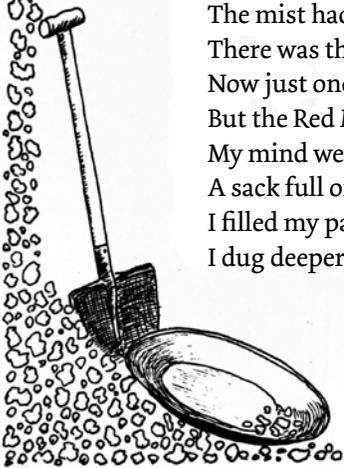




## PITT LAKE CURSE

The forbidden land has a beckoning hand  
That sends you a message from hell  
The story's told of Slumach's gold  
How he left a dreadful spell  
The hung him high and watched him die  
For he murdered Louis Bee  
In the Indian tongue the songs were sung  
In the valleys by the sea  
On the gallow steps when the mountain slept  
He cursed the River Stave  
I'll damn the creek and the gold they seek  
Was the message from the grave  
A thirst will dwell that the mind can't quell  
I must look for the glory hole  
It was never denied that many have died  
The curse has taken its toll  
My soul was fire with gold the desire  
The mountain and valleys I seek  
Gold was my dream and the next small stream  
Could lead me to Slumach's creek  
I searched and panned the forsaken land  
The holes I dug in the creeks  
Late at night I tried to fight  
Those spirits I felt for weeks  
Under the stars I found the bars  
In a land that has no road  
I worked the creeks beyond the peaks  
Searching for the Mother Lode  
Three months have passed and then at last  
The ghost of Slumach spoke  
With a voice from beyond I made a bond  
I must only take one poke  
Slumach said in a voice from the dead  
On a night that was icy cold  
By the tent shaped rock my ghost will walk  
Was the strangest story he told  
The mist had cleared and the creek had wiered  
There was the golden hoard  
Now just one poke Old Slumach spoke  
But the Red Man was ignored  
My mind went wild and I clawed like a child  
A sack full of nuggets I found  
I filled my pack until it bent my back  
I dug deeper in the ground

Unload you pack and take it back  
Was the message from the dead  
Late that night I was cold with fright  
I remembered what Slumach said  
Your sole is sold if you keep the gold  
He whispered in a silent breath  
The trail is lost and I knew the cost  
His promise made of death  
The coyote calls from the frozen walls  
Soon he'll feast on my flesh  
The forsaken sack is a burden to pack  
I've been caught in Slumach's mesh  
My pack still holds the yellow gold  
But the blankets I left on top  
I walked to slow and it's thirty below  
And the blizzards never stop  
My hands are froze and I can't feel my toes  
And my legs feel kind of numb  
I'm blind from snow and the north winds blow  
I knew my time had come  
Old Slumach's ghost had been my host  
The mountains seem to know  
The old winds say that I must pay  
My fear it seems to grow  
That night I prayed as the big trees swayed  
My time was growing near  
With a whimpering cry I waited to die  
My mind was stark with fear  
Then I awoke I smelt the smoke  
Of a fire that was all ablaze  
My feet had thawed and then by God  
My mind was still in a daze  
The Gold was gone and it was dawn  
My pack was an empty shell  
I was on Pitt Lake shore with the fire roar  
When I thought I was in Hell  
He took the Gold and broke his mold  
Old Slumach had left his mark  
The warm wind blew and then I knew  
I couldn't have walked in the dark  
The Stars and I have promised the Sky  
That the secret would never be told  
The forbidden creek I'll never seek  
That cursed Slumach's Gold



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