

She wanders all alone  
Save for one little boy.  
To feigning he is prone,  
And fools the maiden coy;  
For to the hunting grounds  
Her lover did there hie,  
Her deer-skin wrapped her round—  
She stifled many a sigh.

The maid knew when she neared  
The hunting ground so wild,  
In storm before she feared,  
Now all things seemed so mild.  
She met an aged chief—  
Her bow and quiver gave  
In danger for relief—  
To guard against the grave.

He showed her the right path  
And bade her come with him—  
She joined some youths whose wrath  
(But smouldering from feigned vim)  
Toward this chieftain sage  
That they did now proceed  
(By way of nursing rage)  
To strive to make him bleed.

They hurled handfuls of sand  
Which but caressed his beard.  
His tender eyes looked grand  
While through long brows he peered.  
The maid had not possessed  
A baldric and she'd thrown  
(Her comrades first behest)  
Her bow and quiver down.

These youths with fickle minds  
Now quarrel continually.