

THE BALLAD OF

For now, according to her plan,
Tsoqalem's mother, slave
Of Qaiyakwetsten, medicine-man,
'Twas she who dug his grave.

As well she knew the day and hour,
So well did she devise—
Who more than she who had the Power—
That Power which never dies.

And oh! she sent her spirit forth
To bring her of the best;
And lo! the wind was in the north,
The sun was in the west!

And half the night upon her bed
The woman sat and whined:
"There's coming in the smoke," she said,
"And coming in the wind!"