

QUIN-IS-COE.

Wail, Cumme-tat-coe; wail, Pile-hat-coe; wail and lament;
Lament for thy brother! See, the sun riseth; it riseth,
But never more, never more shall Quin-is-coe see it rise;
When it dieth he shall die. Lo! Scuse riseth; he speaketh.
Hear his words of anguish: "Hard have I fought with the

Foul One,

Long have I fought, but my strength hath failed me, I am
vanquished.

He, the Foul One, is mightier than I, Scuse, the wise one.
Lo! now am I vanquished, Quin-is-coe dieth with the sun.
Go, go gather in the horses, send off the messengers,
Even the messengers of death; let them ride quickly forth
Up the valley, down the valley, and hither and thither;
Let them seek out the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe, bid them say,
'He is dying, he is dead; lo! he dieth with the sun.
Come ye, feast at his funeral; come, lay him in the earth;
Come, lay your mighty chief to rest with tears and many
sighs.

Cumme-tat-coe bids ye come; Pile-hat-coe bids ye come;
They make ready the feast, the funeral feast, even now.'
Haste, Kiwas; haste, Lucca; haste, Owla; and haste, Yahoolo;
Mount, mount and ride swiftly, draw not your bridle, slack
not speed,
Till all are warned, till all are bidden come to the death
feast."

How they fly up and down the valley, hither and thither;
Swift, swiftly they fly, seeking the kinsmen of Quin-is-coe.
Hew down the trees, let the forest resound with your axes;
Hew down the pitch pine to make a great blaze; bring in the
wood;
More, bring in more, bring in much game. Come, come,
prepare, prepare;
See, the sun declineth, breatheth the mighty hunter yet.