

Over to Old La Pointe

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Chorus: Over to Old La Pointe, Rowing to Old La Pointe

Summer is here, we'll have our share, ferry carry us over there
We miss the boat back, we don't care!
We'll dance with the ghosts of old New France
On the Island....On the Rock....On the shores of Old La Pointe

Verse 1: An Ojibwa town it was up and down, a famous little port

Village in the shade of the old fur trade
Then a new, found summer resort.
Once you visit Madeline, and come to know her well
She'll tell you tales of Nebraska Row
And the vaudeville man Al Harvieux
In the windsled over the ice we go to Madeline

Chorus

Verse 2: Let's not forget Gram Johnson, they called her the Island Queen

Or Thomas Stahl hauling behind his two-dog team
Leo Capser left behind a museum, it was his dream
The name of Captain Angus floats
With old Ed Valley who built the boats
Raise the mast of the island past on Madeline

Chorus

Verse 3: The Chippewas know its holy ground, spirits are in the air

On his journey to the other world, Chief Buffalo left from there.
The Protestant and Catholic Missions rang their mission bells.
Heaven thought that hell had come
When Astor brought his rot gut rum
God and the devil are still having fun on Madeline

Chorus

Verse 4: I've nothing to do but visit and fish and play on the Big Bay sands

Nothing to do will do for me, that's what I come here for
And when I leave, when I push off, give me the Madeline yell:
Kemo keimo daro o
Mahe Mahi Merumski (after this part, pop your finger out of the side of your
mouth)
Poodle won't you knit cap Polly won't you Keimeo
Madeline!

Chorus