

Out of the wet
And gave them to Thee.
How great Thou didst grow—
Swollen from eating,
Sudden and noisy,
Roaring and mighty—
How great Thou didst grow!
Thus Thou art with me,
And they are afraid—
All the night-eyes
That float through the dark—
They are afraid
And cry when they see Thee
Here in my cave.

Tell me, O Eater!
Why we are different
From Big Face
And Long Arm
Down in the wood,
Hating our cave:
Theirs not the sharp stone,
Neither the thrower,
Nor do they know Thee.
They do not make words
That sound like the call
Of a bird on the bough;
Of a tree to the wind;
Of the water to earth,
When it falls from the hill: