

And the welkin rings to the gladsome shout—
To the loud Inâs and the wild Ihós,³¹—
And dark and dead, on the bloody snows,
Lie the swarthy heaps of the buffaloes.

All snug in the teepee Wiwâstè lay,
All wrapped in her robe, at the dawn of day.—
All snug and warm from the wind and snow,
While the hunters followed the buffalo.
Her dreams and her slumber their wild shouts broke;
The chase was afoot when the maid awoke;
She heard the twangs of the hunter's bows,
And the bellowing bulls and the loud Ihós,
And she murmured—"My hunter is far away
In the happy land of the tall Hóhé—
My beautiful hunter, my brave Chaskè;
But the robins will come and my warrior too,
And Wiwâstè will find her a way to woo."

And long she lay in a reverie,
And dreamed, wide-awake, of her brave Chaskè,
Till a trampling of feet on the crispy snow
She heard, and the murmur of voices low;—
Then the hunters' greeting—Ihó! Ihó!
And behold, in the blaze of the risen day,
With the hunters that followed the buffalo,—
Came her beautiful hunter—her brave Chaskè.
Far south has he followed the bison-trail
With his band of warriors so brave and true.
Right glad is Wakâwa his friend to hail,
And Wiwâstè will find her a way to woo.