

He sweats when he's cold, and he shivers when hot,
And the water is cold in his boiling pot.
He hides in the earth and he walks in disguise,
But he loves the brave and their sacrifice.
We are sons of Heyóka. The Giant commands
In the boiling water to thrust our hands;
And the warrior that scorneth the foe and fire
Heyóka will crown with his heart's desire."

They thrust their hands in the boiling pot;
They swallow the bison-meat steaming hot;
Not a wince on their stoical faces bold,
For the meat and the water, they say, are cold;
And great is Heyóka and wonderful wise;
He floats on the flood and he walks in the skies,
And ever appears in a strange disguise;
But he loves the brave and their sacrifice;
And the warrior that scorneth the foe and fire
Heyóka will crown with his heart's desire.

Proud was the chief of his warriors proud,
The sinewy sons of the Giant's race;
But the bravest of all was the tall Red Cloud;
The eyes of the panther were set in his face;
He strode like a stag and he stood like a pine;
Ten feathers he wore of the great Wanmdeé;¹³
With crimsoned quills of the porcupine.
His leggins were worked to his brawny knee.
Blood-red were the stripes on his swarthy cheek,
And the necklace that girdled his brawny neck
Was the polished claws of the great Mató¹⁴
He grappled and slew in the northern snow.