

## LEGEND

*They drew his corpse from the bleeding thorns.  
(Beware the Buck with the Golden Horns!)*

*Hunter was he and he went astray.  
(The way of the woods is a woman's way.)*

He followed game as a hunter should,  
Until he saw in a lonely wood  
The Buck with the Golden Horns — ah! woe!  
He dropped his arrows and knife and bow,  
He dropped his pouch and his flinty spear,  
To follow after that bounding deer.  
Faster and faster the phantom ran,  
Faster and faster followed the man,  
Into a valley, over a stream,  
Soft as a shadow, swift as a dream!  
Higher and higher! They meet and merge  
On the ragged lip of a chasm's verge —

*Hunter was he and he went astray.  
(The way of the woods is a woman's way.)*

*They drew his corpse from the bleeding thorns.  
(Beware the Buck with the Golden Horns!)*