

Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall¹!— 313
 Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland² rave,
 As if grim Odin³ rode her wave;
 And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
 And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
 For all of wonderful and wild 320
 Had rapture for the lonely child.

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And much of wild and wonderful
 In these rude isles might fancy cull;
 For thither came, in times afar, 325
 Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,⁴
 The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
 Skill'd to prepare the raven's food;⁵
 Kings of the main their leaders brave,
 Their barks the dragons of the wave.
 And there, in many a stormy vale, 330
 The Scald⁶ had told his wondrous tale;
 And many a Runic⁷ column high
 Had witness'd grim idolatry.
 And thus had Harold in his youth,
 Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,— 335

¹ **Kirkwall**—Kirkwall Castle is now in a ruinous condition. It is their *pride* as it reminds them of the former glory of their race, and their *sorrow* on account of its ruined condition.

² **Pentland**—Pentland Firth.

³ **Odin**—The chief god of the Norse. The Orkney Islands formerly belonged to Norway.

⁴ **Sons of war**—The Norse sea-rovers. **Lochlin** is the Gaelic name for Scandinavia.

⁵ **Raven's food**—Bodies of the dead on which the ravens feed.

⁶ **Scald**—Scandinavian poet.

⁷ **Runic**—The Norse alphabet consisted of sixteen letters or *runes*.