

THE BALLAD OF

And when she waked in wandering mood
And told them all her rue,
Of how she ranged the tangled wood
And found Tsoqalem true,
And later met the Beast,—they stood
And mocked her for a shrew.

And, later, where the women wove
The wool for blanketing,
They asked, her would she weave, or rove?
Or sing a song of treasure-trove?
Or other ribald thing.

Till soon she cowered in disgrace,
And went in deadly fear
Of their disport, and hid her face
And wept, and had no cheer.

Ah! many times the hapless maid
Had thought to flee her woe—
To flee and seek Tsoqalem's aid,
Who would not treat her so.