you will find it so.

I'll never forget the night we met, as she sang her songs in that Yukon hall;
To that reckless crowd, who were cheering loud; they called her "The Little Baby Doll."
Be she good or bad, I did not know; and I did not care, for I loved her so.

I'll never forget how she told me then, by her father's death, she was left alone.
She had to sing, 'twas the only thing, 'twas the only world she had ever known.
So I gave her my home, it was all I had, but she loved it there, and her heart was glad.

I'll never forget how her laughter rang, rang through the hills, and echoed back;
Cheering me on as I worked my claim, making a heaven out of my shack.
Silent now, as I fought my way—only a bundle on the sleigh.

I'll never forget how the huskies strained, fighting their way through the drifting snow;
Lashing them on with the stinging whip; faster and faster, and yet too slow;
Praying to God in the distant sky; praying to God—"Don't let her die!"

I'll never forget how the miles behind, had taken my strength, I was nearly through;
When I sighted the lights of a little town; I knew there were lights, that was all I knew.
But they carried me in, and they cared for me, as crazy a man as you'd ever see.

I'll never forget when I opened my eyes, 'twas a bright spring day, and the skies were blue;
The white-washed wall, and the sheeted bed, and the crib in the corner—and then I knew.
And they showed me the grave in the churchyard lot, and I prayed by the hour, on the spot.

I'll never forget the way I feel, when I think of the shack that we called home;
Of the laughter and joy, of a love so sweet—Oh God! I could never go back alone.
I am telling you this 'cause my life's near done, and she was your mother, and—you are my son.
