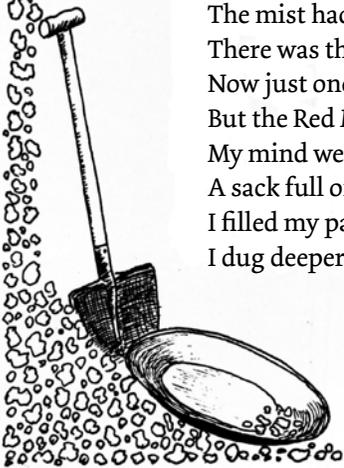




PITT LAKE CURSE

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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