

Blue Hour Of Twilight

In the blue hour of twilight
Where the river turns to sea
In the blue hour of twilight
You'll come sailing home to me

How I fretted your departure
Voicing womanly concerns
From the seasoned waters fogging
To 'bergs at every turn
I'd heard stories of the black ice
That can weigh a vessel down
"Just a prank from old St. Lawrence"
You dismissed it with a frown

Countless kisses when we parted
Took the silver comb from my hair
An embrace, then your suggestion
Of a ritual to share
You said, "Every night at midnight
To the Northern Star we'll turn
Shining brave, our precious diamond
She'll assure my safe return"

Now I know it's been a long time
Past your usual time by far
But our hearts are tied with love knots
And we share the Northern Star
I believe if you weren't coming back
That somehow I would know
But clouds have blocked the Northern Star
And trees are veiled with snow

Thought I saw you in Rimouski
Where I overheard a tale
Of the *Empress of Ireland*
Lost to fog and gale
The night was much like this one
The skies awash with stars
Burning brightly, burning helpless
Like fireflies in a jar

I don't listen to their stories
You're just late, I say again
But clouds still block the Northern Star
And the only sound is rain

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