

Of trows or elves the workmanship,
Was destined by ill chance to slip
From place of honor dismally ;
For Ola fashioned it to be
A thing a menial place to fill—
The spindle of a water-mill !*
And thus it wore itself away
With groans and shrieks from day to day.
Sparks flew from underneath the mill ;
In truth it served the purpose ill.

At length one night when winds were high,
And densest clouds obscured the sky ;
When, swoln with melting snow and rain,
The burn of Shandrick rose amain,
Forth to the mill, through slush and mire,
With corn to grind, went Hakon Gyar.

Quick as the quern began to spin
Did ear-astounding screams begin.
Around the mill, above, below,
Wild yells of more than human woe.
Louder and louder waxed the cries ;
The peasant's hair began to rise.
Now Hakon Gyar, though he did try
His own exploits to magnify,

* See Note V.