

THE BALLAD OF YAADA 163

But the sun its face is veiling like a cloistered nun  
at vespers ;

As towards the altar candles of the night a censer  
swings,

And the echo of tradition wakes from slumbering  
and whispers,

Where the Capilano river sobs and sings.

It was Yaada, lovely Yaada, w' o first taught the  
stream its sighing,

For 'twas silent till her coming, and 'twas  
voiceless as the shore ;

But throughout the great forever it will sing the  
song undying

That the lips of lovers sing for evermore.

He was chief of all the Squamish, and he ruled the  
coastal waters—

And he warred upon her people in the distant  
Charlotte Isles ;

She, a winsome basket weaver, daintiest of Haida  
daughters,

Made him captive to her singing and her smiles.

Till his hands forgot to havoc and his weapons lost  
their lusting,

Till his stormy eyes allured her from the land of  
Totem Poles,

Till she followed where he called her, followed with  
a woman's trusting,

To the cañon where the Capilano rolls.