

The Haunted Falls

THE HAUNTED FALLS 4145 58A

Mrs. Sullivan Shafter, 1940

On and on an old time river Just between two mountain walls
On a place from which it started A place they called the Haunted Falls.

On the banks there lived a white man Wife and children he had three
From the bottom of the river Echoed back their shouts of glee.

To a little town up farther One bright day for the mail had gone
Left his wife and little children Just for one short hour alone.

And the busy little mother Had no time for thought or fear
When she heard the horse feet trampling Quickly turned her head in fear.

Then she knelt and kissed her childring Bid them neither speak nor cry
Hid them in a secret closet Then prepared herself to die.

On the Indians rushed the captain Broke the lock from off the door
Then they saw this weeping woman Lying there upon the floor.

Then he called to his companions Who had seized a great big stick
Come let's kill this weeping woman Lose no time, I say be quick.

Then they killed this weeping woman Roughly drugged her to the door
Picked her up by her long yellow dressing Roughly drugged her to the door.

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There they danced and sing around her Never even shed a tear Picked her up by her long yellow clothing Then they slung her in to drown.

Then they turned and burned the cottage Little children to the ground And the people of the village Call this place the haunted mound.

Now the old man wanders lonely In the place where the house did stand Thinking of his wife and children He is left a lonely man.