



Now we were all together again, and we laid tracks deep into the Sierras. We dug tunnels through the mountain peaks and the train flew through them like thread through the eye of a needle. We raced the Moonhunter round the mountain curves, climbing up and plunging down like a giant roller coaster. As we rode we feasted on game we caught, and gambled and played our music. When we saw Tong Yun in trouble we stopped to help. If they were poor we gave them food and gold. If they were being bothered by troublemakers we fought the troublemakers off.

現在，我們又重叙在一起。我們把鐵軌鋪到西也拉的山裏，我們掘隧道。火車在那些大山中飛馳，好像穿針引線似的，我們駕着火車沿着彎曲的山路，就像一輪巨大的過山車。沿途中，我們在唱歌，在玩牌，把獵到的野味煮來吃。當我們見到唐人有困難時，我們停下來，去幫助他們，像：給貧窮的人黃金，逐走欺負唐人的惡人。

建築第一條鐵路的人已經死去了，但他們的靈魂還乘着“追月號”火車，穿過西也拉內華達山，它仍在照顧在金山的唐人而我們仍可聽到“追月號”在飛馳發出的歌聲。

The first railroaders grew old and died, but the ghosts of our people still ride the Moonhunter through the Sierra Nevadas. They still look after us Tong Yun in um Sahn, and the Iron Moonhunter still plays his song.