

## Great Lake Swimmers

### "Fields Of Progeny"

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The old melodyÂ  
That I tried to learnÂ  
When I gave myself over to it learned every stepÂ  
And my efforts were metÂ  
When it rang and it told and it sangÂ

Rattle on stringsÂ  
Familiar ringsÂ  
If the line is a chain past it an ink then each fiddler that  
played is  
Another that stayedÂ  
To turn himself into the lakeand he still appears  
somewhere I thinkÂ

And I hear the old voices singing this song will never  
endÂ  
It was her long agoÂ  
And continues to growÂ  
In the fields of progenyÂ  
In the fields of progenyÂ

"where is the culture?" you ask  
I don't know  
"and when is the future?" you ask  
I don't know

Is it locked in the ice?  
Is it under the frost?  
I can hardly hear the heart beating  
But it's under the snow I supposeÂ

And where is the history?  
Where is the memory?Â  
Where is the language that I used to know?

Is it locked in the ice?  
Is it under the frost?  
I can hardly hear the heart beating  
But it's under the snow I suppose

And I hear the old voices singing this song will never

end  
It was her long ago  
And continues to grow  
In the fields of progeny  
In the fields of progeny

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