

THE GIANTS' DANCE.

They dance to the tune of their wild "ha-ha!"
A warrior's shout and a raven's caw—
Circling the pot and the blazing fire
To the tom-tom's bray and the rude bassoon;
Round and round to their hearts' desire,
And ever the same wild chant and tune—
A warrior's shout and a raven's caw—
"Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha-ha!"
They crouch, they leap, and their burning eyes
Flash fierce in the light of the flaming fire,
As fiercer and fiercer, and higher and higher
The rude, wild notes of their chant arise.
They cease, they sit, and the curling smoke
Ascends again from their polished pipes,
And upward curls from their swarthy lips
To the god whose favor their hearts invoke.

NEVER! NEVER!

My father! my father! her words were true;
And the death of Wiwâstè will rest on you.
You have pledged me as wife to the tall Red Cloud;
You will take the gift of the warrior proud;
But I, Wakâwa, I answer—never!
I will stain your knife in my heart's red blood,
I will plunge and sink in the sullen river,
Ere I will be wife to the fierce Red Cloud.