

THE LEGEND OF QU'APPELLE VAL

Not yet a leaf had fallen, not a tone
Of frost upon the plain ere I set foot
Impatient to possess her as my own—
This queen of all the women of
North.

I rested not at even or at dawn,
But journeyed all the dark and day
through—

Until I reached the Lakes, and, hurrying
on,

I launched upon their bosom my canoe

Of sleep or hunger then I took no heed
But hastened o'er their leagues of waters
ways;

But my hot heart outstripped my paddle
speed

And waited not for distance or
days,

But flew before me swifter than the breeze
Of magic paddle ever cleaved the Lake

Eager to lay its love before the maid,
And watch the lovelight in her
awake.