

TSOQALEM

And in his hand he took a stone
And brast it into twain,
And beat the Monster frown and crown,
And clove him to the brain . . .

And came once more into his own
And scoured the woods again;
And when the wolves came howling down,
He howled them back amain!

And as he went he made this lay:

"The meat is raw before ye slay;
So eat it raw as well ye may,
For hungry folk can eat alway,—
O Ulka . . .

Nor might nor right shall conquer me
As tall as one and strong as three;
And thus—oh! thus I now thank thee,
O Ulka! . . ."

And naught did he by night nor day
But wrong and might would dare,
Chanting aloud that monstrous lay,
The Song of Human Fare!