

THE BALLAD OF

And hearkened when in dreams she cried
Upon the Beast; or stood
And told as though she prophesied
Tsoqalem was grown good,
What time he prayed and purified
And fasted in the wood.

And oftentimes she sat to scan
The portents of the skies;
And Qaiyakwetsten, medicine-man,
Would nod his head upon his plan
And deem the maiden wise.

At last she told the shaman this:
"And is thy spirit dumb,
Who canst not read the signs amiss?—
Lo! for my time is come!"

Wherefore he told her that his plan
With time was ripened too;
He, Qaiyakwetsten, medicine-man,
Would show what he would do.