

# My Island Home

By Mae Caron – 1967

There is a town not far away;  
a little town I might say,  
called Empire.  
It dwells on the Lake Michigan shore.

On a clear day, when I stand on that shore  
and gaze across the water blue,  
my eyes can see  
an island that was once home for me.

I love that island. I grew up there.  
The beautiful beaches and the sand dunes were  
a magic playground for our childhood days,  
where we built our castles, and our dreams.

The lovely forests we wandered through  
seemed like a fairyland.  
The wild flowers on the hillsides grew  
in many splendors and lovely hues.

The many fields where strawberries grew;  
and the first mushrooms of spring,  
when young and old rushed to be first  
to bring them home.

We were happy and felt safe there.  
With friends and neighbors  
our happiness and our sorrows we all shared,  
and our lives didn't seem a burden  
on our lovely island.

On that distant shore  
'tis lonely now.  
Our families and friends have long since left,  
and strangers now there dwell.

But there is one thing I know for sure:  
that a part of my heart will always be  
on that lovely lonely island  
that I felt belonged to me.

