

Saint John River Flood

Nineteen-thirty-six
Was a bad year
When the river rose
Heavy rains late snows
When the river rose
And the ice jammed high
The size of freight trains
Stacked up to the sky
Then the bridges fell
And we watched them fall
Snapped like twigs and bones
Fell like dominoes
To the ice flow

It was two a.m.
When the neighbour knocked
Said the road's awash
That it was time to go
Time to leave this place
Head for higher ground
But I was not inclined
To leave it all behind
I heard the timbers crack
There was no turning back
We lost the highway out
We lost the train track
We didn't shed a tear
That's just the way it goes
When a river crests
And the banks won't hold
From an ice flow

Seven days ago
We sent the kids away
On up to Fredericton
Left them with some friends
I guess they'll worry some
Now that the lines are down
And there's no safe way out
And there's no way around
I hope the sand bags hold
I hope the ice jam breaks
Give me some dynamite
This is a chance I'll take
If we could blow a hole
Send her far downstream
Out to the Fundy bay
Somewhere far away
From where this ice flows

We've been here before
This is nothing new
In our history
We have seen a few
When the moon is full
And the branches bare
And a northern wind
Whistles out despair
For it sings a song
That we all know well
When the river crests
And the waters swell
From an ice flow

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