



Notre Terre Minnesota



“Notre Terre Minnesota”
by John H. Sandy

From the boundless prairies where amber wheat
sways,
To the mighty Mississippi waters born at Lake Itasca's
shore.

The North Star, a beacon bright in the midnight sky,
hidden paths revealed amidst glimmering rays,
Shows the way for those who journey north seeking
bountiful lands and native lore.

Minnesota, Minnesota, the land of ancient glaciers
and mighty mastodons of yore in sight,
On nature's quiet watch, your deep blue waters flow.
The northland a vast wilderness ever so pure,
leaves of scarlet maple and yellow aspen delight,
Your enchanting fields, lakes, and forests forever aglow.

The history of our people begins with captivating
stories and life experiences, so right,
Character instilled by mysterious threads of Up North
memories.

A tale once told of an old mariner's dream of the
craggy cliffs of Duluth in sight,
Of daring French voyageurs and bold Nordic pioneers
we revere through the centuries.

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A loon's eerie wail at dawn of day awakens the magical
waters of Otter Tail,
As an Arctic guest by dusk sweeps the land, a
feathery whiteness settles on low meadows and high
morainic peaks.
In darkness, busy beavers on Kabetogama build
dams on rushing streams, their lodges of mud and
sticks ever so swell,
Ponds imagined by nature's engineers flow wide
and deep, rippling, lush waters beckon wild
creatures to come and seek.

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A variety of cultures and enduring traditions shape
our great pride,
Through songs, Ojibwe and Dakota share visions
of hope and wisdom wrapped in elders' minds.
We savor lutefisk and wurst, grandma's old country
creations, a feast at table side,
While berries picked in fertile gardens and gifts
from wild nature, always hearty seasonal finds.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

For many years, John Sandy was head of Rodgers Library for Science and Engineering at The University of Alabama. Decades earlier, he lived in a rural region of central Minnesota.

