

The Woman of the Bright Foam  
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My name is Anna Jameson with a tale to tell, you see,  
Of a voyage I took in the rapid waters of Sault Ste. Marie.  
Long before the locks were built to let the schooners through,  
I was the first white woman to ride the rapids in a Chippewa canoe.

With Mrs. Schoolcraft and her children, we set off from Mackinac.  
A two day trip with voyageurs in a canoe from Canada.  
From morning to night to the Steersman's songs, within the sight of shore,  
The rowers joined in and sang their songs, keeping time with their oars.

*Chorus:*       Through the glancing, dancing rapids,  
                  Wah – Sah – Ge – Wa – No – Qua,  
                  The Chippewa name by which I'm known,  
                  The Woman of the Bright Foam.

In the rapid St. Mary's waters, the Chippewa fished all year.  
From canoes in the churning rapids, they caught the fish with spears.  
They fished from top to bottom, then portaged to the top,  
And I asked if I could join them one day to take the trip.

In a minute, we were at the rapids verge, We went down with a whirl and splash.  
The white foam surged around me. On the rocks I thought we'd crash!  
But the Steersman turned sharp angles. Through the breakers we danced.  
That three-quarter mile, seven minute run ended quicker than a glance.

The Indians were enchanted. And when I got back to my home,  
They'd given me the name of honor, The Woman of the Bright Foam.

*chorus*