

*The Book of the Native*

He grew and gloomed before them like a cloud,  
And his eye drew them till they cried aloud,

And withering like spent flame before his frown  
They ran forth in a madness and fell down.

Rank upon rank they lay without a moan,—  
His finger touched them, and their hearts grew stone.

All round the coasts he heaped their stiffened clay;  
And the seamews wail o'er them to this day.