

THE BALLAD OF YAADA 175

But through long-forgotten seasons, moons too many
to be numbered,
He yet waited by the cañon—she called across the
years,
And the soul within the river, though centuries had
slumbered,
Woke to sob a song of womanly tears.

For her little, lonely spirit sought the Capilano
cañon,
When she died among the Haidas in the land of
Totem Poles,
And you yet may hear her singing to her lover-like
companion,
If you listen to the river as it rolls.

But 'tis only when the pearl and purple smoke is
idly swinging
From the fires on Lulu Island to the hazy moun-
tain crest,
That the undertone of sobbing echoes through the
river's singing,
In the Capilano cañon of the West.