

“Great hairy brutes in companies
Will sluggishly draw near ;
Their hides are all so thick and tough
They well-nigh break my spear.

“And when I get a drop of blood,
It is not worth the pains—
Coarse, salt, and indigestible,
It on my chest remains.

“But there is one, a monster dire,
Who sometimes passes by
(Oh, had I but my fill of blood,
I satisfied would die !).

“To light upon this monster dire
Is risk of life and limb ;
But I would risk a hundred lives
To get a sip from him.

“His hide is thin, his blood is sweet—
Sweeter than milk to me ;
But ah, his ways are full of guile,
And treacherous is he !

“At times he like a stump will stand,
And you would think him dead,
Then suddenly he wakes, and flails
Go thrashing round his head.