

THE BALLAD OF

CANTO VII.

How the hunger of Tsoqalem's ceremonial fast hastened the moral break-down which passion had begun ; of his own meeting with the Monster, and of his sudden and complete degeneration in consequence of that association.

AND now the Fisher of the Night
Was trolling in the Sky;
His cloudy Craft was lapped in Light
Who sailed and fished on high.

There where no earthly Aspect mars
The heavenly Seas, whose Tides
Are flecked and decked with cresting Stars,
The crafty Fisher rides.