

KATE MIDDLETON

A Reckoning

A *Two lose their oars*
Reckoning Quite broken in two Quite broken
And men also thrown into the river

The *Water catch 'em* *H-e-a-p catch 'em*
Exploration
of
the Of course the cargo of rations
Colorado is gone is gone thrown into river
River
and The only things saved barometers
its package of thermometers a three-
Canyons gallon keg of whiskey At least

John we find two or three oars three sacks
Wesley of flours lodged in the rocks
Powell And "Maid of the Canyon" is lost So it seems

First But she drifts some distance
Expedition 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 gone

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