

Edna Blythe Elwell  
THE ENCHANTED CANYON

The singing winds hummed softly,  
As the pebbles gently fell,  
Each one took up the music,  
Sometimes, tinkling like a bell.  
Silently, we listened as the canyon  
Wove its spell,  
Enchanted by the sing-song music,  
By the weird and fascinating music,  
And the story it could tell.

A story of Indians around a campfire,  
With their peace pipes of red clay,  
And their feathered bows and arrows,  
That all around them lay,  
As they sang their thanks to Heaven  
For the bounty of the day.

Gently, they nurtured Mother Earth,  
Never taking without giving;  
And, in return, the Earth gave them  
Ample for a living --  
The squash, the corn, the buffalo,  
For a life of sheer contentment,  
That we will never know.

Finally, with the tiny bells still ringing,  
And the sun's rays getting low,  
We turned our footsteps homeward,  
As we knew that we must go.  
We tried to leave unnoticed; so,  
If we were not invited,  
God might not even know.

End