

Giant Thunder

Giant Thunder, striding home,
Wonders if his supper's done.

"Hag wife, hage wife, bring me my bones!"
"They are not done, the old hag moans."

"Not done? not done?" the giant roars
And heaves his old wife out of doors.

Cries he, "I'll have them, cooked or not!"
But overturns the cooking pot.

He flings the burning coals about;
See how the lightning flashes out!

Upon the gale the old hag rides,
The cloudy moon for terror hides.

All the word with thunder quakes;
Forest shudders, mountain shakes;
From the cloud the rainstorm breaks;
Village ponds are turned to lakes;
Every living creature wakes.

Hungry Giant, lie you still!
Stamp no more from hill to hill-
Tomorrow you shall have your fill.

