

The rest are sleeping on yonder hill—
 Save one—and he an undutiful son,—
 And you, my Father, will sit alone
 When Sisóka³³ sings and the snow is gone.”
 His broad breast heaved on his troubled soul,
 The shadow of grief o'er his visage stole
 Like a cloud on the face of the setting sun.

“She has followed the years that are gone,” he said;
 “The spirits the words of the witch fulfill;
 For I saw the ghost of my father dead,
 By the moon's dim light on the misty hill.
 He shook the plumes on his withered head,
 And the wind through his pale form whistled shrill.
 And a low, sad voice on the hill I heard,
 Like the mournful wail of a widowed bird.”
 Then lo, as he looked from his lodge afar,
 He saw the glow of the Evening-star;
 “And yonder,” he said, “is Wiwástè's face;
 She looks from her lodge on our fading race.
 Devoured by famine, and fraud, and war,
 And chased and hounded from woe to woe,
 As the white wolves follow the buffalo.”
 And he named the planet the *Virgin Star*.³⁴

“Wakâwa,” he muttered, “the guilt is thine!
 She was pure,—she was pure as the fawn unborn.
 O why did I hark to the cry of scorn,
 Or the words of the lying libertine?
 Wakâwa, Wakâwa, the guilt is thine!
 The springs will return with the voice of birds,
 But the voice of my daughter will come no more.