

The Legend of Qu'Appelle Valley

I am the one who loved her as my life,
Had watched her grow to sweet young
womanhood;

Won the dear privilege to call her wife,
And found the world, because of her, was
good.

I am the one who heard the spirit voice,
Of which the paleface settlers love to tell;
From whose strange story they have made
their choice

Of naming this fair valley the "Qu'Appelle."

She had said fondly in my eager ear—

"When Indian summer smiles with dusky lip,
Come to the lakes, I will be first to hear
The welcome music of thy paddle dip.

I will be first to lay in thine my hand,
To whisper words of greeting on the shore;
And when thou would'st return to thine own
land,

I'll go with thee, thy wife for evermore."