

And the women of the Haidas plied in vain their
magic power,

Wailed for many moons her absence, wailed for
many moons their prayer,

"Bring her back, O Squamish foeman, bring to us
our Yaada flower!"

But the silence only answered their despair.

But the men were swift to battle, swift to cross
the coastal water,

Swift to war and swift of weapon, swift to paddle
trackless miles,

Crept with stealth along the cañon, stole her from
her love and brought her

Once again unto the distant Charlotte Isles.

But she faded, ever faded, and her eyes were ever
turning

Southward toward the Capilano, while her voice
had hushed its song,

And her riven heart repeated words that on her
lips were burning:

"Not to friend—but unto foeman I belong.

"Give me back my Squamish lover—though you
hate, I still must love him.

"Give me back the rugged cañon where my heart
must ever be—

Where his lodge awaits my coming, and the Dream
Hills lift above him,

And the Capilano learned its song from me."