

Scattering the light from Kunaë's * eyes
 And the laughter from his mouth—
 Red is love's glory on the forest
 As a slain moose.
 O See-Gooltha maq-ha-ten-tle
 I arise from thy heart,
 My lips lift, from thy kiss,
 Flame-bright wings of new desire spread-
 ing to the Sun.
 Give thy hand and leap with me o'er thy
 threshold to the Good Ground!
 Run with cool palm to palm pressed,
 breasts beating,
 Thighs by fleet thighs flashing, down the
 white swaying shore.
 Brown feet and crags and trampling pines,
 Tread to the sound,
 Of Sea-Song and Storm-Song
 And Drums of the Dawn!

— MARY AUSTIN

THE SONG OF THE HILLS

*Being the Song of a Man and a Woman
 Who Might Have Loved
 (From the Yokut)*

This is the song of the Hills
 In the hour when they talk together,
 When the alpen glow dies down in the west
 and leaves the heavens tender;

* Kunaë: Supreme One.

In the pure and shadowless hour
When the Mountains talk together;

“Fir tree leaneth to fir,
The wind-blown willows mingle;
Clouds draw each to each, dissolve, depart,
and renew one another;
But the strong Hills hold asunder.

“Had we been less we had loved;
We had stooped and been tender;

“But our hands are under the earth
For the travail of her harvests,
Upholding the rain-sleeked fields
And the long, brown, fruitful furrow.
Terror taketh the earth
When the Mountains move together.

“But ever as winds of Spring
Set the meadow grasses caressing,
And the coo-dove's call.
To the coo-dove's mate
Resounds in the oak-wood valleys,
We shall thrill with the brooding earth,
We shall turn, touch hands, and remember,
Had we been less, how much we had loved
How nobly we might have been tender.”

NEITHER SPIRIT NOR BIRD
(Shoshone Love Song)

Neither spirit nor bird;
That was my flute you heard
Last night by the River.
When you came with your wicker jar
Where the river drags the willows,
That was my flute you heard,
Wacoba, Wacoba,
Calling, Come to the willows!

Neither the wind nor a bird
Rustled the lupin blooms,
That was my blood you heard
Answer your garment's hem
Whispering through the grasses;
That was my blood you heard
By the wild rose under the willows.

That was no beast that stirred,
That was my heart you heard
Pacing to and fro
In the ambush of my desire,
To the music my flute let fall.
Wacoba, Wacoba,
That was my heart you heard
Leaping under the willows.

PRAYER TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT
(*From the Navajo*)

Lord of the Mountain,
Reared within the Mountain
Young Man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!
Hear a prayer for cleanness.
Keeper of the strong rain,
Drumming on the mountain;
Lord of the small rain
That restores the earth in newness;
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness,

Young Man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness.
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness.
Keeper of the paths of men,
Hear a prayer for straightness.

Hear a prayer for courage.
Lord of the thin peaks,
Reared amid the thunders;
Keeper of the headlands
Holding up the harvest,
Keeper of the strong rocks
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young Man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

*SONG FOR THE PASSING OF
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN*

(From the Paiute)

Go thy way in comeliness!
Strong sun across the sod doth make
Such quickening as thy countenance.

Pursue thy unguessed errand and pass by;
I am more worth for what thy passing
wakes,

Great races in my loins to thee that cry!
My blood is redder for thy loveliness.
Prosper; be fair; pass by!

SONG OF A PASSIONATE LOVER

(From the Yokut)

Come not near my songs,
You who are not my lover,
Lest from out that ambush
Leaps my heart upon you!

When my songs are glowing
As an almond thicket
With the bloom upon it,
Lies my heart in ambush
All amid my singing;
Come not near my songs,
You who are not my lover!

Do not hear my songs,
You who are not my lover,

Over-sweet the heart is
Where my love has bruised it,
Breathe you not that fragrance,
You who are not my lover!
Do not stoop above my heart
With its languor on you,
Lest I should not know you
From my own belovèd,
Lest from out my singing
Leaps my heart upon you!

THE HEART'S FRIEND

(Shoshone Love Song)

Fair is the white star of twilight,
And the sky clearer
At the day's end;
But she is fairer, and she is dearer
She, my heart's friend!

Fair is the white star of twilight,
And the moon roving
To the sky's end;
But she is fairer, better worth loving,
She, my heart's friend.

A SONG IN TIME OF DEPRESSION

(From the Paiute)

Now all my singing Dreams are gone
But none knows where they are fled
Nor by what trail they have left me.

Return, O Dreams of my heart,
 And sing in the summer twilight,
 By the creek and the almond thicket
 And the field that is bordered with lupins!

Now is my refuge to seek
 In the hollow of friendly shoulders,
 Since the singing is stopped in my pulse
 And the earth and the sky refuse me;
 Now must I hold by the eyes of a friend
 When the high white stars are unfriendly.

Over sweet is the refuge of trusting;
 Return and sing, O my Dreams,
 In the dewy and palpitant pastures,
 Till the love of living awakes
 And the strength of the hills to uphold me.

ALONG THE SOUTH STAR TRAIL
(Tribal Songs from the South-west)

THE TOM-TOM

Drum-beat, beat of drums,
 Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
 Pebble feet on drifting sand . . .
 Drum-beat, beat of drums—
 I have lost the wife-made robe of bear-
 skin . . .
 Take the prize—mine the loss.
 Have I lost too the courage of the black
 bear—
 His power, his thunder?