

## A LEGEND OF THE LOON

The loon that screamed his ghostly call  
To the hazy Northern Star,  
Oft voiced the midnight message  
That urged the chiefs to war;  
When he called in dirges sadly,  
That was the braves' return;  
Sometimes he wailed 'till horror trailed,  
And the feelings thrilled to burn.

In the days of reeking tribe feuds,  
Once lived an Indian maid,  
Whose comrades were the wild things  
That in the deep woods played;  
She grew up wild and lithesome,  
With that scant woodland fear;  
She tamed the coon and the weird old loon  
Who lived in days austere.