

Help me sing the song of peoples,
Of the wild and western peoples,
Of my free, untrammled brethern
Of the dark and western woodlands
Fringing all the shores of Hwulch—
Hwulch, the great, the strong, the mighty;
Hwulch, the ever-salmon-laden;
Hwulch that gives us of its bounty,
Laden with the food of nations
That shall make the strength of nations;
Hwulch, the great and flowing water
Hemmed in only by the mountains;
Hwulch that with the one hand gives us
Life and bounty, free as sunshine,
But the other holdest death and
Desolation dark as midnight
When the moon and stars have come not.
All the sands of Hwulch are silver,
Fives and fives and fives, they glisten—
Who can count them as they glisten,
Glisten in the morning sunshine?
Like the sands of Hwulch our people
Once were in the days long vanished;
Like the sands of Hwulch our people
Clustered near this inland ocean.
On the beach the curling camp fires
Upward raised their smokey tresses,
Kissing brown the clams and salmon
Gathered for the winter feasting.
At Schuh-tlahks the racks were reddened
Till the air reeked with the odor
Of the fummy fish that drying
Filled the larders of our people.
Speebidah the Little One saw
Yet other racks than Schuh-tlahks,
Holding luscious heaps of berries,
Wooded by all the summer sunshine
Till the wealth of richest juices
Had been kissed to utter dryness,
That our people in the winter,
In the cold and rainy season,
In the time of gust and tempest,
Might not lack for summer bounty