

THE BALLAD OF

CANTO X.

Of the squaw who told this tale, and of the hatit of
my mind.

AND so she told the story Nay,
For all she might be brave
I liked her not, and went my way;
But as I went I heard that lay:
"The meat is raw before ye slay—"
That hateful Song of Ulka

But thus it went—and well it may,
As Christ my soul shall save:
"There was no feast to make us gay,
But there was many a stick that day
Which helped to dig a grave!"