

Skoal ! Skoal ! For Norway Skoal !  
Sing ye the song of the Vand-dam troll.  
When I am hiding  
Norway's luck  
On a White Storbuk  
Comes riding, riding.

#### THE SETTING

BLEAK, black, deep, and cold is Utrovand, a long pocket of glacial water, a crack in the globe, a wrinkle in the high Norwegian mountains, blocked with another mountain, and flooded with a frigid flood, three thousand feet above its Mother Sea, and yet no closer to its Father Sun. Around its cheerless shore is a belt of stunted trees, that sends a long tail up the high valley, till it dwindles away to sticks and moss, as it also does some half-way up the granite hills that rise a thousand feet, encompassing the lake. This is the limit of trees, the end