

IN-COW-MAS-KET.

O strange being, whence comest thou? It is Scuse, the doctor.  
Ah, see, see how he danceth! Ah, list, list how he singeth!  
Oh, list, list to the song of Scuse, the mighty wise doctor:

SONG OF SCUSE.

Mighty chief, what grief hath raised ye?  
Why hast left the silent tomb  
Where with many sighs we laid ye,  
Sad beneath the silent moon?

Wherefore is thy rest disturbed,  
Mighty hunter, and thy shade  
Wandereth alone perturbed  
From the grave our hands had made?

Hither, hither, come ye hither;  
We thine anger would appease:  
Tell thy griefs in voiceless language,  
Like the whispering of the breeze.

Who so strong as Scuse, the wise one, to battle with the dead.  
See, see how he draweth the spirit nearer and nearer;  
Ah, how they struggle, Scuse the wise one, and the shade of  
the

Departed; Scuse draweth him as a snared bird, even as  
A bird with a noose round the neck; lo! he draweth nearer,  
Nearer he cometh still! Ha, ha! he is safe on the mat,  
The mat wherefrom no spirit escapeth. Ah, why dancest  
Thou round, mighty doctor? why singest thou softly and low?  
"I talk with a spirit departed, with the shade of the  
Hunter, our chief; and he answereth in language that voiceless;  
This is the answer he giveth, this troubleth our chief:"

"In the ground am I laid and forgotten;