

And the great Wind-Bird, Wuchowsen,  
And the terrible Culloo.

So he left them, mighty Glooscap,  
And they tell us he is making  
Arrows in his lofty wigwam  
Far beyond the setting sun,  
Arrows of the birch and poplar  
For some dreadful day of battle,  
When the Micmac's foes shall perish  
And his wanderings be done.

And they tell us some have found him,  
After seven years of seeking,  
In the forests of the sunset  
Where there dwell no Micmac men;  
They have feasted in his wigwam,  
Where he lives in peace and plenty,  
And have heard his faithful promise  
That he shall return again.