

THE FEAST OF THE VIRGINS.

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Three nights he tarried—the brave Chaskè;
Winged were the hours and they flitted away;
On the wings of Wakândeé³⁹ they silently flew,
For Wiwâstè had found her a way to woo.
Ah little he cared for the bison-chase;
For the red lilies bloomed on the fair maid's face;
Ah little he cared for the winds that blew,
For Wiwâstè had found her a way to woo.
Brown-bosomed she sat on her fox-robe dark,
Her ear to the tales of the brave inclined,
Or tripped from the tee like the song of a lark,
And gathered her hair from the wanton wind.
Ah, little he thought of the leagues of snow
He trodè on the trail of the buffalo;
And little he recked of the hurricanes
That swept the snow from the frozen plains
And piled the banks of the Bloody River.⁴⁰
His bow unstrung and forgotten hung
With his beaver hood and his otter quiver;
He sat spell-bound by the artless grace
Of her star-lit eyes and her moon-lit face.
Ah little he cared for the storms that blew,
For Wiwâstè had found her a way to woo.
When he spoke with Wakâwa her sidelong eye
Sought the handsome chief in his hunter-guise.
Wakâwa marked, and the lilies fair
On her round cheeks spread to her raven hair.
They feasted on rib of the bison fat,
On the tongue of the Ta⁴¹ that the hunters prize,
On the savory flesh of the red Hogân,⁴²
On sweet tipsâna⁴³ and pemmican,