



THE 100 MILE WILDERNESS [10-98]

**A trail through Maine's north wilderness,
Past bogs and ponds of blue.
Beckons the restless wanderlust,
Down deep in me and you.**

**So, off in the swirling mist we go,
With our boots and raingear on.
While friends at home and folks we love,
Try figurin' what went wrong.**

**But, we'll rove these woods and mountainsides,
A-waitin' that by-and-by.
A perfect dawn...when packs take wing,
And the treadway climbs the sky.**

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