

# The Black Spruce Song

Words by Nancy Schimmel to the tune of The Black Fly Song by Wade Hemsworth

Back in '92 I decided to go  
For to work up in the woods of north Ontario  
Planting little trees exactly six feet apart  
Planting trees was gonna be a balm to my heart

Chorus #1: But the black flies, little black flies  
Always the black flies, no matter where you go  
Dying with the black flies pickin' on my bones  
In north Ontar-i-o-i-o, in north Ontar-i-o

Carrying the saplings on my aching back  
And the black flies using me for a little snack  
Planting little saplings just as far as you could see  
And every tree we planted was a black spruce tree

Chorus #2: And the black spruce, the little black spruce,  
Always the black spruce no matter where you go  
Flames of the black spruce smokin' our homes  
In north Ontar-i-o-i-o, in north Ontar-i-o

Now the black flies could eat you at a single gulp  
And the black spruce they grow it and turn it into pulp  
Six feet apart makes them easier to fell  
So we were **planting** future clear-cuts, near as we could tell.  
Chorus #2

We didn't know it, so we aren't to blame  
But the black spruce is too easy a tree to set aflame.  
They need **aspens** between them or the blaze goes higher  
We **weren't** planting forests, we were planting forest fires  
Chorus #2