

Forth from his loved but savage den,
Far hidden from the haunts of men.
Madly he plunges through the fen
 With eyeballs fierce aglower.
His dogged courage fears no foes ;
His mad despair can feel no blows ;
His swinish ignorance little knows
 The Lion's mighty power.

With proud disdain the Lion eyes
His sturdy foe. In humbler guise,
His whelps, observant, round him rise.
 Threshing impatient manes.
As to the fight the rivals leap
One vicious tusk cuts clean and deep—
Down Nichol's Nek red streamlets creep,
 Fresh from the Lion's veins.

Roused at the sight to furious ire,
Each cublet springs to aid his sire ;
A glistening well of fervid fire
 Each angry eyeball seems ;
Swift from each adolescent paw
Bursts forth the unexpected claw ;
Soft lips roll back, and lo, each jaw
 An Ivory rampart gleams !