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Ah-De-Dah! Ah-De-Dah!

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NOTE—Dr. Buchanan has chosen the strange and weird metre of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" as an accompaniment to sing the song of the red man of Tulalip, who is slowly yet surely, embarking on his long journey to that happy hunting ground of legendary lore. The Indian words used by Dr. Buchanan are locally descriptive and will be recognized by many readers. The "Ah-de-dah," reiterated several times in the poem, has been taken by Dr. Buchanan from a strange rite of the Indians, who periodically flock to the white sands of their beautiful bay and croon guttural songs toward skyue—their burying ground. These weird incantations terminate with the dismal "Ah-de-dah," meaning "alas! alas!"

OH Thou Spirit, all prevailing,
Spirit dwelling in the mountain,
In the plain and in the water,
In the air and all above it,
Everywhere that time and space are,
Even where man's foot hath gone not,
Where there is no sound of calling,
Hunting, feasting, nor of war cry,
Nor of singing, weeping, wailing,
Where not even joy nor pain are—
Even there Thou art, Great Spirit,
Brooding over all creation.
Everything that is, thou knowest.
Everything that is, thou seest.
Everything that is, thou willst.
Everything that is, thou judgest.
Judge me also, Doh-kay-bahtlh,
Thou whose wish is strong as law is,
Whether spoken or unuttered
Matters not, for Doh-kay-bahtlh,
Thou art strongest of the people
Supernatural and eternal!
See my wish and what compels it,
All my heart and what is in it,
All my being and what thrills it.
Judge me then, and bending lowly,
Hear the wish I speak to Thee.
Help me sing the song of peoples,
Of the wild and western peoples.

Of my free, untrammelled brethren
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 campfires
Upward raised their smoky tresses,
Kissing brown the clams and salmon
Gathered for the winter feasting.
At Schuh-tlahks the racks were reddened

*In The Everett Sunday Review, August 2, '03.