

FORT SIMCOE

By Mrs. Solon R. Boynton

Kamiakim's braves were rising,
And the settlers' fears were grave.
So strong hands built Fort Simcoe,
The white men's lives to save.

Built it of heavy timbers,
Thrust it against the sky,
Fort of the Yakima Country
In days long since gone by.

Standing alone on the sky-line,
Breasting thousands of storms,
Undaunted by scorching noon-tides,
Or midnight's black alarms.

Crowding its rocky door step
The sturdy sage brush clings.
While often high on its weathered beams
The birds of the prairie sing.

Rugged and old and windswept,
Perched on the valley's rim
Keeping a lonely vigil
To the wail of the prairie wind.

Kamiakim sleeps with his fathers,
And the pioneers too are at rest.
But old Simcoe stands at its post on the hill,
Silhouetted against the crest.

Pride of Yakima settlers,
And Symbol of courage high.
Fort Simcoe, for almost a hundred years,
On guard 'neath the western sky.