

Wiwâstè sat late in the lodge alone,
Her dark eyes bent on the glowing fire.
She heard not the wild winds shrill and moan;
She heard not the tall elms toss and groan;
Her face was lit like the harvest moon;
For her thoughts flew far to her heart's desire.
Far away in the land of the Hóhé¹⁵ dwelt
The warrior she held in her secret heart;
But little he dreamed of the pain she felt,
For she hid her love with a maiden's art.
Not a tear she shed, not a word she said.
When the fair young chief from the lodge departed;
But she sat on the mound when the day was dead,
And gazed at the full moon mellow-hearted.
Fair was the chief as the morning-star;
His eyes were mild and his words were low,
But his heart was stouter than lance or bow;
And her young heart flew to her love afar
O'er his trail long covered with drifted snow.
But she heard a warrior's stealthy tread,
And the tall Wakâwa appeared, and said—
"Is Wiwâstè afraid of the spirit dread
That fires the sky in the fatal north?²⁰
Behold the mysterious lights. Come forth.
Some evil threatens,—some danger nears,
For the skies are pierced with the burning spears."
The warriors rally beneath the moon;
They shoot their shafts at the evil spirit.
The spirit is slain and the flame is gone;
And his blood lies red on the snow-fields near it.