

THE RIME OF JACQUES VALBEAU

I.

One August afternoon I saw,
Somewhere back of Ottawa,
Among the oldest hills,
A young and most alluring squaw,
Togg'd in a buckskin petticoat,
With buckskin fringe and frills :
Catamount-claws were at her throat,
Fixt on a catgut string,
With copper beads and color'd quills,—
O she was the dreamliest thing !
Clean and cool as the dews that cling
To the tiger-lilies on those hills
Thro' the golden August dawns ;
For the rest—the sunlight gleam'd
On breasts and arms and legs that seem'd
Moulded brownly out of bronze :
Shapely, slender, debonaire,
From her coils of blue-black hair
To her dainty mocassins :
And I met her, for my sins,
Somewhere back of Ottawa,
Among the oldest hills.

II.

Long ago in the earlies
A Frenchman lived in France ;
Gaunt he was like an eagle,