

Who beguiled the time with pleasure?  
Some are here and, sleeping, hear not;  
Others yet dwell near to Hwulch.  
For the rest, where dwell the absent,  
Where the ones who should be here?  
When Stah-gwahk from out the Southland  
Comes, the great, the strong and warm wind,  
In the woods the dead leaves rustle,  
Raise their drowsy eyes till open,  
Look about in wide-eyed wonder,  
See Stah gwahk from out the Southland,  
Whisper loud with wanton wildness,  
Dance in glee to rise again,  
Scurry far and dropping singly,  
Wheresoe'er the wind it listeth,  
Know no more their native forests,  
Know no more the land of Hwulch.  
So too happened it to others,  
Others than the leaves of Hwulch.  
Thus the people of the beach land,  
Once were like the sands of Silver;  
Many scattered far and never  
More returned to Hwulch's tides.  
Some are here and some are here not,  
Some still slumber o'er at Skyue,  
Take the rest of war-worn warriors.  
Still at Skyue ghostly squadrons  
Belly sails to bellowing blasts, while  
Paddles dip in liquid ether  
Though no helmsman guides his craft.  
Still through ages sail the squadrons  
To no earthly haven faring,  
Yet at last each death-like seaman  
Shall no doubt a haven reach.  
So Schuh-tlahks stands faithful ever,  
With his nose of rock and stone,  
Gazing mutely down in sorrow  
On these remnants of our people,  
Clinging to their haunts so olden,  
Haunts and homes of hearts of men.  
So too Speebidah, the Little  
One, looks down in sad abandon,  
Croons death songs of days now dying,  
Like their people—ah-de-dah!