

VACH COLLECTION
The Pioneer

- Arthur Guiterman

Chorus: Long years ago I blazed a trail
Through lovely woods unknown till then
And marked with cairns of splintered shale
A mountain way for other men;

High: For other men who came and came:
They trod the path more plain to see,
They gave my trail another's name
And no one speaks or knows of me.

Low: The trail runs high, the trail runs low
Where windflowers dance or columbine;
The scars are healed that long ago
My ax cut deep on birch and pine.

Chorus: Another's name my trail may bear,
But still I keep, in waste and wood,
My joy because the trail is there,
My peace because the trail is good.

1 - kârn - A rounded heap of stones made to serve as a landmark.