

Nobly Streams and Watercourses rise to quench the burning wood,  
 Pouring their united forces into one ensteeping flood:  
 Onward strides the ruthless giant, with his eye-balls glaring red;  
 And the must'ring floods are pliant,—flee in vapour overhead!

Shell-encrustēd, like a Chrysem's, on he rolls without defeat:  
 When the brave, high-minded *Lishims* leaps undaunted to his feet.  
 Straight across the fire his river in a slender line he throws!—  
 He will die, or else deliver this fair land from hell-spawn'd foes!

But across the valley's ranges, in one devastating surge,  
 Up to where the *Ksh'-g'amal* changes, Ignis doth his vantage urge.  
 Then from far-off *Medziadin*, from *Kin-scoh* and *Ska-shinisht*,  
 All the help that may be had in lake and stream is quick imprest.

Then the noble *Lishims*, drooping, fighting odds eighteen to one,  
 Stands revived,—reserves come trooping in a swelling tide anon.  
 And against th' advance of Ignis a long line of breakers beat;  
 Quenching there his hell-born Dignis, till he suffers full defeat.

. . . . .

In the struggle, spent and sighing, fading fast his ruddy glow,  
 Dazed with battle-reek, and dying, Ignis faileth in his flow!  
 All the lands he hoped to master hedge him in on every side;  
 All his triumphs spell disaster,—his demise is far and wide!

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