

THE BALLAD OF YAADA 165

But through long-forgotten seasons, moons too many  
to be numbered,

He yet waited by the cañon—she called across the  
years,

And the soul within the river, though centuries had  
slumbered,

Woke to sob a song of womanly tears.

For her little, lonely spirit sought the Capilano  
cañon,

When she died among the Haidas in the land of  
Totem Poles,

And you yet may hear her singing to her lover-like  
companion,

If you listen to the river as it rolls.

But 'tis only when the pearl and purple smoke is  
idly swinging

From the fires on Lulu Island to the hazy moun-  
tain crest,

That the undertone of sobbing echoes through the  
river's singing,

In the Capilano cañon of the West.