

QUIN-IS-COE.

Quick, make a bright blaze to light up the darkness of the night.

Spread out the feast, the death feast for the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.

Bring forth the corpse; aye, bring forth the mighty hunter, our chief;

Even on the couch whereon he lieth cold, bring him forth!
Why liest thou so still, mighty chief? why mov'st thou not?
Calm is thy brow and steadfast, still and motionless thy breast;

Thy bright eagle eye we see not, and silent is thy tongue;
Thy buckskin shirt is rich with bright beads of many colors;
Thy rich fur robe is very soft and warm, yet ice cold art thou;
Thy feet, O mighty chief, are cased in buckskin moccasins,
Thickly embroidered with the quills of the porcupine, yet
Standest thou not on thy feet to welcome thy favored guests.
See, thy friends make ready the feast; till sunrise they revel.
And thy portion of the feast, mighty chief, the flames devour it,

The fire consumeth it! Bring ye rich gifts, bring offerings
To the mighty chief; cast them into the fierce fire quickly,
Cast them into the bright blaze, let fiery flames consume them.
Lead out the horses of Quin-is-coe, lead them round the corpse;
Lead them again, and yet again. Speak, speak, Cumme-tat-coe,
Speak, Pile-hat-coe, ye sisters of the mighty chieftain:
Who shall ride Quin-is-coe's horses? Let Kit-tu-la take ten,
Let Kiwas take ten, let Lucca take ten and Owla ten;
Let the remainder be driven out into the darkness;
Let the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe take lassos in their hands,
Let them pursue the horses through the darkness of the night,
That which they capture let them keep; haste, haste ere the day dawn.

Ah, the sun riseth. Wail, children of Quin-is-coe, wail—wail!