

THE LEGEND OF QU'APPELLE VALLE

Full many years have vanished since, but sti

The voyageurs beside the campfire tell

How, when the moonrise tips the distant hill

They hear strange voices through the
silence swell.

The paleface loves the haunted lakes they say

And journeys far to watch their beauty
spread

Before his vision; but to me the day,

The night, the hour, the seasons all are
dead.

I listen heartsick, while the hunters tell

Why white men named the valley The
Qu' Appelle.