

It is Carl who first observes:
If something's there, then we both know,
It's out where God's lush woodland grows.

Then Fitz captures the moment:
At God's most glam'rous dawn,
Across night-misted fields I'm drawn
Till morning thrills my nose
Where His sweet clover grows.

My steps send mice ascamp'ring,
And deer peer out from groves.
The foxes leap on field mice,
And the hawks snatch them in toes.

God's fog still wraps low places
And cradles insects below
As I call to Bossie for milking
From the farmland's far meadows.

Now Carl:
So oft' in campfire's magic light
We've watched stars' skitt'ring shows.
Our logs have burned to milk's pure white.
We've slept where Bossie goes.

We've seen just what is normal.
We've heard just sounds we know.
Our livestock graze in God's full peace.
No harm rends our homes.

Fitz and Carl, neither one,
Believe what they haven't seen:

We are startled by this sudden scare.
We do not see what you see there.
And what Bossie has witnessed
Shall ever be held unknown.

So if there's something out there,
Where God's lush woodland grows,
It plays while folk sleep unaware
And fades in sunlight's show.

So if there's something out there,
Where God's lush woodland grows,
We think it more of dreaming
Than what someone can know.

It's not a dream!
I don't think so!
It's what it means
That I don't know!