A Reckoning

Two lose their oars

Quite broken in two
Quite broken

And men also thrown into the river

Water catch ’em   H–e–a–p catch ’em

Of course the cargo of rations

instruments and clothing

is gone   is gone   thrown into river

The only things saved   barometers

package of thermometers   a three-
gallon keg of whiskey

At least

we find two or three oars   three sacks

of flours lodged in the rocks

And “Maid of the Canyon” is lost   So it seems

But she drifts some distance

swings into an eddy   regained

Then a conflagration   Clothing burned   Hair

singed   Away go our cooking utensils

Our plates are gone   Our spoons are
gone   Our knives and forks   gone
go

Water catch ’em   H–e–a–p catch ’em

and Goodman concludes not to go on

We go on   We run a rapid

Break an oar   Lose another

I thrown some distance into the water

Dunn   loses his hold   goes under

and Bradley   knocked over the side

Guns and barometer lost   over the side

“Emma Dean” swamped   and we

thrown into the river   thrown   Three oars lost

And “Emma Dean” caught in a whirlpool

we get out if it

only the loss of an oar   only the loss
Water catch 'em  H–e–a–p catch 'em

—And at last we also lose our way  So it seems
   The sugar melted  gone
on its way down the river  Bacon

so badly injured  we throw it away
   down the river  Saleratus lost
overboard  down the river  (How precious

that little flour has become)
   The little canvas rotten and useless
rubber ponchos all lost

Still it rains  It rains

Howland  his brother  William Dunn all three
to go no further

Water catch 'em  H–e–a–p catch 'em

And the loss of hands  Still it rains

'Til at last I leave my “Emma Dean”

Not a moment of daylight lost