

But just as I rose again,
Clinging to my horse's mane,
Right beside me their he rose,
Snorting loud his great grey nose.
Very swift my steed he swims,
Stretching forth his four grey limbs.
Hearing now a splashing sound,
Quickly turned my head around,
There I saw my friend's black steed,
Swimming with the greatest speed,
But my friend I did not see
Thinking drowned he might be,
When now it struck my beating heart,
I saw above the surface dart,
There I saw my friend once more,
Stretching quick his arms before.
Now this mighty grisly bear
Turned around with spring and rare.
Now he onward did descend
Right towards my friend, my friend.
Soon they was six foot apart,
Then my friend so quick and smart,
Like a beaver in his flight,
Down he sank far out of sight,
Up he rose with face aglow,
Swam before his mighty foe,
Then the bear with growl and roar
Gave one dreadful leap before,
While his teeth he loudly nashed
As towards my friend he dashed.
But my friend that was before
Made the water splash far more.
He has half-a-mile to swim
Through current strong and water brim.
I could see my friend's black steed
Swiftly pass the water's reed,
When I said with grief again
"Swim, friend, swim with might and main,
For I can see that grisly bear
With splashing paw just touch your hair."
But a word he did not say,
For a moment swam away,