

Our Interstate Bridge

The Bridge of the Gods is built. You say
It is built by the men who are gods today
and by the "dragons" once so famed
From other sounds have these in hand,
These present gods endowed with thought,
With other gods metal and stone have wrought
Have builded a monument, beauteous grand
The pride of this favored position on land,
The fires of power have been caused to wait
and use their power in raising the gate
That would check the flow of traffic and trade in
From an Empire fair as the gods have made
We say well done to these gifted men
Who have thought and toiled so well
The millions will know your work and when
We talk to our children tell
We can tell with pride of the glorious day
We crossed the Bridge to Vancouver
and say to ourselves as we ride in cars
Our formative days are over by God

ah-ni. Nakhijj Tiliwin.

Willamette Slikke

moxt moon

Tat lum-pe Tahum sun

Tatum pe quice Tachalamonocke pe

Tatum pe sinemoxt snow

Translation

old friend

Willamette Ground (Portland)

790

16

1900

17