

#### IN-COW-MAS-KET.

Hush, step soft, step softly. Ah, he liveth; yet he breatheth.  
Throw a buffalo robe over him, cover up his head!  
For his sister, the wise woman, Cumme-tat-coe, hath said:  
"He dieth with the sun." Scuse, the mighty doctor, hath said:  
"He dieth with the sun." See, see, he moveth, he struggleth.  
Pile more robes over him, more, more. Is it meet ye watch  
him

In his last struggle with the Foul One? More robes, pile  
more on.

See, see the sun sinketh lower and lower! Wail, children;  
Wail, children of Quin-is-coe, the sun is set! he is dead!  
Shear your locks, ye children of Quin-is-coe! Cumme-tat-coe  
And Pile-hat-coe, shear your long tresses! Pluck out your  
beards

And your eyebrows, ye warriors and servants of Quin-is-coe.  
Blacken your faces that they may reflect your gloomy hearts.  
Wail, wail and lament, he is dead, he has gone forth from us.



#### THE BURIAL.

Fast, fast are they coming; fast they come from up the valley,  
From down the valley, from hither and thither ride they in;  
From over the mountain come the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.  
Wherefore come ye in such hot haste; why ride ye in the night,  
In the gloom and black darkness, ye kinsmen of Quin-is-coe?  
"We were bidden come to the feast; even to the last feast  
Of our kinsmen, chief, and mighty hunter, were we bidden.  
We come to lay him to rest with many sighs, and to mourn  
With Cumme-tat-coe, to mourn with Pile-hat-coe, we come."

Kindle many fires, pile on the pitch wood, make it blaze;