

# Loni

Jan Harmon - 1986

C G<sup>7</sup> C F C G<sup>7</sup>

High a - long the John Muir Trail, from Whit - ney toward Starr King, Lon and me  
like some dream of Gu - lli - ver, we spied El Ca - pi - tan wild ga - bles, spires

Am F <sup>\*\*</sup> 1. G<sup>7</sup> 2. G<sup>7</sup>

— set pace, to reach Yo - se - mi - te that spring. 2. Then  
— and gra - nite walls not shaped by a - - - ny man.

F C F G<sup>7</sup> **Cho.** F

Night fell like ta - lus from the stone, and Lo - ni said to me, "Douse the fire..

C G<sup>7</sup> C

but keep the flame.. 'til mor - ning warms old Tuo - lum - ne."

3. Black bear roamed the Tamarack to Cloud's Rest and Cockscomb ..  
where silent snowmelts filled the streams that burst and thundered down.  
And when Tenaya caught the moon .. Loni said to me ..

"Douse the fire .. but keep the flame ..  
'til morning warms old Tuolumne."

4. From Dogwood and Sequoia stands, we climbed the Vernal trail.  
By Big-leaf Maple, shined with mist, we scaled the Bridalveil.  
And when Half Dome, the hooded hawk, set his shadow free ..

we doused the fire .. but kept the flame ..  
'til morning warmed old Tuolumne.

5. Now, I know .. around Cathedral Peak the seasons cloud and clear.  
And it seems, I can't quite count the years since Lon and I were there.  
Still, when all the darkness falls, it's Loni calls to me ..

"Douse the fire .. but keep the flame ..  
'til morning warms old Tuolumne."

*\*\* This repeat — only happens with verses 1 & 2 —  
the rest go on — as if you are starting from verse 2.*