

My Father, O Chiefs! was astoundingly strong,
Now, alas! he is weak, for his life has been long;
His hair is like snow, and deep wrinkles appear
On his brow, telling plainly his end draweth near.
When he wants a new staff his frail steps to sustain
He can scarcely uproot a young oak from the plain!

But I will replace him; I scoff at all fear,
I am heir to his steel bow, his axe and his spear,
I alone can succeed the old man at his death,
Who am able the poplars to bend with my breath,
And can dangle my feet in the valley at will,
While I carelessly sit on the top of a hill.

I was merely a boy, when I opened a road
O'er the snow peaks that form Winter's Alpine abode;
My head, like a mountain that vapour enshrouds,
Arrested the course of the galloping clouds,
And, often, uplifting my hands to the sky,
I seized the proud eagles far sailing on high.

I fought with the storm, and my breath, as it streamed,
Extinguished each flash of the lightning that gleamed,
Or, bent upon sport, I would eagerly chase
The wallowing kings of Leviathan's race,
While I troubled far more than the hurricane's blast
The ocean, that opened its plain as I passed.

From my grasp, which was merciless, nothing could
save
The hawk in the sky, or the shark in the wave;
The bear, whose huge body my arms were thrown
round.