

THE BALLAD OF

And oh! in truth I think no shame
Of him who called the feast,
As from that door the shaman came
His length among them, torn and lame,
And after him—the Beast!

For there were others of a ring
Who had no thought of scare
To see so dread a happening,
Who cringed and cowered there;
And shrank to hear Tsoqalem sing
The Song of Human Fare.

Though tongues were clamouring into speech,
And all was wild with strife,
Lo! not a brave had wit to reach
A bow, nor draw a knife . . .

He crouched and, slouching from the hips,
Caught up two flaming brands;
And lo! with blood upon his lips
And blood upon his hands,