

Lee Rick

"Natick"

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NATICK Words and Music, Rick Lee (c) 1984, Snowy Egret Music, BMI

recorded on THE OLD ROAD, Solomon's Seal, Front Hall Records, 1984

and NATICK, Rick Lee, Waterbug Records, WBG 0016, (CD and Cassette) 7/18/95

Natick was a language

Natick is a town

No one speaks the language

All of them are gone

They lived here by the hundreds

And grew upon the land

And welcomed some white strangers

And offered us a hand

But only their shadows remain.

John Eliot, a preacher

Came to see the ones

Who sang and danced in worship

Of the the morning sun

He taught them trust and English

They taught him of the times

When only air and spirit

Abounded in these climes
But only their shadows remain.
A language was invented
To suit both families' needs
To preach a Christian gospel
And speak to whispering reeds
A language known as Natick
Was spoken here by tongues
Of natives and of settlers
A new world had begun
But only their shadows remain
A generation later or two
There came a war
Of englishmen and indians
And racism and more
Then spilled upon the people
Who had welcomed us before
And had trusted reverend Eliot
But now they are no more
Only their shadows remain
(repeat first verse)

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